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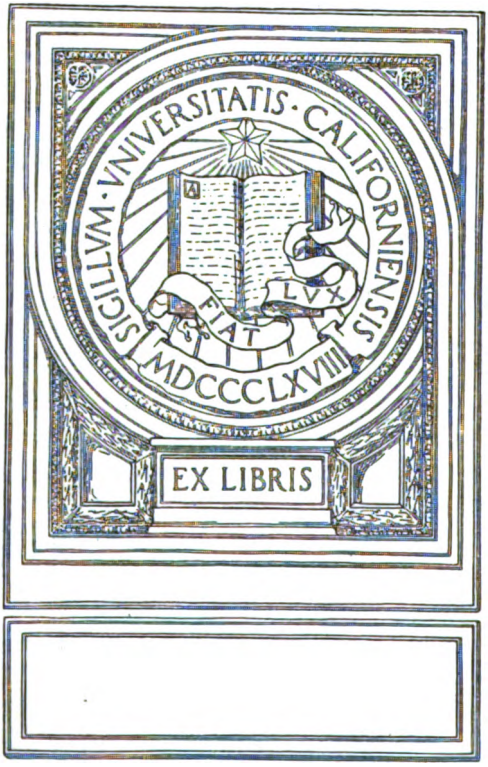

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TIGER AND OTHER GAME

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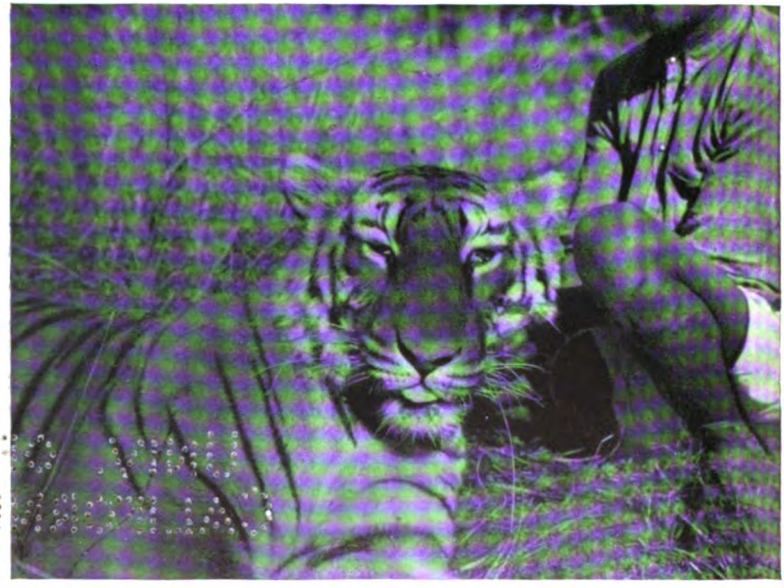
Head of a full grown Tiger.



Head of a full grown Tigress.

PLATE I.

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TIGER
AND OTHER GAME

THE PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER SHIKARI IN INDIA

BY

COLONEL A. E. STEWART

(late 5th Bn. the Royal Scots (Q.M.O.))

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO. LTD.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4
NEW YORK, TORONTO
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA AND MADRAS
1927

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Head of a full grown Tiger.

Head of a full grown Tigress.

PLATE I.

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TIGER

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THE PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER SHIKARI IN INDIA

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COLONEL A. E. STEWART

3/10TH BALUCH REGIMENT (Q.M.O.)

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PREFACE

THE following shikar notes were written during one hot weather in India, not with a view to publication but as a help to my brother officers and with a view to stimulating shikar in the regiment.

To bridge for them the many pitfalls into which I myself when a youngster had fallen, I have written these notes *essentially* for the one-man shikari with limited means who runs his own show.

An attempt " to paint the picture " and simplify everything from the start of a shikar trip to the end, they are the actual experiences of a " jungle foot slogger " who, with limited means, has always run his own show, been his own shikari in every detail, and learned the jungles from his own experience and study.

They are not intended for old and experienced shikaris, but only as a guiding help to those who are new at the game.

General Wardrop saw the notes recently, and at his suggestion I publish them.

A. E. STEWART.

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To

THE OFFICERS,

3-10th BALUCH REGIMENT

(QUEEN MARY'S OWN).

THE following are some rough notes on dangerous game and other shikar which I trust will be useful to those officers of the regiment who may enter the jungles of India for the pursuit of this fascinating sport.

There is no finer sport an officer can go in for, and, I feel certain, in peace time no finer training than jungle shooting.

I would only add, go into the jungle with a true sporting instinct, not only to shoot and procure skins and horns, but to study the life of the "jungle folk"—really study it. Learn the ways, the habits and the cunning, not only of big game, but of the monkeys, vultures, buzzards, falcons, peafowl, jungle fowl, martins, weasels, stoats and even of the insects.

Go in and pretend you are one of that strange population; study everything and let no sound or movement pass unheeded. Everything has a meaning. Don't forget that all life there is living in fear of its existence day and night, one creature preying and existing on another. Nature has provided a means for each whereby it can reduce these dangers, but never eliminate them. Again, in some animals, nature has provided means or instinct whereby they can overcome the protection she has given to others.

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When after horns, never pull a trigger on an undersized one, and treat a doe as you would a lady. It is painful to see on some walls the horns of young and half-grown animals ; they are no trophy, but an absolute disgrace to any man.

It is all a matter of patience and common decency ; you will get your trophy in time, but see it is a trophy and not something you will be ashamed of. For example : if after bison it is often hard or impossible when the jungle is high to distinguish the bull from the cow, but with patience and careful following up you will nearly always secure your trophy in time, although it may take a day or two.

Every officer in the regiment should be able to say he has shot a tiger, panther and a bear.

All my shikar in the jungles has been my own " bundobust," and I have never had friends with elephants to run beats for me. I have done it all on my own and learned the jungles from my own observations, on my flat feet or in a bullock cart. You go and do the same.

But, as in all other work, if you want to make yourself really efficient and knowledgeable about big game shikar you must study it, not only in the jungles, but from the experiences and books of the great shikaris who have spent a lifetime at the game. Read and learn all you can. There are some wonderful books, such as those of Hicks, Best, Glasfurd, Wardrop, and just recently Brander.

Get them all ; read and study them ; it will pay you to do so, apart from their being full of wonderful interest.

A. E. STEWART.

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TIGER AND OTHER GAME

CHAPTER I

PRELIMINARIES

1. HAVING decided on your leave, write a polite letter to the District Forest Officer (D.F.O.) of the district where you intend to shoot, asking for a shooting block, and tell him what you want to shoot. It will probably be tiger, and in that case don't add sambar, cheetal, panther and bear—they are almost certain to be all there and will be included in your pass.

If it is buffalo, then the districts are few to choose from, so I would only mention buffalo—the same with bison. Other animals are there and you will get them, but make up your mind what is the principal trophy you want and go all out for that.

You cannot book a block more than three months beforehand, so three months before your leave the D.F.O. should have your application.

Also ask the D.F.O. the number of the "degree sheet" your block is in.

On one half of a foolscap sheet you can ask him for the necessary particulars, such as, route to your block, nearest railway station, name of the Range Officer and his village, the probability of your obtaining "Bodas" (young buffaloes) in your block and the names of the best

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shikaris. You should also enclose a stamped-addressed envelope.

He will answer you on the other half of the foolscap and will appreciate your not asking him to write out all your questions again.

2. On receipt of your permit, write at once to the Survey Department, Dehra Dun, for a map of the country your block is in—scale 1 inch to 1 mile, mounted on cloth.

Write thanking the D.F.O., and tell him you would be grateful if two good shikaris could be booked for you, and if they could meet you on your arrival at your block. Also, if possible, would the Range Officer collect ten bodas for you in advance.

3. There will in all probability be some Headquarter Station from which you will start by road for your jungle. Write to the Deputy Commissioner, or Deputy Superintendent of Police, and ask if he would very kindly arrange for you to get bullock carts for yourself and kit on such and such a date when you will arrive at the station. You will want two carts (bundies) for your kit and one small one (ringi) for yourself.

It is possible you might manage to find a motor or motor lorry for hire at the station; the charges are Rs. 1 per mile as a rule. If your block is 50 or 60 miles away and a direct road leads near to it, take the motor every time and save two or three days and a rather rough journey on a bullock cart.

4. Three months beforehand (*i.e.* on receipt of your permit) you should start getting all your kit in order. To me it is like the old days at school, packing up my

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belongings for home and the holidays. I feel like a schoolboy again. The call of the jungles, the visions of all the mistakes of the past, how I will take more care next time and "Old Stripes" won't have a chance. With these visions I fall asleep each night, dreaming of tiger. My holiday really starts then, as all my odd moments are used up in putting my kit in order and anticipating all my plans. I have got my leave and got my block, success or failure rests with me.

5. On arrival at the station make a point of calling on the D.C., the D.F.O. and the D.S.P., and leave cards. Also if there is a small Cantonment Club, leave cards on the members. A little etiquette and politeness goes a long way, and I can assure you that the kindness and hospitality I personally have received from the officers of these great services have been very great indeed. They are a most charming lot. You will probably stay at the Dâk Bungalow, but if it is full up, camp on the verandah or pitch your tent in the compound. Have your dress suit with you.

6. Originally you should have ordered all your correspondence to "c/o the Postmaster" at the Headquarter Station.

Go to the post office and leave written instructions with the Postmaster to send all your correspondence to the post office nearest your block (he will tell you which it is), and that you will send runners two or three times a week for it.

7. If you have to travel by bullock cart to your jungle, which may be 30 or 40 miles off and will take two or three days, do it at night. Your bullocks will travel better and

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farther at night and you don't disturb their feeding hours by day.

MAN-EATERS

This is another form of shikar. Write and get a copy of the *Central Provinces Gazette* from the office of the Inspector-General of Forests at Nagpur, and in this you will see all the " Man-eaters " of the Central Provinces noted down ; where they are, and the reward offered for their destruction. If you apply to go after one of these pests you will get all the help the Forest Department can give you ; but it is quite a different form of shikar. The tiger (or in some cases a panther) has already done a certain amount of damage and taken his or her toll of native lives ; so you will get few, if any, natives to beat for you in that jungle, and you can't blame them. If it is a bad case, you will find few natives on the roads or entering the jungle. A man-eater will often not take a tied up kill, so you cannot localize him in that way. Your best chance is to sit up over his latest victim if he kills when you are there. I have only once been after a man-eater, and he was shot by sitting up for him over his thirty-second victim, a woman he had pulled out of a village house.

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CHAPTER II

ON ARRIVAL AT YOUR BLOCK

VISIT the Range Officer (the officer in charge of the jungles in which your block is situated) and report your arrival. Sit down and have a talk with him, make friends with him, see that he has a seat, and if he smokes produce the friendly cigarette.

Your shikaris may be waiting for you in the R.O.'s village ; if not, he will tell you where they are. He will also tell you where the best shikar camps in your block are to be found, and in friendly conversation you will elicit from him where other sahibs have killed tiger before and hear his latest reports of the presence of tiger in your block. Go over your map with him and he will explain the forest ; your block may be from 15 to 20 miles square.

If he has collected " bodas " for you, pay for them at once and engage a herd boy, or man, to drive them along to your camp. If he has collected none, ask for his assistance in the matter and you will get it. This is essential.

The R.O. will allot to you a forest guard who will accompany you during the whole of your shoot. These guards are most useful men, and you must be all out to do them well. Remember the Range Officer is an educated man, and upon your tact and friendliness much

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will depend ; it is all so easy. Ask him to be sure and visit you and have a cup of tea if he is passing your camp, and instruct your bearer always to offer him tea if he comes and you are out or away from your tent.

ON ARRIVAL AT YOUR CAMPING GROUND

Don't camp too near a village. A good shady tree 300 or 400 yards away is best.

Avoid old camping grounds ; they smell and are full of fleas. Personally, I go by the rule : " Camp where no one camped before."

Whenever you arrive send for the headman (kotwal) of the village and at once make friends with him. I have known shikari officers treat the jungle native badly, with the consequence that they have never got the help they wanted ; besides it is all so unnecessary and not " what is expected of the sahib."

Give the kotwal a cigarette and sit down and talk with him. It won't be long before the manhood and the urchins of the village have gathered round you, old and young, clothed and unclothed. Tell the kotwal where you are going to camp and ask for his help. He will procure for you the following essentials :—

(*a*) A water coolie and gear.

(*b*) Chatties for water, two annas each. See that they are new and clean ones.

(*c*) Wood for fire.

(*d*) Eight men (called boda men) to assist your shikaris to tie out the " bodas."

(*e*) A Dâk runner.

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My Kit in "Bundies" crossing a river.

A good clean camping ground 400 yards from the village.

PLATE II.

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(*f*) A good ladder for machan work and a native bed for a machan.

A sahib's personal servants, apt to consider themselves of some importance, are inclined to start ordering the kotwal and other villagers about; this is resented. A word of warning beforehand to your servants will stop any of this. Crush it straightaway; it will start discontent in the village and a dislike to your presence if you don't.

Clap the kotwal on the back, tell him he is a good fellow and give him Rs.3 as a present. Tell him to do you well and that if he does, another reward will be given when you go, or when you get a tiger.

Ask him to inform the whole village that early information about a tiger or a panther having killed any village cattle will be worth Rs.5 to the man who brings in the news within an hour. This is important, and may mean a skin you otherwise would never get.

Anticipate a beat and find out from the kotwal from what villages you can get men, and numbers. Call at these villages when on your morning or evening rounds and make friends with the headmen; ask them politely for their help in the event of your having a kill.

Your forest guard should be able to forage for you and bring you chickens, eggs, milk, vegetables, etc. He will also control the village men who work for you.

See that all articles are paid for at once and by your own hand. Never let your servants pay for anything, as they are sure to take their "squeeze."

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TYING OUT A KILL

The servants having pitched your camp and all being in order, you should now with your shikaris and four boda men proceed into the jungles to study the ground and select places to tie up at. Examine carefully every nullah, road or path, or any ground where a footprint could be made. From this practice you will soon get to know if a tiger or a panther is in the vicinity; his pug marks give him away at once.

Your shikaris will soon teach you to recognize the difference between new and old pug marks, as well as between male or female; it is really fairly easy.

A tiger is a much more massive animal, heavier in every way, than a tigress. His pug marks are quite different from those of a tigress; the central cushion is bigger and rounder and the toe cushions are not so elongated. The whole pug mark is much more massive.

See photos which were all taken at the same range, 3 feet.

To take the age of a pug mark, say in sand, kneel down and touch the surface very gently with the point of your finger, especially round the rims. If fresh the sand will *move* and fall at the least touch; if a day or two old you will find it is harder, and with a gentle push it *breaks* and falls. The harder it is the older it is. Although perfectly dry the climate has an effect on the sand which binds it; the difference may be very slight, but it is the difference between the sand *falling* or *breaking*.

Also in old pug marks you may find leaves, blown by

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the wind, or some "foreign body" lying in the bowl of the pug mark.

In clay or harder soil it is a case of hardness or softness of the surface, plus moisture. If soft and moist it will probably mean that it is fresh. Forty-eight or even twenty-four hours after a tiger has made his pug mark in clay or sand, the sun has an effect on the surface, which dries and cakes it.

Another point: I have an instance where the ground was so hard that there were no pug marks; but bent and broken grass, also an overturned stone gave me the clue. The grass was newly bent and broken, and the original bed in which the stone had lain was slightly moist, therefore I knew it was fresh and only a few hours old.

There may be well-recognized places to tie up at; places where sahibs before have tied up and shot tiger. These places are generally so well known to the shikaris and villagers that a beat there is practically automatic.

They know where the tiger dragged to last time; the length and direction of the beat; which stop turned the tiger and the route the tiger took when beaten. They also will know the machan tree and the route to it. You, however, are a stranger and know none of this, so you must set to work and get to know all that your shikaris know.

It may have been a year since the last tiger was shot there, and since then much jungle will have grown up, making the old machan tree quite unsuitable.

You must personally inspect the ground and prepare it. The shikaris will show you the place where the kill should be tied; close to it there will likely be a lead into the jungles, probably a small nullah. Make your way up

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this, estimating the distance and scrutinizing the jungle the whole time until you come to the old machan tree; put your own mark on the tree, at the back of it, so that you will know it again.

Now get busy with your men and cut away all new branches or young trees and undergrowth which would interfere with your firing or obstruct your view from the machan. Put your shikari up the tree and make him stand where the machan is to be; then pretend you are the tiger and move all round the tree up to a distance of, say, 25 yards from it to see if there is any point at which the jungle growth interferes with a clear shot from the machan or blinds the view. Cut it away at once if it does.

Don't leave any white ends to stumps or branches; a little water and mud will darken them down.

So far you have seen the place for tying up the kill, you have been through the jungle which is to be beaten, and you have prepared the tree for the machan and the jungle surrounding it. There remains one important thing still to do; that is, to lay out and define the route to the machan tree. This route must be away from and not near the jungle to be beaten, therefore it should go back by a straight or a circuitous route to a given point on some path, road or nullah, perhaps a mile away.

Even trained jungle men can lose their way in the midst of the jungles, and you certainly would do so; therefore, to avoid any error and to make the route fool-proof, you should proceed in Indian file, led by a man thoroughly acquainted with the jungles, to the given point on the path, road or nullah. Every 25 yards along this route you should mark a tree distinctly with an axe, so

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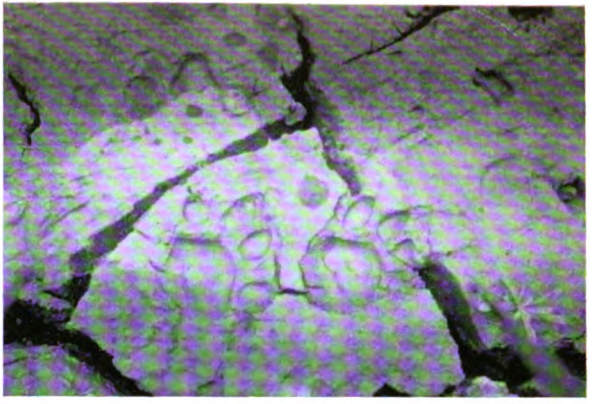
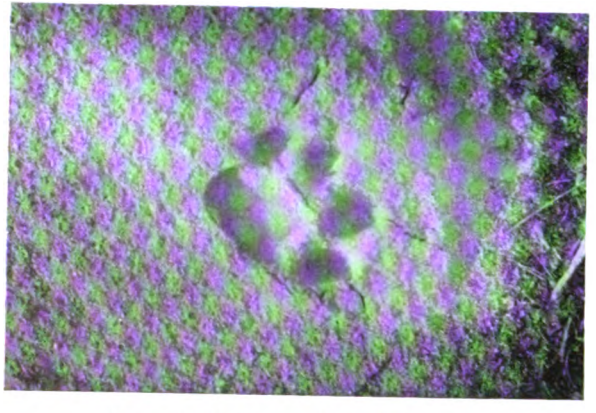
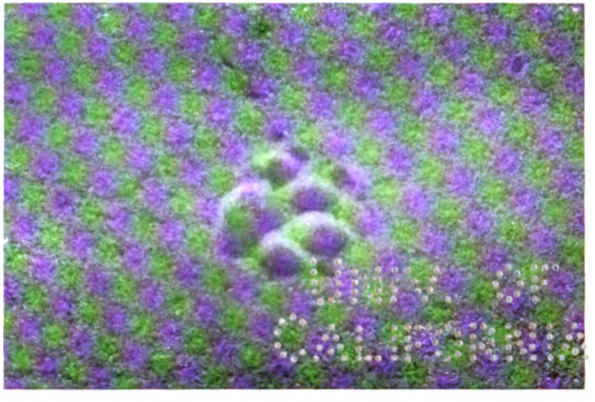
Pugmark of a Tiger, in clay (hind paw).



Pugmarks of a Tiger, in clay (fore paw and hind paw).



Pugmark of a Tigress, in sand (fore paw).



Pugmark of a Tigress, in sand (hind paw).

PLATE III.

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that when you wish to go to the machan tree you move along the route of marked trees. At the given point on the path, road or nullah you make a distinctive mark, a pile of stones, or a barked tree.

You should deal in the same way with the jungle at every tie up, whether new or old. The last thing desirable is to be dependent on your shikaris ; let them see from the start that you are running the show and that they are only helpers. Know and study every beat in anticipation, and I can assure you the extra joy and pleasure you will have when there is a beat will be enormous. You sit in your machan knowing the jungle in front of you, and if you have appreciated the jungle properly you will know almost for a certainty where " Master Stripes " will emerge. What a joy it is when you are absolutely correct. You feel you have done it all yourself !

While a novice, during your first days with the shikaris, you will be greatly in their hands, so take a careful note of all they tell you. Write it down and learn it off by heart. You are not going to be always led by the nose, and you want to show your shikaris that you can learn ; that they are going to be your assistants only, and that you yourself are the head shikari. You must, from the beginning, learn and study everything you hear or see. You will soon be able to single out the good information and discard what is wrong ; but what you must aim at is to be master of the game in the eyes of your shikaris. *Esse quam videri.* If you do this you will be much more respected. There are good shikaris and bad ones, and if you do get a bad one and allow him to lead you, you may as well pack up and go home.

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They are all apt to be very conservative and not want to do what was never done before in their particular jungle ; such as tying up " kills " at new places.

If you see a good place and consider the jungle, water and other factors all suitable, don't be put off by their saying, " A kill was never tied there before." Tie it up and see for yourself if it is good or not.

If you are wrong just admit it ; if you succeed you will become famous !

Now to go back to your rounds. You have four boda men with you ; detail one of these for each place you have selected for a tie up. It will be his job, with another boda man, to tie up at his own particular place every evening, and each to inspect his particular " kill " with you in the morning and bring the boda into camp to graze if alive.

ARRIVAL AT MY BLOCK: "THE PICTURE PAINTED"

After a dusty morning's journey of 14 miles in a ringi (small riding cart drawn by bullocks) along a jungle road in March I arrived at the village of —— in my favourite jungle block. My leave and shikar before me, and although I was far from civilization I could only think of life in its happiest form. Given health and the jungles, what finer leave does a man want !

The excitement and joy, even after twenty years of jungle shikar, is intense—would that I could live these twenty years over again !

A small village urchin had been posted in the nullah bed 500 yards from the village, and on my appearance he

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bolted for the village to "raise the alarm"; the sahib had arrived.

"Hallo, Jagga, how are you? Salaam Bugga, Salaam Bema—how are you all—splendid? Here I am again, back in the old jungles."

"Salaam Sahib. We heard from the Forest Officer you were arriving to-day, and we are all here to greet you and ready for shikar."

"But where is Rama?"

"Oh! he is dead. Alas, he was killed by a bear six months ago! When returning after dark from the neighbouring village he was killed on the road, and we found him in the morning about a mile from here."

Getting out of the ringi, I offer cigarettes all round and we all sit down for a talk.

Old Jagga, who was my head shikari twenty years ago, is now hobbling on a stick; for the twentieth time he shows me the scars on his back and arms where a tiger had mauled him. His eyesight is dimmed and he has passed the days of active life; but his heart is still in the right place, and although unable to take the same active part in the game, he is still keen and gives to the younger generation that confidence and *esprit de corps* which is the essence of a true and brave shikari.

His advice is always taken and he is the father of these jungles; although brave, he is balanced by caution, and in his time he must have seen over 200 tiger killed.

He was with me when I was a subaltern and shot my first tiger, and he was with me when I followed up and shot my first wounded tiger. From him and through

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him I learned shikar ; and a more staunch or braver man you would not meet in any jungles.

Rama, who had been killed, was the finest man at tying up a machan I have ever met. His death was related to me in detail. Poor beggar ! It was a sad end to a fine man. He was terribly mauled and death must have been almost instantaneous. He had gone to a village about 3 miles away and was returning after dark when he met a bear on the road. What happened and how it all occurred no one will ever know, but his head smashed in and torn and the pug marks of a bear left no doubt as to who was the murderer. Just another jungle tragedy, the same as has happened often before.

From the various houses women and children were slyly peeping at me, and all the men and bigger boys had sat down and formed a half circle in front of me.

Many of the men complained of fever, so I got out my bottle of quinine tabloids and administered it practically all round. Another man had an open jungle sore which would not heal : I bathed it with carbolic and then bandaged it for him.

Rama's wife came to me weeping with her two children. I felt desperately sorry for her and gave her ten rupees as a small help. The death of a good old shikari friend hurts, but it is delightful the way these simple jungle folk appreciate any small present in token of respect for a lost husband or bread-winner.

The hopes and possibilities of the jungles were fully discussed, and although far from definite every one was an optimist.

Willing hands assisted in cleaning and clearing the

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ground for my tent under a large banyan tree 300 yards from the village, and others went off to bring wood, chickens, eggs, vegetables and water.

The headman received three rupees as a reward for future good services, but there were no thanks. A headman does not thank you for a reward, he merely looks at it with a sunken face as if to say, " I wish it had been more."

After asking him if he did not like it and offering to take it back, he saw the joke and got busy at once.

He produced eight boda men, a water carrier and a dâk runner.

Four bodas were brought up and paid for ; but as I wanted ten, men were sent off at once to procure others from the neighbouring villages.

The shikaris produced a new village bed for a machan and a ladder, and Bugga got busy with my new machan rope, wetting it and pulling it straight.

We were all such good friends that I had only to ask for anything and up it came.

My orderly, Shamas Din, a stout-hearted Khattak, was beaming with delight and tremendous friends with every one. This was his third trip to these jungles ; every one knew him and he knew every one. I heard him with a superior air chaffing the shikaris and pulling their legs.

By 2 p.m. my camp was pitched and more or less in order, so I called up all the shikaris and boda men and discussed the various places for tying up. No sahib had been here since my visit last year, for which I was thankful ; so it was a case of the old " tie ups."

As it was well on in the afternoon I could not do more than two, so we decided to do the two southern ones.

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With the two shikaris, four boda men and two bodas, off we started for the big —— nullah 2 miles distant.

A sambar doe and fawn, then a nilghai bull, were the only game to show themselves. On arriving at the nullah I found more water in places than I expected, but there were signs of its disappearing fast.

Making a line across the nullah we proceeded down to the tying up place, carefully looking for fresh tiger pug marks. No fresh ones were found, but there were dozens ten days old or more, showing that the nullah and the vicinity were still the home and haunt of " Old Stripes."

The tree with the great naked root stretching down into the sand to which the boda was to be tied was there just the same as before, and the small lead going off into the jungle was almost blocked with dead leaves.

Having watered the boda, Bugga proceeded to tie it up, while a boda man went off to cut grass. Except for the monotonous and sustained tonk-tonk of a copper-smith bird (sometimes called the anvil bird) and the " tap-tap-tap " of a golden-backed woodpecker, everything was peaceful and quiet.

Having tested the rope to see that it was not too tight round the leg, I got the sand all properly levelled for the boda to lie down on, and placing a quantity of grass in front of it, started the boda off on its evening meal.

The tree for the machan over the kill was the same as before, so required no work.

Everything being in order we all proceeded in single file up the small nullah (lead) into the jungle, and after going for about 800 yards we came to the old machan

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tree from which, in years gone by, I had bagged two fine tiger.

Some branches were now bigger and had more leaves; neighbouring trees had grown bigger; bushes had grown up here and grass there. Some of the branches were dead and had no leaves; since last year the whole aspect and look of the place had changed.

However, the tree was still good for a machan and commanded "the spot"; the spot the tiger should pass in his retreat if properly driven; the spot where two tiger had previously rolled over in reply to the crack of my rifle.

Bugga climbed the tree while I, playing the part of the tiger, went all round it, ordering bushes, branches and grass to be cut away wherever they blanketed the clear view from the machan.

After this was done I changed places with Bugga and made him play the part of the tiger, while I appreciated the situation from the machan point of view.

"The tiger *might* break there. Yes, that bush must come away, and the branch on that tree, 15 yards off, blankets the view of the bend of the nullah; cut it off.

"This branch behind me has too many leaves and might interfere with a shot to the rear. I must have the branch for the machan, but cut off all the leaves."

After half an hour of this I was satisfied that should the tiger come up to within 75 yards of my machan I would get a fair shot at him.

Shahbash Bugga! Shahbash sab log! "But what about the stops?" observed Bugga. "Right-oh, Bugga! I will mark the first five trees to the right and five to the left."

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This I did with the two shikaris, taking care to bark the trees on the rear side so that no mark or sign should disturb the normal appearance of the jungles and act as a silent stop.

All cut branches, leaves and bushes were pulled away to the rear and carefully hidden.

After all is finished there only remains the route to the machan. Off we go in single file, and finding that all the trees which were barked last year to define the route are still clearly marked, there is nothing to be done.

Now for the second tie up. A " fire line " leads us to another nullah a mile and a half distant. Another sandy nullah and where the jungle path crosses is the place for the " kill."

At the edge of a pool of water 25 yards to the left, I obtain the information and khubber (news) which all shikaris look for. Not one, but two—a full-grown tiger and tigress drank at this pool last night.

There are the pug marks not more than twelve hours old ; so two tiger are in this vicinity, or were twelve hours ago.

No shouting for joy ; dead silence, everything must be done extra quietly. They may have watered there at dawn and be lying up near at hand, so disturb them not.

Making every one sit down, Bugga and I followed the tracks, which went up the nullah.

Evidently the tiger had been doing their nightly prowl, as after going 400 yards the pug marks still carried on along the sandy bed. Perhaps to-night they will return along the same route and find the boda !

Poor old boda, he knows nothing of the dangers of the

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jungle, or the meaning of all these arrangements; water him and feed him, see that he has a comfortable bed for the night, and he will rest in complete ignorance and peace.

Bugga, who was walking about 20 yards to my right, stopped and signalled to me. I went over and found two patches on the sand where the tiger and tigress had been rolling and having a sand bath. Bugga, down on his knees, picked up a few hairs, held them up for me to see, and with a whisper said, "Sahib, it was early this morning."

The impressions left on the sand roughly showed the size of both animals, and Bugga made an attempt to measure them. They were approximately 9 feet 4 inches and 8 feet 3 inches, full-grown animals.

Making our way back, a boda was tied up as before and made comfortable for the night; then again in single file we moved up the small lead into the jungle to get to the machan tree. Half an hour there sufficed to put all in order; then back to camp, where tea was waiting for me.

Then a bath, a change into comfortable kit, a pipe, a comfortable chair and I start to go through my notes about these jungles which I made in previous years.

The village "tom-toms," accompanying weird singing and the distant "tonk" of a sambar, interrupt my thoughts.

To the villagers all is normal. They know nothing of the outer world, they have never seen a train. A little mud village in the heart of the jungles is their home; a jungle road here, another there, leading to another mud village a few miles distant, is the limit of their world.

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A herd of cows and buffaloes, a few fields which produce sufficient grain to feed the population of about 100 souls, these are all the cares they have.

Money practically does not exist in the village.

Poor? Yes, they are poor to a degree so far as money is concerned, but listen to the "tom-toms" and the singing; they are happy and contented, and knowing nothing of the other pleasures of the outer world have no craving for them.

Their clothes are scanty, but they have plenty of wood to burn; they have a roof over their heads to keep off the heat of the sun, or the rain when it comes.

The climate permits of their living in, what to them is comparative comfort, all the year round. What a difference to the climate at home, which to some poor souls causes cruel hardships and terrible suffering; conditions which cannot exist in this humble village.

It is half-past eight, there is a full moon, and the great trees all around me are silhouetted against an opalescent sky. A glow from the fires lights up the sky above the village, and two little screech owls in the tree above me are carrying on a lively conversation, no doubt discussing my intrusion and my camp.

Dinner, a pipe, and telling my bearer to call me at 5.30 a.m., I tumble into bed at 9.15. My holiday has really begun.

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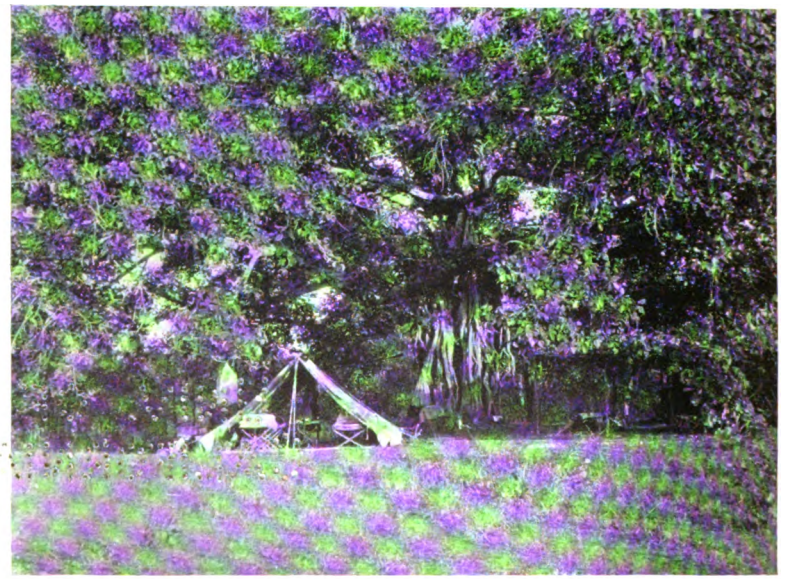

My tent under a large Banyan tree.
Note "banda" to right for drying skins.

PLATE IV.

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CHAPTER III

PRINCIPLES

WHAT is the object in tying out a kill? It is to localize the tiger, or panther, in a certain area of jungle. An attempt to confine him to that area, so that you may beat for him there, or sit up and wait for him returning for his feed.

Not only in war, but in every game played, there are certain principles which must govern your actions. Neglect these principles and failure and disaster await you.

This being so there are certain principles to be remembered when tying up; here are most of them :—

1. There should be water near the "tie up" for the tiger to drink at after feeding. (See beat described on page 67.)

2. You cannot tell whether it will be a tiger or a panther who will kill. A tiger breaks the rope and drags his kill away, whereas a panther cannot (should not be able to) break the rope. Therefore in case a panther kills there should be a tree suitable for a machan within 5 to 15 yards of the "tie up."

3. A tiger after killing and eating will, as a rule, go to drink. If the water is far away he will go to it and probably lie up for the day far from the kill and thus not be in your beat. Therefore don't tie up at what you think is

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a good place if there is no water within 200 or 300 yards of it; the closer the better. This may be modified in the cold weather. (See beat described on page 66.)

4. There must be near the kill good and sufficient cover to which the tiger can return and lie up in shade during the heat of the day; cover which can be beaten easily.

5. The kill should not be near to any caves, as, if the tiger got into these the probability is that a beat would not get him out. There he would have a sense of security which the jungle cannot give.

6. A small hill near a kill is a great advantage; as a rule it is cooler, and the tiger will probably climb for his midday rest if the jungle on the hill is suitable. He will also in a beat nearly always climb if he can when retreating.

7. The spot selected for a kill should not be near to where the jungle is likely to be disturbed by cattle grazing, or where wood-cutters are at work. A tiger would not lie up there; he must have peace. The kotwal and your guard will arrange for the village cattle to graze away from where your kills are placed.

8. The jungle to be beaten should have a good "lead" away from it to other jungles, a "lead" by which a tiger would willingly go when beaten.

The best "leads" are :—

(*a*) A small nullah by which he can slip away out of view.

(*b*) Along a hill.

(*c*) A narrow strip of jungle.

9. Tie up the boda by the foreleg above the fetlock to

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a strong root or small tree. Tie up with a clove hitch round the leg, and you should be able to put a finger in between the rope and the leg. Personally see to this and instruct your boda men, as if tied too tight the rope will cause great pain to the boda, and the result will be a swollen leg and lameness in the morning.

After tying the clove hitch, twist the rope round forming a pleat of the two ends, which you tie to the tree or root.

Length of the rope, leg to tree, about 18 inches. Change the "rope leg" each day; one day the right, next day the left. This will add to the comfort of the boda.

10. See that the boda is tied up on a level piece of ground, so that it can lie down in comfort and will not get tied in a knot and tumble about when it gets up.

If there is no suitable root or tree at the place you want to tie up at, drive in, or bury in the ground, a thick wooden stake 3 or 4 feet down, with 2 feet showing above ground. This will do equally well.

11. Before tying up always water the boda and put beside it a good supply of cut grass to eat during the night. You will likely find grass close to the kill in the jungle, but if not there, the boda men must bring it from camp.

12. The rope should be so strong that the boda cannot break it, but not so strong as to prevent the tiger breaking. The rope I use is 1 inch in circumference.

A tiger, if you are going to beat for him, must be able to break and drag. My experience is that if he fails to break he won't lie up near the kill, *i.e.* not in the beat.

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If he is allowed to break and drag he takes the kill to a place of his liking and generally he will stay near; thus you localize him, which is what is wanted.

On the other hand, if the jungle is so thick that it cannot be beaten (like some of the jungles in South India), or if for some reason you cannot get beaters in your area, then you must tie up so that the tiger cannot break, with a view to sitting over the kill and awaiting his return for his evening meal. For this you should have wire rope previously prepared in the form of a shackle. I have had a case of a tiger eating through a rope he could not break, and on another occasion a tiger ate through the shoulder and left the leg and the rope.

13. By breaking and dragging a tiger always shows where he has taken the kill, and gives you the probable vicinity of his lying up.

14. See that the boda is so heavy that he must *drag it*. If, for example, your bait were a very young boda, or a goat, he would simply carry it away without leaving a trace. Bodas from ten months to fourteen months old are the best.

15. I am very much against using rope made of twisted bamboo or creepers. Shikaris will frequently offer you this, but it is rough and rubs the boda's leg, and is much too strong for a break and drag.

16. A tiger, or a panther, has very little sense of smell; for this reason the boda should be tied in an open, clear spot where it cannot conceal itself when standing or lying. A tiger's eyes are the finest in the world, so give them every opportunity.

17. The rope from the leg to the anchorage should be

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about 18 inches long. This will just allow the tiger to get a jerk on it. If you have it too long the boda will get its legs all entangled.

18. I always bring in my bodas in the morning and graze them round camp during the day, the boda men taking them out again about 3 p.m. This is, I think, much the kindest and best way, and it keeps your bodas fit.

19. By night a tiger, or panther, generally moves by river beds, nullahs, roads or jungle paths ; like all the cat tribe they dislike wet, dewy grass. So, provided there is water and good jungle near, the suitable places to tie up at are on the banks of a river or big nullah where a small dry nullah runs into it, and at the junction of nullahs or cross roads.

20. If a tiger kills and there is a small dry nullah close to the kill he will, as a rule, accept this lead and drag up the nullah, or down it ; so tie near a " lead," if you can.

21. Don't tie up for tiger too near a village ; there is too much disturbance. For a panther, yes ; as he wanders round villages at night after dogs or any small fry, and will often lie up in the most extraordinary places quite close to the village. I have had a panther on three consecutive days take a goat from my camp ; on the third occasion I beat for him and found him lying up in a big thick bush 50 yards from my tent.

22. Never tie up a female boda, they are expensive and the villagers don't like it, and therefore would probably cause trouble.

I have never used them, but have been told the following are good : a bullock, pony, donkey or pig, if you cannot procure bodas.

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23. When on your rounds if you come across any pug marks, zigzag a stick along them or pull a branch over them so that you won't confuse them with new pug marks which may occur later.

Note.—With reference to paragraph 12:—Don't use white cotton rope, it is too strong and too obvious. The rope I use for tying the boda is made of jute, and called "sootli"; a cheap native-made rope. Another rope, made from cocoanut fibre, called "khopra" or "narial," I use for tying up my machan. Wet this latter rope before using it.

For tying up the machan use rope ("khopra") 1½ inches in circumference, and for the boda ("sootli") 1 inch. These ropes can be procured in any Indian Bazaar; they are cheap, and being of a brown colour mingle with the surroundings.

For tying up each boda you want a bit of rope about 8½ feet long, and this will require renewing after ten days or so as it gets worn. I would recommend you taking 75 yards of 1-inch "sootli" rope for bodas, and 40 yards of the 1½-inch "khopra" for machans. Rope in the jungles is useful for many things, so see you are not short of it.

NUMBER OF KILLS

The numbers of kills you put out depends on the suitability of the country. Your object is to trip up the tiger with a bait on any likely route he may pass along within 3 miles or so of your camp.

On opposite page there is a sketch of one of my camps. Water and jungle were good; I selected *A*, *B*, *C* and *D* for tiger and *E* for a panther, where the road crosses the small nullah.

At *A*, if the tiger comes down either of the nullahs from N.W. or N.E., or up the nullah from the south, or along the road which crosses the nullah from east to west, he must see the kill at *A*, and he will drag it into

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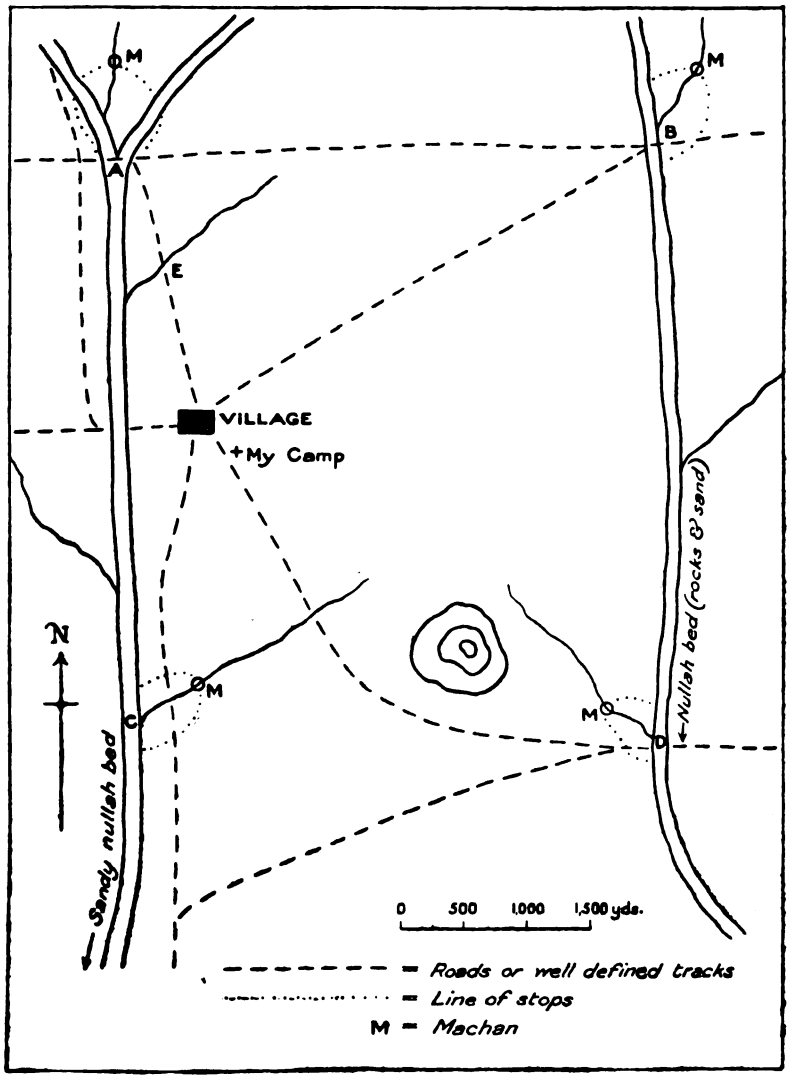

FIG. 1.

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the jungle to the north. There is a small nullah giving a good lead in a beat from south to north.

At *B* you would expect to trip him up if he came up or down the main nullah, down the small nullah, or along the path. The small nullah is a good lead for a beat going N.E.

At *C* you would get him if he came up or down the main nullah, or down the small nullah, and there is a convenient lead for a beat going N.E.

At *D* the same ; with a lead going N.W. to a convenient hill where he would likely make for when driven.

At *E* for a panther ; these sneak round villages at night, and you might trip up one coming along the road where it crosses the nullah. Here there was a suitable tree over the kill.

The farthest of these kills was 3 miles away from the camp, so in the morning I could do *A* and *B*, or *C* and *D* alternately with my head shikari.

Don't have kills too close together ; you may have the tiger killing two of them in a night and you will not know in which jungle he is lying up, or which beat to take. If you go by the rule, every boda at least 2 miles apart, you will be fairly safe, but you must judge by the ground.

MOVING IN THE JUNGLES

When moving in the jungles never go unarmed, and always have your rifle loaded. I have missed some good chances at tiger, panther and bear owing to my shikari carrying my rifle, or to its not being loaded. Every one gets these chances, generally in the morning or evening,

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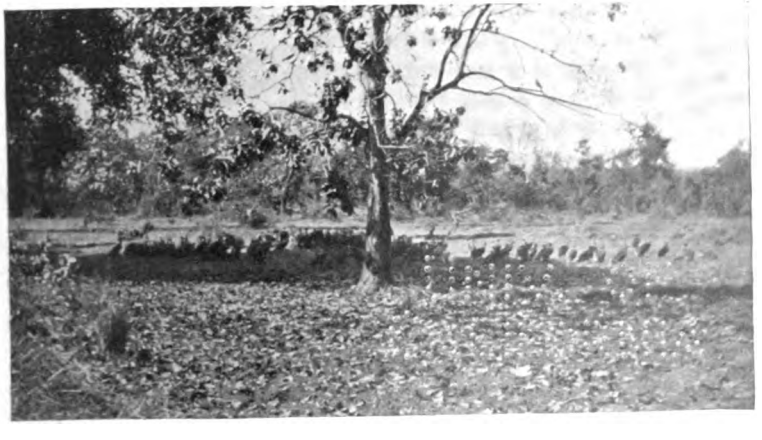
My herd of "bodas" grazing.

Carrying the Tiger back to camp.



Vultures round a Tiger's carcase.

PLATE V.

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and they usually present themselves when you are least expecting them. Twice, well in the heat of the day, I have met tiger face to face at about 10 yards distance; on one of the occasions it was a tigress and two full-grown cubs almost as big as she was.

When approaching a kill in the early morning there is always the chance of finding the tiger, or panther, on the kill feeding; perhaps having killed at dawn. If the place is quiet and peaceful a tiger sometimes will feed before dragging.

Learn to move in the jungles without talking, using only signs or whispers to your shikaris; make them do the same and it will pay you many times over.

In this way you will see and learn things of which you would otherwise never know.

Carry your own rifle, and if sitting down resting have it beside you, so that you can pick it up at once and with the least movement.

When walking along always yourself be in front, with your shikari about one yard behind. He has jungle eyes and will probably see things you would not notice. If he sees something he should touch you and point to it; no words. Take cover or sit down and watch. You may not want to fire, probably not, but sit down and observe and you will see a picture of jungle life: sambar, cheetal, nilghai, barking deer or red dog wandering about in their own surroundings quite unconscious of the presence of man.

These small pictures will teach you and help you to know and understand jungle life. When you get back to camp note down the incident; everything you saw should

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be recorded : number of stags, does and fawns, what they did, who did sentinel, who was leading ; also, time and place.

After twenty of these pictures your jungle notes will become full of interest and a study for you when alone perhaps in some ghastly frontier post, where all is vile except man.

Always carry binoculars and try each time to judge and estimate the horns of any stag. This will be of great value to you and should help you to avoid shooting under-sized animals.

SPECIMENS OF DAILY NOTES FROM MY JUNGLE DIARY

12TH FEBRUARY.—Left camp with Bema (second shikari) at 7 a.m. to visit the two southern kills ; Gunga (head shikari) left at 6.45 to do the two northern ones. On approaching —— nullah, saw herd of nine nilghai : one bull, five does and three fawns, a very pretty sight. They were about 100 yards away and had not heard me approach. Sat down and watched them drink, after which they moved quietly into the jungle on the far side.

They left the jungle in the following order : one doe, followed at an interval of 20 yards by three does and three fawns. Another interval of 15 yards then the bull. Last of all a doe, who did not leave the nullah till all were clear of it. The bull was well protected by an advanced guard and a rear guard.

Bull was full grown with horns about 12 inches. The fawns appeared to be about three months old.

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Proceeded down the nullah, which is about 50 yards wide, and the sand made heavy going.

After going for quarter of a mile came on the fresh pug marks of a full-grown male tiger which had come up the nullah and must have passed my kill lower down.

Followed the pug marks. Course followed by tiger was zigzag from one side of nullah to the other, and most of the pools of water had been visited.

Found boda alive and busy feeding. The tiger had passed close to the bank of the opposite side of the nullah, 50 yards distant; owing to pitch dark night he had failed to see the boda, although in the open.

Sent boda back to camp with boda men and proceeded through jungle to visit second kill on —— River.

Heard sambar "tonk," so stalked him. He had heard me and was disturbed and alert. Got to within 100 yards and watched him for five minutes. He stood gazing in my direction and continued to "tonk," then moved slowly away into the jungles. Judged horns to be about 36 inches.

Found other kill alive. Back to camp. No kills to-day.

20TH FEBRUARY.—Got back from visiting kills at 9.30 a.m.

Another blank day.

Saw nothing this morning.

About fifteen pea-fowl feeding in village fields. So had beat and shot one peacock and one peahen for the pot.

On road back to camp shot two harial (green pigeons).

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Home mail arrived at 2 p.m., so did not go out with "kills" in evening.

Bema came up about 6 o'clock to sympathize with me over the continued blank days.

He assured me the only chance of success was to give the shikaris a goat to eat and that they would do "pooja" over it for all they were worth!

I have given them a goat and warned them that if they do not "pooja" properly and with success, they won't get another.

I hear the village "tom-toms" playing hard, so "pooja" is going strong; may Bema's efforts and superstition carry me to success!

1ST MARCH.—Left camp at 7 a.m. to visit the three eastern kills with Gunga. Bema did the western and northern.

Found all three kills alive and saw nothing *en route*.

When half-way back to camp was met by boda men, who informed me that the northern boda was a "gharra" (had been killed) and had been dragged.

I took a short cut at once through the jungles to the place. On arrival made all men sit down 100 yards away and proceeded to examine the spot myself.

Fresh pug marks of a big tiger; he had come up the centre of the nullah, and on spotting the boda had moved close in to the boda side of the nullah and approached, hugging the bank all the time. Pug marks very distinct in wet sand; position from where he "took off" when he made his rush clearly defined about 20 yards from the boda.

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No blood visible.

Drag was along the sand for 15 yards, then into jungle by small nullah.

He drank at pool of water 10 yards from where boda was tied.

Called up Gunga and showed him everything.

Sat down and listened for quarter of an hour; jungle silent, no signs of monkeys, crows or vultures.

Posted two men on trees as silent watchers on opposite bank 50 yards from where boda was tied, then back to camp.

On arrival in camp, sent forest guard and six men to collect beaters from three nearest villages and to where wood-sawing was in progress. Also the kotwal to collect all men from —— (village I was camped beside). Shamas Din (my orderly) proceeded to get all my gear in order; machan, ropes, ladder, etc.

Breakfast.

At 11 o'clock forest guard returned to say he could only get six men from the wood-sawing camp. Contractor would not give more. Being only a mile away I went off myself to see the contractor.

Found him rather annoyed at the way the forest guard had spoken to him. He was most polite and in two minutes we were good friends. I apologized for the behaviour of the forest guard and he gave me thirty more men; but much valuable time lost.

On arrival back in camp, found seventy-five beaters there, so with that and my extra thirty I had plenty.

Put beaters all in a line and gave cigarettes. Picked out forty-five stops and put them through imitation beat.

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Left camp with all men at 1.30 p.m.

Halted all beaters at road junction half a mile from machan tree under forest guard, with instructions as to dead silence and to await return of Bugga. Owing to late hour did not visit silent watchers, but proceeded straight to machan tree with all stops and shikaris.

Machan ready at 3 p.m. ; personally posted first five stops to right and left.

Gunga placed other right stops ; Bema, left.

Posted two rear silent stops, my orderly and bearer, then climbed into machan and sent Bugga back to take beaters round to position.

Beat started 3.35 p.m.

At 3.45, No. 5 stop on left coughed, and minute later got glimpse of hindquarters and tail of tiger crossing through jungle left to right. Moving slowly and no signs of fear.

Changed my position to facing right.

About five minutes later No. 5 stop on right clapped. Tiger gave tongue and I could hear him coming bounding through the jungle.

No. 4, No. 3, No. 2 and then No. 1 stops on right clapped, and tiger came tumbling into nullah 20 yards in front of me, going all out.

Fired right barrel ; tiger jibbed, slackened pace and came straight on with head and tail stretched straight out. Overhanging branch blanketed tiger, and the next I saw of him was directly below my machan.

Could not fire owing to rifle rest, so swung round to face rear, but made heavy weather of this move and clean missed with my left barrel. Tiger got into jungle and

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off, going strong past orderly, who was doing silent watch in tree. A real big massive tiger lost.

Back to camp. Language appalling!

Owing to pace he was coming at, my first shot struck him near hindquarters. Second shot a real bad effort. I hope he will live for many a day. Paid all men full money as non-success entirely due to my own fault. They had all done their job well.

Never again a rifle rest in a beat.

Tiger was of a much paler colour than usual; age, I expect; but he had tremendous quarters on him and bulging with fat and muscle.

10TH MARCH.—Left camp at 7 a.m. to visit northern kill in —— nullah. From rock 100 yards away I could see boda had gone. Made Gunga and other men sit down and went forward to examine place.

Fresh pug marks of a full-grown tiger were all over the sand near the "kill." He had come up the boda side of the nullah and evidently after killing had wandered about in close proximity to his kill before dragging. He also had had a feed before dragging, as his pug marks went direct to water from the kill and back to it, and there was a little blood round the place where the boda was tied.

The drag was straight into the jungle, and all the bent grass clearly showed the line he had taken.

Called up Jagga and went over everything with him.

Sat down and listened for ten minutes, but no sounds or further information to be obtained. Jagga thought kill had taken place last evening or early in the night.

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Back to camp after posting two silent watchers over position where kill was.

Orderly, forest guard and Bema went off to collect beaters from three neighbouring villages. Kotwal of —— got busy, and after breakfast I put all my gear in order.

By 11 o'clock eighty-three beaters had arrived. Took fifty men as stops and put them through small practice beat.

Left camp at 11.40 with every one. Much talking amongst beaters, so stopped and spoke to them. Two men with coughs I transferred over from stops to beaters.

Sent all beaters under forest guard and Bugga to junction of the two nullahs to sit down and wait there.

Moved through jungle in Indian file with all stops by line of barked trees to the machan.

Machan ready at 1 o'clock. Posted five stops to right and five to left myself. Bema did others to right. Jagga to left.

Orderly did silent stop 40 yards to my rear.

Beat started at 1.40. After ten minutes a sambar in the middle of the beat "tonked," and I heard it with others dashing out through the "stops" at about No. 6 stop on my left, but could see nothing.

Five minutes later No. 7 stop on left clapped once; another five minutes and No. 1 on my right coughed, and I had just time to swing round when out came the tiger. He came out grunting and with tremendous bounds; leaped all bushes with great ease, no short cuts, he leaped everything in front of him. A really fine sight.

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My first shot was lucky. I hit him in mid-air in the middle of one of his leaps and he hit the ground, rolling over and over like a shot rabbit. Up he got, and with straightened tail and neck started to make off. I then gave him my second barrel, and this time he went down "all of a heap." Getting up again he made off to my right rear. Just had time to get one cartridge in and get off a third shot, but this was a hopeless miss.

The tiger disappeared and not near where the orderly was! I had fired at his right shoulder both times, and I knew both bullets had gone hard home, but the fact remained he had gone and I was up against a wounded tiger.

Stopped the beat and called up Jagga and the other shikaris, who joined me on my tree. Poor old Jagga hung his head and muttered something, as much as to say: "This is a pretty kettle of fish; we are up against a wounded tiger and a full-grown one at that. Why can't you kill the brute and save all this dîk and worry." Needless to say, these were exactly my feelings, too.

Of course, Jagga had been far away in the beat at the time and could only know what I told him; I assured him the tiger was twice hard hit and both times knocked down, and that the wounds must be mortal. Old Jagga nodded several times, as much as to say: "Perhaps, but I have heard this kind of story before; believe me, we have dirty work in front of us to-night." Again my thoughts were in complete agreement!

Personally, I felt confident the tiger was so badly hit that he must have lain up not far away; also, that he would die in time. Another great asset was having Jagga with

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me ; he feared nothing ; knew how to play this game from A to Z, and his whole attitude inspired confidence.

He would no more leave that wounded tiger there than fly ; he would ferret it out somehow ; but in everything he was balanced by caution and going to run no avoidable risks.

Old Bema hung on to a branch with one hand, and in the other was a great staff about six feet long with a strong iron spike on it. Very keen, but he is not balanced by quite the same caution as Jagga and does not think things out so well.

My orderly had seen no more than I had and could give no further information. My fault for having only one rear silent stop. Always have two in future ; one right rear, one left rear.

Discussed whole situation quietly with Jagga. Tiger was *not* definitely located, so too dangerous to risk "ringing" the patch of jungle. It was now 3 p.m., and it would take two hours at least to get the herd of buffaloes and cows from the village. At 5 p.m. the shadows are long, and visibility in the jungles decreases rapidly after that hour.

The jungle the tiger had gone into looked a definite patch, and would give excellent cover, trees, grass and bush.

I had definitely seen the point he had gone in at and the line he had taken. I was confident he was very hard hit and would not go far.

Decided that the best thing to do was to wait for an hour and give the tiger, if he was there, time to die ; then follow up a short distance. If nothing seen, to go

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back to camp and return with the buffaloes in the morning.

Jagga agreed.

Sent Bema to warn all beaters to remain up trees and keep quiet, then settled down to listen.

By 4 o'clock we had heard nothing and obtained no further information, so came down from tree and I carefully defined the route taken by the tiger to all three shikaris.

Each having collected about half a dozen stones, we commenced the systematic progression towards the point of danger. (See page 95.)

Bema went to the first tree 20 yards ahead ; Gunga to the next and Jagga to the next, while I covered each as he went forward. So far nothing was seen, and Bema came down and went forward to a tree about 10 yards in front of Jagga. I covered him and watched him climb to near the top. He was not long there before I saw him holding up both hands and pointing ; without a word he signed to take care as he could see the tiger.

I got behind a stout tree and remained at the ready while Jagga descended and proceeded to join Bema. Gunga brought up my ladder and quietly put it against Bema's tree. Moving quietly forward I got to the ladder and climbed.

On reaching Bema he pointed out the direction, but for the life of me I could see nothing. At last my eye caught a black stripe, and then I could see part of the tiger about 25 yards off camouflaged among the light and shade of dead leaves and long grass. I could see no signs of his head, and simply had to accept the only definite target in view.

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Taking a steady aim, I fired ; the tiger rolled over on his side, exposing the whole of his shoulders and neck. I then managed to get a shot into the root of the neck. To this there was no response, so I fired again, getting a similar result. Descended tree and made my way up to tiger ; had a look at him from 10 yards and gave him a couple of stones. No response ; dead ; a successful beat !

Called up shikaris, who came down the tree like a shot, with yells and shouts, which were echoed from all the trees in the vicinity, and men came running in from all directions.

The first two shots had hit him just behind the right shoulder, entering within an inch of one another. They had missed the heart by about an inch. Both were fatal shots, and when he got the third bullet from the tree he must have been a very " far gone " tiger. This latter bullet had got him clean through the heart and finished him. Five bullets had hit him, but not one of them had come out ; there were no exit holes, for which I was thankful.

After every one had had a good look at him I pegged out his length : 9 feet 2 inches between the pegs was the result, and a very nice tiger, too. Teeth sharp and clean. Age about six.

The machan was brought up, and after making a bed of grass on top the tiger was lifted on to it and the procession started for home, every one talking and telling the others how it was all done.

Arrived in camp at 6 o'clock ; gave all beaters and stops an extra anna, the shikaris an extra Rs.2 each and a goat for more " pooja."

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Lamps were put round the dead animal, and while I had my tea all the women and children of the village came down to view it.

No chamars (skinners) near and as it was too late to send to next village, Shamas Din (my orderly) and I started to skin at 7 o'clock. Skin off by 11 o'clock. Dead tired. Washed skin and then rolled it up; peg out in the morning.

Tied skin and head to roof pole of tent out of harm's way and slept under them.

INSPECTION OF KILLS

When going round your kills in the early morning, try to get your first sight of the boda from a distance. Say the point of view is 100 yards from the boda; when 200 yards away make your shikari and boda men sit down and then advance to the point of view quietly and alone. If you see the boda is there call up your men by sign; they will then untie the boda, water it and take it back to camp. If you see the boda has gone, call up your shikari only, and with him sit down and listen. Listen for five or ten minutes for any information the jungles may give; after that go up with your shikari to where the kill was tied and inspect. Observe the line of the drag; the pug marks, male or female, one tiger or more. Look at the nearest water to see if he drank there and the line he took back to the jungle after drinking.

On no account follow up the drag.

Sit down for another ten minutes and listen for jungle sounds. These may give you some idea of where the

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tiger is lying up, and greatly help in the formulation of your plans.

As an example, supposing you have five kills out, as shown on page 27; *A* being 2 miles from camp and *B* 3 miles. You cannot possibly in the cool of the morning visit all five kills yourself. For one morning you should select, say, *A*, *B* and *E*, taking with you your second shikari and six boda men (two per kill). Your head shikari you send off with four boda men to visit *C* and *D*.

You and your party start off along the road for *A*. *En route* you inspect *E*; if boda alive, two men fall out and take it back to camp, and you proceed to *A*. Do not visit your kills until one hour after daylight; if you leave camp half an hour after daylight you should arrive at *A* (2 miles) at about the correct time. About 100 yards before you get to the big nullah at *A*, make all your men sit down. Proceed to the edge of the nullah yourself and quietly get a distant view of the kill. If boda alive your men come up and two men fall out, water the boda and take it back to camp.

You now proceed to *B*, having with you only your shikari and the remaining two boda men. Approach this kill just as you did *A*. You see the boda is not there; signal to your shikari to come up and quietly sit down where you are and listen for the news or information the jungles may divulge.

All perfectly quiet, sit here for about five or ten minutes.

Monkeys chattering, crows talking and various other sounds will give you important information and an indication as to where the tiger is lying up.

After listening you should, with your shikari, quietly

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proceed to where the kill was tied and collect all the information you can ; the drag, water, etc., as described before. A tiger's object in dragging is to get his kill safely away from vultures, wild dog, etc., so he drags to where there is good cover to hide it and where he can get peace to feed. But hide it as he will, it is wonderful how seldom it escapes the eye of the crow or the vulture, who hang round for the pickings, or what it pleases the tiger to leave.

Having completed your inspection, during which there must be dead silence, post your two boda men so as to block the road crossing the nullah, one on the east side of the nullah and the other on the west.

They are to act as silent watchers and listeners until you return. Give them the following instructions :—

(*a*) Take particular note of the calls of wild animals or birds and their direction.

(*b*) Do not allow talking, or natives, and especially bullock carts, to cross this nullah by the road ; they must go south and round. See they do it.

(*c*) To keep a silent watch and not to cough and spit. When you return you will expect them to report anything they have heard or seen indicating the presence of the tiger.

This done, you make for camp with your shikari as fast as you can.

In the event of the first boda being a " gharra " (killed) the bundobast is the same, only you personally do not visit the second boda, but send off the two boda men to collect their own boda and take it back to camp.

Should it also have been killed they will come back to

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camp and report, and you can deal with that beat after you have done the first. It is far enough away to remain undisturbed by the first beat you do ; but I would send a shikari and two boda men back, the latter to remain there as silent watchers and the shikari to come back and report.

Two beats in a day is heavy work, especially if you do not get your beaters in till, say, 1 o'clock, and the beats are 2 or 3 miles apart.

After the first beat you must lose no time ; fall in all your men and march for the second without any delay, as it will probably be about 4 p.m. before you finish the first.

COLLECTING OF BEATERS

On arrival back in camp at once summon the kotwal and the forest guard. Tell them there has been a kill, make them keen, give them each a cigarette and a pat on the back, and tell them to collect one hundred beaters for you. Get them to do this as soon as you can, because villagers will be working on their crops round each village, and it will take time to collect them.

The kotwal will collect all the men and boys in his own village and send men to the neighbouring villages. The forest guard will do another village.

If sending to villages some distance off, men with badges or uniform are best, it is a sign of authority, that the message is genuine and from the sahib. I carry an ancient and obsolete sword belt with breast plate for this purpose. It means nothing, but it looks impressive and fills the native who wears it with importance.

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COLLECTING OF BEATERS

You will want from seventy to one hundred men and boys, and you should order that they must be in camp by 11 o'clock. This will mean you will get them, with luck, by 12 or 1 o'clock.

Get your ladder, charpoy and rope ready, and also your rope ladder ; give your rifle a pull through. Get your bearer to fill your thermos with cold water and see that you have a spool in your camera. Have your breakfast and await the arrival of your beaters.

If the beat is within reasonable distance I usually fill in the time of waiting by going out to fix up the machan with my shikaris, returning to camp to pick up the beaters and stops. But if it is some distance off and in the hot weather, I do not recommend this, as it will cause extra fatigue and be apt to unsteady you. When the beaters arrive, do not allow them to straggle off to the village. Make them sit down under a shady tree, and give them a chattie of water to drink from.

If you allow them they will stray off to the village, and when the last lot come in it will take you half an hour to collect them all again.

All beaters having arrived, say one hundred, put them in a line and pick out the forty most intelligent men for stops. Do not take old men, they cannot hear or see well enough for stopping ; and do not take very young boys, they get too excited and are much better in the beat. Put the forty men in the shape of a V and go through a miniature beat with them, showing them their job. The six stops on your right and the six on your left are the most important, so these should be picked men. Pay special attention to this ; their importance will be explained later.

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Have one hundred small pieces of paper numbered 1 to 100, and give one to each beater and stop. If you do not do this you often find at the end, when you are going to pay out, that odd men and boys who were never out with you, nor did a hand's turn, will slip in and join the others to receive payment. You only pay men with numbers.

If you ever find yourself short of men, reduce the number of beaters before you reduce your stops. For example, if only seventy men have arrived, retain your forty stops and employ only thirty beaters.

At certain places you can improvise stops ; a bit of white cloth or newspaper, size about 3 feet by 1 foot, tied to a tree or a rock, will usually turn a tiger and act as a silent stop.

In fact, a silent stop like this in addition to a real stop at all unwanted natural " leads " is quite a sound thing, but the tiger should be able to see it from a distance and not come suddenly on it.

Any man with a cough *must* be a beater. There he can cough till he bursts and be useful, but as a stop he will ruin your whole show.

MOVING TO THE BEAT

You have now divided your men into beaters and stops. Put the beaters under the charge of your forest guard and the stops in charge of your head shikari. Give orders that there is to be dead silence, no talking, coughing or spitting. Your sepoy orderly, if you have brought one, is most useful here, as he will control the centre and rear of your long Indian file and stop noise.

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Taking the lead yourself with your shikari and a special man who knows the exact route to the machan tree, you all move off in Indian file.

As an example, take the following sketch map, similar to *A* on page 27.

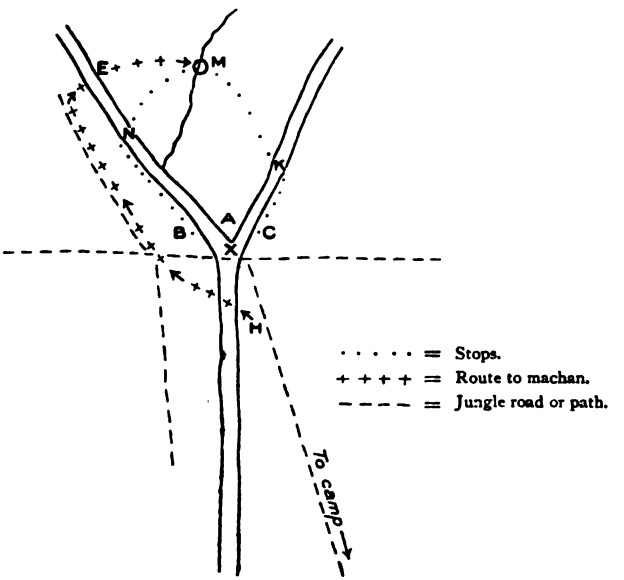

FIG. 2.

Having arrived at *H*, say 300 or 400 yards from *X*, you halt, close up, and every one sits down *en masse*. Again impress on the forest guard and your orderly that there is not to be a sound ; perfect silence is essential. Go forward yourself with your shikari, pick up the two silent watchers you left there in the morning and get their report. Have a quiet look round yourself. As I said

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before, vultures and crows often give the first signs of where the kill is lying.

If vultures are down at the kill feeding you will hear them screaming, fighting and quarrelling over it. There will be others gorged and sitting on the trees, and more in the air arriving for the feast. This means the tiger is lying up a little way from the kill.

If the vultures are all sitting on trees round about, you may take it for certain that the tiger is lying up at or close to his kill, and that the kill is in the vicinity of where the vultures are sitting.

You now return to your beaters.

Fall in your forty stops. They will carry your machan, rope, ladder and rope ladder, also your camera and thermos flask, which should be with you.

All beaters are to stay where they are at *H* until the return of the head shikari ; and again warn the forest guard about dead silence.

With no apologies for repeating myself I again emphasize the importance of beaters not going near *A* until they are required.

Your object now is to arrive at *M*, the machan tree, with all your stops, avoiding the jungle where the tiger is. Go by the circuitous route marked + + + + +, leading the file yourself, dead silence all the way, your sepoy orderly keeping silence in the centre.

At *E* you will find the tree you have barked at the edge of the nullah, and from *E* to *M* you simply follow the line of the marked trees.

On arrival at the machan tree all sit down ; there must be no smoking.

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The shikaris with one or two men will then proceed to tie up your machan. They are past masters at this, and you cannot help much. The position has already been selected, and the ground prepared during your early or first day reconnaissance.

MACHANS

I have always used the ordinary native charpoy ; the kotwal will get this for you, and if you can obtain it, a small child's one is preferable.

See that it is clean and free of bugs. If bugs are in a charpoy you can tell at once by looking near the joints. Small black spots on the woodwork indicate the droppings of bugs and their presence. Lately I have used a charpoy of my own, made in the bazaar and taken by me to the jungles—size 4 feet by 3 feet. See it does not creak. The climate is apt to shrink the wood, and creaking if it starts is really most annoying and may just spoil your shoot.

If it does creak, put it in water an hour before moving off and this will remedy the creaking. The rope will be dry by the time you sit on it. Another way is to soak the joints in oil.

The shikaris will do all the tying up of the machan ; use neutral coloured rope which you must bring with you, not white cotton rope.

Get into the machan yourself and test it. See that it is steady and does not rock. Test the field of fire and snick off all leaves interfering with your view. A small saw is nearly noiseless and useful for this purpose. In a tiger

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beat you practically require no cover in your machan. The tiger may come up to you quietly or he may come up on the run ; if the latter there must be no impedimenta that will stop the free swing of your rifle or movement of your body or legs. You must have a quick field of fire all round ; front, left, right and behind ; the latter is most important. On no account have the trunk of a thick tree behind you, as you will see in some illustrations.

A beat is not like sitting up over a kill, where the tiger or panther is coming up to your vicinity scrutinizing everything in the jungle as he approaches.

In the beat he is on the run with the noise behind him. His survey of the jungle in front of him is generally on the ground level. His attention is concentrated on the noise of the beat, and unless you move he will seldom look up.

This is certainly my experience, and I have never yet seen a tiger look up while approaching the machan at a slow walk if I did not move. So I always use a machan cleared for action, with no screening and free movement in all directions.

In a beat a machan should be from 12 to 16 feet off the ground. Much must depend on the thickness of the undergrowth. If the grass is high, your machan must be high, so that you can see down into the grass.

You should be able to command the " lead " in front and behind, and a fairly good all-round view of about 30 to 40 yards.

For all machan work an invaluable thing is a rope ladder. You can get one made at any jail. Hangman's rope with wooden rungs and about 20 feet long, having

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at one end two steel hooks. If the hooks are too small to fit on to a branch, you fasten the ladder by putting the hooks over the branch and hooking their respective ropes below it. This ladder will save you endless dîk and worry and convert impossible trees into the ideal machan tree.

The ladder rolls up into a small bundle, and at any time you can pull it up and fix it below your machan, making you independent of any one for your descent. Always pull it up before a beat, and fix it where it cannot interfere with you.

When satisfied that your machan is all right, come down and divide your stops into two lots. If the sides of the beat are almost equal, then you divide the stops equally, say twenty for the right and twenty for the left, or if one side is longer than the other, or one side is thick jungle and the other open, you will divide them up, perhaps twenty-five and fifteen. All this you would have decided and fixed up during your first reconnaissance.

You will want two men to act as "look-outs" 80 or 100 yards in rear of your machan. I generally use my orderly and bearer for this work. They are keen to see the show, and I always encourage them to come out on a beat. These "look-out" men are very important, as if you wound the tiger and he goes on, they can spot the direction he goes in or perhaps where he has taken cover. Facing the rear, they should be about 20 degrees to the left and 20 degrees to the right of your machan. Show them their trees and instruct them that they are silent watchers; they are not to move or speak even if the tiger comes under their tree; observation is their rôle

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and the tiger must not see them. These "look-outs" may save you endless trouble, or even a disaster, if you have to deal with a wounded animal. Being always with me, I instruct them in camp at odd times, so they know their job.

You now proceed to get your stops out; start off to the left, with your second shikari and twenty stops, along the line *MK*; post the first four stops yourself. See that trees are suitable, giving a field of view for men about 16 to 20 feet up. If the shikari knows the general line for the remainder down to *KC*, send him off to post them. You return to the machan, and then with your head shikari proceed to the right and do the same there; you do the first four and the shikari the remainder down to *N* and *B*.

Return to your tree, get into the machan at once and load your rifle. Now try your aim all round at all possible points, and accustom yourself to the aim amongst the various surroundings. Imagine the tiger here, there and everywhere and aim at it. This is very essential. The view you get of the jungle along the sights of a rifle is quite different to that which you see in open vision; so accustom yourself to it. This done, put your rifle at full cock, settle down and wait. Head shikari and second shikari should join up where the road crosses the nullah. They then call up the beaters and form a line on the road, the left to move on *B* and the right to move on *C*, which will take in the water where the tiger drank.

The distance apart of the stops varies according to the number of men you have and the thickness of the jungle. When the tiger gets near to the machan he is getting,

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so to speak, into " the neck of the bottle " as it were, and the tension is at its height ; therefore, stops near the machan are closer together. The first five or six to the right and left of the machan should be about fifteen paces apart, the next five twenty-five paces, the next five forty paces and the last five, say, sixty paces. As the beat comes up the stops automatically come off their trees and join in with the beaters.

See that you do not select for any machan a tree which has red ants on it. They bite like anything and will drive you off the tree.

A word about spare ammunition. During a beat do not on any account put this on the machan beside you ; if you have to swing yourself round or to the right or left, you are apt to push it through the meshes of the machan or knock it over the side, with the result that you will have no ammunition, except what is in your rifle.

Spare ammunition must be on your person and handy. Have small cloth sockets made on your coat, five on the left and five on the right, each to contain one round, like a bandolier. These should be waist high and not up on the breast ; other spare rounds put in your coat pocket.

Don't go to a beat with less than twenty rounds of ammunition.

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CHAPTER IV

THE BEAT

BEATING for tiger is an art; read all you can about it, and make careful observations of every beat you have, whether successful or not.

The object of the beat is to rouse the tiger and manœuvre him *slowly* up to your machan from the place where he is sleeping near his kill.

It is obvious that if you frighten him he will charge away in any direction, and will refuse to be driven in the manner you desire. No stops will turn an angry and frightened tiger; you must gently humour him forward in the required direction. This is the secret of a good beat. In a beat there are two distinct kinds of tiger; the suspicious tiger and the frightened tiger. Do all you can to keep him in the suspicious temperament and avoid anything likely to arouse fear.

As I have said before he must or should have a "lead," and this should take him to good jungle. In fact, the direction of the "lead" should be to his liking. To try to drive him into open or thin jungle would be hopeless; he would refuse to go and would charge through the stops. The distance covered by a beat from start to finish depends on the ground, the jungle, water and the information you have obtained, etc., but an average would be about 750 yards. More than 1000 yards involves more

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stops and beaters. If less than 500 yards, you risk going too close to the kill, disturbing the tiger before the beat, and, in addition, not giving the tiger room for his preliminary manœuvre, which I consider is essential.

I am strongly of opinion that the tiger must have "breathing room," however small, at the start, and before he gets into the neck of the bottle; free movement after the first sounds of the beat to allow him time to appreciate the position from his point of view and select his line of retreat in peace. If you have worked out the problem correctly that line of retreat will be to your machan.

However, the distance you decide on must greatly depend on how far the tiger is likely to have dragged, where the water is, and the type of jungle.

As I have mentioned before the near stops are important; they are the neck of the bottle, and no matter what the other stops do, the near stops must remain dead silent until the tiger comes towards them. When the tiger approaches one of them the stop must try to turn it with a gentle low cough, to create suspicion and not fear. Should this not be effective he can increase the sound accordingly or drop a cloth or pugaree.

All other stops should cough, clap or tap the tree with a stick, and turn the tiger at all costs. No stop should utter a sound until the beat starts. Never have any one in the machan with you; for certain they will hinder or cramp your free movement if you have to turn quickly. If a non-shooting friend is with you and he or she is out

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at the beat, make them No. 1 stop on the right or left. From there they can take an active part in the "stopping" and see everything.

See you leave nothing on the ground, such as a thermos, a camera or clothing; these might act as a silent stop.

The shikaris having lined up the beaters, all is ready for the beat to start.

Up to this time, say 1 p.m., the tiger is asleep under heavy shade, and the first thing to do is to waken him. The beaters should remain where they are for three minutes, and shout as loudly as they can. This will rouse him from his slumbers, and he will sit up and prick his ears. This sudden disturbance of the peaceful jungle will start him thinking; he will get suspicious, and commence to move gradually away from the noise.

The beaters then advance, shouting and beating trees with sticks, all stops coming to ground and joining in as the beat passes them. The noise the beaters make should gradually decrease in volume as they advance, and when they reach No. 6 stop (counted from the machan) shouting should give way to talking and tapping of sticks on trees. By this time the tiger is in a much more confined space, so you do not want to frighten him or make him realize that he is being cornered.

On the first shouts of the beaters you come to the "ready," and you should be all eyes and ears. Make no movement, just listen and watch for the first sign or information from the stops. The tiger may come straight without bumping a stop, and you will get no information

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from the right or left. He may come up early and lie down unobserved fairly close to your machan, remaining there until the beat is almost on him ; so until you get some information you must remain dead still and not give yourself away by movement. Although you do not know it, he may be lying up within 20 or 30 yards of your machan.

No cover should be missed by beaters ; they should throw stones or sticks into what they cannot go through. With the commencement of the beat comes the excitement. Human nature is the same all the world over, and I admit I am always excited when I hear the first sounds of the beat commencing.

However, you must " pull yourself together," as fluster and excitement are dead enemies to a true aim. Remember the jungles contain more than tiger. You will likely have monkeys, pea-fowl, sambar, cheetal or nilghai, and pig rushing about, all disturbed by the beat ; you may hear them crashing through the jungle unseen, or see them dash past you. Let them all go as if unnoticed. Keep your eyes and ears open for the warning cough or tap of the stop, or the gentle rustle of the dead grass and leaves. If you hear a stop give warning you must get into position *at once*. If the *right* stop warns, get your legs over and *face the right*. This puts your right shoulder in position for the right or front. If the *left* stop warns, *face your front* and your shoulder is in position for the front and left. A tiger turned by a stop, and especially after having been turned two or three times, will often give tongue. There is no mistaking it, and he is generally bounding through the jungle when he does it ; so get

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into position at once, for if he bounds up to or past your machan you have no time to shake hands and be introduced ; it is going to be a snap shot or nothing at all.

In all such cases there is one *very* important point. Get your eyes on your foresight at once and bring *that* on to the tiger ; do not fix your eyes on the tiger and then try to find your foresight.

Mark and practice this carefully in your machan when waiting for the beat to start. I once missed an enormous tiger through my eyes getting glued to him instead of on to my foresight. A tiger being large you automatically see him, and if your eyes are fixed on the foresight you will easily bring that on to him and roll him over, no matter what pace he is going at. But try the reverse and you will realize what a difficult thing it is to find your foresight when your eyes are glued on a moving tiger. In the excitement you are apt to do this, so take timely warning.

Remain at the ready until the beat is under your tree. Do not forget there may be more than one tiger in the beat, so after firing reload at once, and again come to the ready. There may be a panther in the beat, and he has a sly, slinking way of coming out last.

I should think that in at least half of all the beats you may have you will find sambar, cheetal or nilghai (blue bull) enclosed by the stops ; that is to say, in the area enclosed for the beat. This must mean that the wind for them is wrong, and that they have settled down for their midday rest very close to the point of danger, quite oblivious to the presence of " Old Stripes," who may be

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sleeping within 100 or 200 yards of them. If a tiger gives tongue in a beat the stampede of all else is assured. In such cases I have noticed that the stag always leads, followed by the does with their young, a regular pell-mell rush from what they know to be certain death. I have never seen a case where a tiger has killed a deer during a beat ; it likely has happened, but the tiger is busy looking after his own skin, and just having had his feed his thoughts are in other directions.

When you fire at a tiger every beater must at once climb the nearest tree, and no advance must be made until you give the order. You should have some prearranged signal with your shikaris, such as a blast on your horn or a whistle to mean all clear or otherwise, but if the tiger is wounded and has broken back, pass the word along the stops as well.

A wounded tiger breaking back towards the beat will charge and kill any one he meets, so you must take instant precautions and protect your men. In dealing with a wounded tiger you have no light problem before you, and if you have a man killed you will never forgive yourself. Hence my advice, do not take long, risky or uncertain shots ; far better to wait.

There is one golden rule ; if you " down " a tiger he may appear to be dead, but no matter how dead he is you must put a second shot into him. Make no mistake about this. You make once sure, doubly sure, and you do not destroy the skin in the least. Many a tiger thought to be dead has suddenly got up and got away, or has broken back and caused endless trouble ; all for the want of a second bullet.

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It is difficult to explain to any one who has not had experience the amount of lead a tiger will stand up to if not hit in what I might call the "instant knock-out place," *i.e.* the heart or the brain. You may mortally wound him and he will go for miles, all the time ready and able to charge and kill anything that comes in his way or follows him up. He may have his entrails hanging out, but he will carry on ; as long as he has a kick in him he will fight to the last, and woe betide those who neglect precautions.

I have had a case of a tiger hit through both lungs with my first shot ; my second went in at his shoulder, up through his neck and out over his eye, carrying most of the jaw away. Yet he carried on, and I had to ring him and follow up, and finally "do him in" as described in the chapter on "A Wounded Tiger." I was firing a .475 high-velocity, soft-nosed bullet, which in each case mushroomed to about the size of a halfpenny ; both were mortal wounds, but I had missed the heart and the brain and he was living after an hour.

If you have killed the tiger do not let any one touch him until you come down from your machan. If you can, take a photo of him from your machan ; it is an interesting record of where he fell and the view surrounding him as seen from the machan. Then climb down and take other photos of him near at hand. If he is lying in long grass or an unsuitable place, have him carried to a clear spot. Photos are interesting records, and should be in all shikar books in conjunction with the records in writing.

Do not wait until you get back to camp to measure him.

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A dead tiger when carted about, especially if hanging over an elephant, stretches, and thus you would not get the true measurement in camp.

Choose some flat place and put the tiger on his back, pull the tail straight, and put your foot on his chin and press the head down. Drive a peg in at the tip of the tail and at the point of the nose ; remove the tiger, and the distance between the two pegs gives you his true length. For my own satisfaction I also measure a tiger from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail by measuring round the curves and along the back. The latter method generally gives about 8 to 12 inches more than the former.

Measure also the following :—

Girth behind the shoulders.
Girth of forearms.
Girth at middle.
Girth of head.
Length of tail, tip to root.
Height from main cushion of forepaw to middle of back between the shoulder-blades.

Have your shikaris present, and in front of them count the whiskers and claws. Natives are apt to steal these. All this completed you now get your machan down from the tree, cover it with grass, and have the tiger lifted on to it. Get your men to procure three good strong poles ; these are slipped under the machan and lashed to it. Put two men on to the ends of each pole (equals twelve men), they lift, and the tiger is carried home to camp. Do not rope the tiger on to the machan, the rope is apt to rub and damage the fur.

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Having killed a tiger, invariably go and look at his kill afterwards. You will see how he has dragged and where to, also where he lay up for his midday sleep. This will greatly assist you in a future beat at the same place and teach you the lie of the jungle from the tiger's point of view.

In a beat on no account have a bar in front or round your machan as a rest for your rifle ; it is apt to hinder you, and may even spoil the whole beat, as it once did for me.

The large branch of a tree hung at an angle of about 20 degrees over the centre of a small nullah which formed an ideal lead. On this I built my machan and put up a strong rifle rest in front in the form of a bar.

While waiting for the beat to start I tried my aim over the bar at what I thought every conceivable spot at which the tiger could come out or show himself in front of me, and when the beat started I felt there was no flaw or loophole left.

No. 3 stop on my left spoke, and shortly afterwards I got a glimpse of a huge tiger crossing quietly over towards the right stops ; it was just a glimpse and no time to get a shot in.

The tiger was now in the neck of the bottle and I began to count my chickens.

No. 4 stop on my right spoke ; then No. 3 clapped. Immediately there were two or three deep grunts, then crashing through the jungle the tiger tumbled into the nullah 20 yards in front, and came straight up the nullah towards me at a great bounding pace.

I fired and hit him far back ; he only winced and reduced speed to a quick trot. Before I could get in my

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second shot he was almost under my machan, about 15 feet away, but, alas ! owing to the confounded rifle rest I could not get a shot down at that angle.

I admit I got annoyed and flurried, but I struggled to get round so as to take him in rear. Through the meshes of my machan I could see him under me only 10 feet away ! With all the hurry and excitement, not only was I unsteady, but I was late, and made a bad miss as he disappeared into the jungles behind me.

Had it not been for the bar I would have had an almost certain shot at 15 feet range right down on to the tiger. I had forgotten the possibility of a shot at him below me, a really bad mistake ; when he got at an angle of 45 degrees below my machan he was safe, I could not touch him, he was in dead ground.

All this I found out after the event ; just one more lesson learned, and never again a rifle rest in a beat.

I think this was the biggest tiger I ever saw ; great massive shoulders and quarters on him, but considerably lighter in colour than is usual, it was all a grand sight. He fairly snookered me and I hope he is living to-day.

This is only one of the many disappointments and mistakes I could record, but I have no regrets ; just a lesson learned and the memory of a really fine sight, one of India's biggest tigers in his jungle home.

An officer lately said to me that he much preferred scatter-gun shooting to big game shooting. He had not the patience for the latter nor was he able to compete with the disappointments one had when after big game.

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Well, we are all built differently ; patience and the effort of waiting have never been strong points with me, but it is one of the worthiest traits in any man's character, and the jungles will teach it to you in a way almost nothing else will. So if you are of an impatient nature there is all the more reason for adopting big game shikar as your hobby.

As for disappointments, I have little sympathy for a man who cannot stand up to this and shake off all sorrow and regret at missing or losing an animal.

You will miss a tiger, sure ; you will mess up a beat, certain ; but that is not the last and only tiger in the world ; there are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, so get down to facts and appreciate your mistakes, and in such circumstances you are allowed to use any language, so long as it is worthy of an officer and a gentleman.

Much of the joy and fascination of all shooting is in the mistakes you make. If you hit and captured all you fired at it would be a poor game, and most shikaris would give it up to-morrow. Therefore make the jungles no "land of regrets," but one of solid determination : each disappointment making you more determined than ever to persevere and be master of patience and all disappointments. Appreciate the fact that a tiger can go one better than you on this or that occasion, and long may he live to fight again.

BEATS

The following are examples of beats I have actually had. The topography varies, and I have tried to pick out

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examples to illustrate how a tiger acts when being beaten, also where he drags to and where he lies up.

Although there is a similarity in all of them, each in itself was a problem of its own. Half the interest of tiger shooting lies in the anticipating of a beat, studying the ground and working out the problems beforehand, as well as on the day of the kill.

Of course, at times things will go wrong and you will have blank beats as well as successful ones ; one native may just do the wrong thing and upset all your plans for success. You must take the bad luck with the good, and do all you can to make everything as fool-proof as possible.

BEAT A.

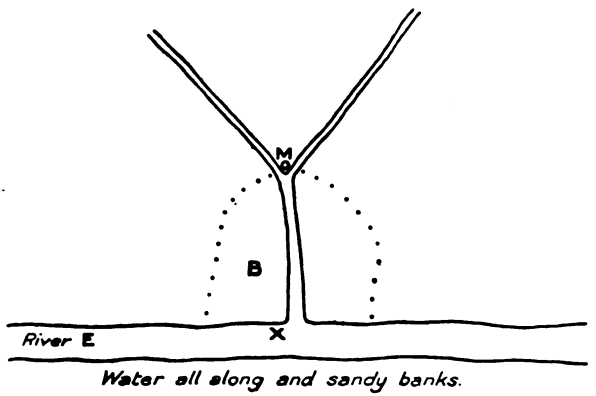

FIG. 3.

X=Where kill was tied—Tiger dragged up the small nullah and lay up in jungle *B*, after watering in river *E*.

M=Machan.

Beat from *X* to *M* was 800 yards.

I had seventy-five beaters, of whom I used forty as stops.

Dotted line=Line of stops.

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Beat B.

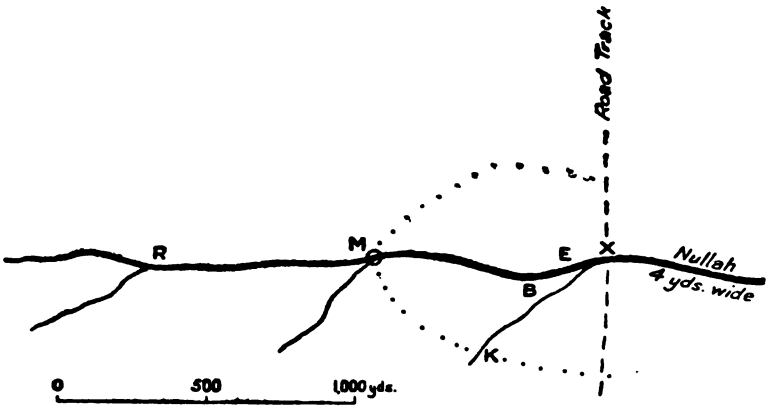

Fig. 4.

A nullah with small nullahs running into it—Water in places marked *E* and *R*.

X=Where kill was tied.

Tiger dragged up small nullah *K* and lay up in jungle *B*, between his kill and water *E*.

M=Machan.

Beat from *X* to *M*=about 800 yards.

K is a lead and must be carefully stopped.

Dots=stops.

Beat C.

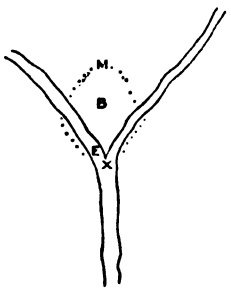

Fig. 5.

The junction of two large sandy nullahs—No small lead—Water in places.

X=Where kill was tied.

Tiger pulled into jungle *B* and watered at *E*.

M=Machan.

Beat from *X* to *M* about 800 yards.

Dots=stops.

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EXAMPLES OF BEATS

Beat D.

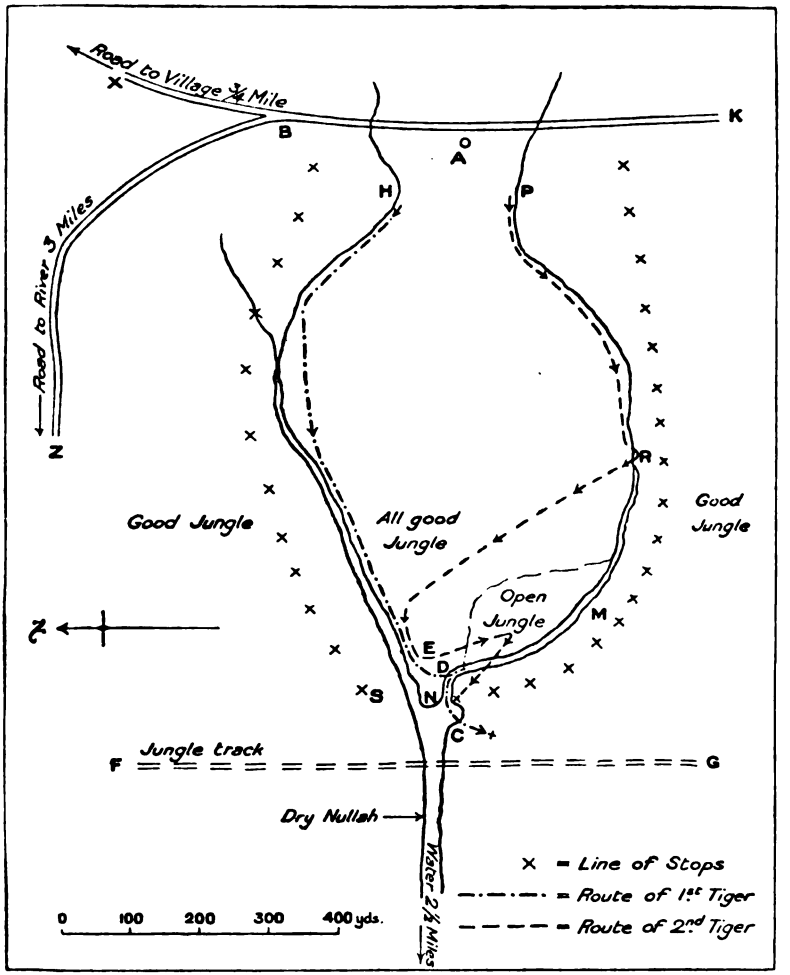

Fig. 6.

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BEAT D.—This illustrates two of the most interesting beats I have ever had, and I will describe them as they actually occurred, so that by "painting the picture" I will try to enable you to visualize and grasp for yourself the application of principles and the ready appreciation of the situation in most tiger beats you are likely to have. All tiger beats are very much alike, the principles are the same ; it is the correct application of these principles and a just appreciation of the situation which will give you success. (See diagram on previous page.)

XBK is a main jungle cart road, and I was camped at the village three-quarters of a mile north of *B*. I had four tiger kills out in various directions from 2 to 4 miles from the village. During one of my morning rounds, when passing *B*, I found the tracks of a small panther on the road. I suggested to my shikari the tying up of a boda at *B* with a view to a *panther kill*. My shikari was all against it ; no kill had ever been tied up there before ; water was 3 miles away and there was too much traffic on the road. He was full of difficulties. However, as I was running the show I insisted.

The obvious place for a tie-up was at the junction of the roads at *B*, but there was no suitable tree for a machan there. At *A* I found a good tree and good jungle all round, with two small leads crossing the road on either side. As there was no suitable root or tree to which I could anchor the boda, I buried a strong stake 4 feet into the ground (with 2 feet above) 10 yards from the tree and tied up a boda that night.

Next morning I had a kill, but instead of a panther, it was the kill of a full-grown tigress. She had come

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along from *K* and her pug marks were plainly visible on the road.

She had broken the rope and dragged into the nullah at *H*. The bent grass showed the line of the drag. I was now in rather a fix as :—

1. I had made no reconnaissance of this part of the jungle.
2. I didn't know the jungle and the shikaris had never done a beat here before.
3. The nearest water was 3 miles away, so the chances were that the tigress had gone for water and was not in the immediate jungle.

FG was a jungle track I knew, so after blocking the road at *K* and *B* to stop traffic and leaving a silent watch near *A*, I proceeded round to *FG via BZ* to investigate. Here I found the two small nullahs joined up at *N*, and the central jungle between them ended in the shape of a small peninsula *N*. I examined both nullahs very carefully and could find no pug marks. If the tigress had gone to water the chances were that she would have followed one of these nullahs, as the water was in that direction.

From *A* to *N* there were two excellent leads, the two nullahs. The jungle was good and there was plenty of cover. By stopping the outside of the leads I could confine the tigress to the central jungle, still leaving her the two leads to choose from, and as these converged, whichever she chose would bring her to *N*. The beat would be in the direction of water and good jungle.

A careful examination of the ground made me almost certain that the tigress, if properly driven, would come

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down to the tongue of jungle at *E* and come out about *D*, then down the nullah to *C*, where there was an excellent tree for a machan.

I then proceeded back to *A*. The question now was whether my best chances were in beating or sitting up. If the tigress had gone to water, certainly sitting up was my only chance. However, when I got back to *A* my silent watch reported crows cawing, he thought, near the kill. I climbed a tree, and about 100 yards in from *A* I could see two crows on the top of a leafless tree ; they were cawing, and were evidently interested in something beneath them. I appreciated the situation as follows :—

(*a*) I had found no tracks of the tigress going towards the water.

(*b*) The crows were giving away the position of the kill and their being high up on the tree meant that they could not come down as the tigress was beside the kill. Therefore, a beat was indicated.

I at once went back to camp, sent for beaters, and while they were being collected I went out and tied up my machan at *C*. I also took my shikaris and marked the trees for the first six stops on the right and the first six on the left. This done, back again to camp.

By 2 p.m. the beaters had arrived, and having selected the stops I made the beaters, under a shikari and my orderly, sit down, with strict instructions that they were not to move towards *A* for half an hour. This would give me time to get into the machan and get most of the stops out before the beaters arrived at *A*.

I want to emphasize this point, as I consider it one of the greatest importance. You may do all you can, but if

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the sahib is not there, natives, and especially beaters, will talk and cough. The tigress was only 100 yards from *A*, and if the beaters had started at the same time as I did they would have sat down waiting on the road at *A*, talking and coughing for that half-hour, with the result probably that they would have moved the tigress, possibly out of the beat. Always hold back the beaters until your stops are nearly all in their trees ; they are not wanted until all the stops are in position. Through neglect of this principle, or rather before I learned it, I know I lost a good many tiger.

When I was safely in my machan and all the stops were out, the beat started. Some cheetal broke through on my left near the machan ; then all was silent. After the beat had been going for ten minutes I distinctly heard the long, dry grass near *E* rustling. Then all was quiet again. So far no stop had spoken. After another five minutes I again heard the rustle of grass, but could see nothing.

I felt sure it was " Old Stripes," about 70 yards away, moving down with periodical rests, so I got my legs over to the right and waited. Excitement was great, and my heart was beating nearly double time.

Another rustle of the grass and the tigress emerged, dropping into the nullah at *D* ; the very spot I had calculated upon. A full-grown tigress with the sun on her, showing up a gorgeous coat, a sight worth many a day of waiting. Up to this point everything had worked as desired, but instead of coming down the nullah to *C* she started to proceed up the nullah to *M*, which I had not anticipated.

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I had originally put my stops outside the nullah to allow her to come down it, and the nullah was not blocked, so although 65 yards away I felt I had to take her then or perhaps never. She was moving at a quiet, springing walk.

I fired, and with a great roar she flung herself round and charged straight at my tree across the protruding bank of the nullah ; her right leg was swinging, so I could see I had broken it. I gave her a second barrel, which turned her into the jungle to my right, and she came to a halt 70 yards away. Here she swung round and with a snarl, showing all her teeth, she stared at me, and was just on the point of coming back when I bowled her over with a third. The first shot had completely smashed up her right shoulder, the second was through the back into the stomach and the third through the heart.

The second was a bad shot, as I had not allowed enough for the great speed she was charging at, also it was a bit of luck her standing for the third, and that I could see her through the jungle.

After the beat I went carefully over the whole jungle from *A* to *E*. I found the kill had been dragged down the small nullah at *H* to a point about 100 yards from *A*, where I had seen the two crows, and that she had been lying asleep in the grass within 10 yards of it. I could trace her route from *H* to *D* the whole way.

Next day I went back, and as tigers have a way of doing exactly as others have done before them, I decided on a tree at *N* for a future machan and prepared all the ground in front of it, cutting away branches, etc., which obscured the view.

About a fortnight later I had another kill at *A*, and a

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tigress broke and dragged into the other nullah at *P*. Again there were no signs of her having gone for water, so an exactly similar beat to the last one was repeated, only this time I was at *N* instead of *C*.

Ten minutes after the beat had started the tigress was turned by the stop at *R*. I heard the cough and took position. She had come down the nullah *P* to *R* and then tried to break south. Ten minutes later I saw her through the jungle at *E*, about 80 yards away. She moved quite slowly, and then lay down in a similar position to the lions in Trafalgar Square. After carefully examining all the jungle around her for three or four minutes she moved on towards *D*, and sat down again to scrutinize everything all round. I was in position to the right with my eyes firmly fixed on her, but I had no stop on my left nearer than *S*, and while I was watching the tigress a cub of about one year old slipped down the nullah and out between my tree and *S*, passing below my silent stop behind.

Again the tigress moved, but this time she moved due south and came to a halt at the edge of the open ground, and stood looking and searching the jungle in the direction of *M* for a couple of minutes, evidently wondering where the cub had gone.

Being evidently satisfied that all was clear, she took to the open jungle and moved towards *M*. Here the stop clapped, which was evidently a surprise to her, as she at once swung round and with a couple of heavy and angry grunts came charging down into the nullah near *N*, where I killed her.

These were two successful beats, and the points to note are as follows :—

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(*a*) It was in the cold weather and the tigress did not go for water, which must be considered exceptional. Had it been April or May she would never have stayed after feeding without a drink. It is therefore possible in the cold weather to disregard the principle of "water at hand," but don't do it if you can avoid it.

(*b*) I was right to move my machan from *C* to *N*. Both tigresses came to *D*, and from there both chose a southern direction towards *M*; the route was to the tiger's liking. If a third tiger is beaten again in that jungle the chances are it will do exactly the same.

(*c*) Although new ground and not previously reconnoitred, I was able by careful examination all round after the first kill to make up for my original mistake of tying up in unknown ground.

It was fortunate the cub came first and got away; although half grown and a powerful animal, I dislike shooting a cub at any time, although I have done it. At this very time 40 miles from where I was camped, a tigress with three three-quarter grown cubs was giving a lot of trouble. She had turned man-eater, and her cubs had also learned the game. Many lives had been lost, and the Forest Officer had been badly mauled by one of the cubs. Therefore no matter what the sentiment may be, a cub if six months old or over is no kitten and has to rank with a full-grown tiger.

Here I may mention that both these tigresses had porcupine quills deeply imbedded in their forepaws. The wounds had healed and closed over about 2 inches of thick

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quill in both cases. I have often heard that porcupine were tit-bits for a tiger ; but I fancy the porcupine with his terrific pin-cushion is a tough nut to crack and lames many an enemy who tries to tackle him.

Beat E.

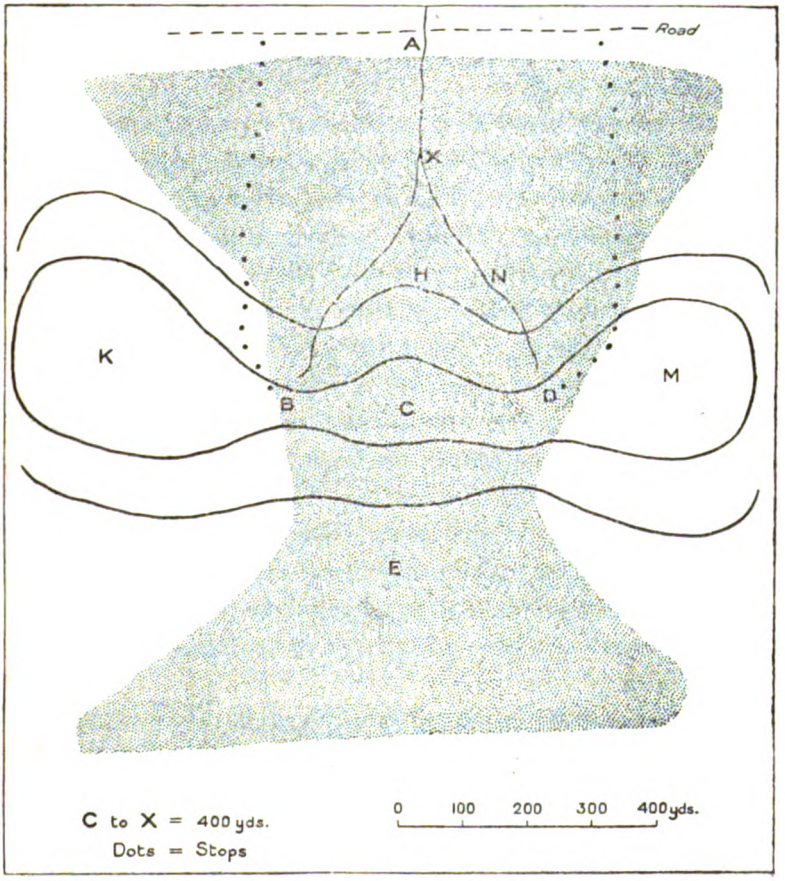

Fig. 7.

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BEAT E.—This is a beat I once had for a large panther which had broken and dragged.

Here is a line of low hills with a kotal or saddle, *B* to *D*, with two nullahs running down *B* to *X* and *D* to *X*. The shaded portion shown down the small valley *BX* and *DX* was good jungle and good cover.

The small hills *K* and *M* had no cover, therefore it was a belt of jungle going over a small kotal or saddle to bigger jungle at *E*.

A large panther killed at *X*, and having broken the rope he dragged towards *H*. He watered close to *X* and returned towards *H*. This is the information I picked up in the morning. Now to appreciate the situation.

He is probably lying up in the V formed by the nullahs *BXD*. The two hills *K.M* have no jungle or cover, so he won't be there. The saddle *BCD* has good jungle and cover, and there are two excellent "leads" *XB* and *XD*. Over the kotal to the south at *E* there was good jungle, to which he would willingly go. If driven from the road *A* towards the saddle *BCD* the panther will willingly take one of the leads *XB* or *XD* and climb the saddle with a view to escaping into jungle *E*.

We had three rifles, and machans were placed at *B.C.D*, and the stops were round the edge of the jungle as shown by the dotted lines.

The panther came out at a walk at *B*; unfortunately he got away badly wounded in the stomach, and although I had a sight of him next day I failed to get him.

A point to note is that this panther, instead of dragging his kill and hiding it under a bush, put it in the fork of a tree 13 feet above the ground so as to be safe away from

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intruders. Three times I have seen kills put into trees by panther, but never by a tiger. So watch for this in the case of panther.

Now if this had been a one-gun beat instead of three, you would have had to choose one of the leads and put your machan at, say, *B*, taking great care to stop the lead *XD*. Your right stops would have started from *B* and cut across the nullah *XD* about *N*, where you would block the nullah.

BEAT F.—The following was another interesting beat I once had.

I found fresh tiger pug marks in the nullah *BX*, also on road *DXA*. The nearest and only water in the vicinity was the Pench River. I tied up at *X*, where the road crosses the nullah. A tigress came along the road from *A*, killed and dragged up the nullah towards *M*. In the morning when I visited the kill I could see it under the bank about 100 yards up the nullah, but no tigress was visible. There was a lot of blood at *X*, where she had killed, the only time I had ever seen any blood worth speaking about at a kill. My experience is that there is generally no signs of blood, but here there was a clotted pool, about the size of a plate, and blood all along the drag.

I searched the nullah *XB* and all along the Pench River, but could find no trace of her having gone to water, although all the banks were sand. It was February. I put my machan at *M*, which was 1200 yards from *B*. I had to do this because there were two probabilities :—

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(*a*) If she did water, it must have been in the Pench River, therefore she might be lying close to water or anywhere between *M* and *B*.

(*b*) For the sake of coolness she might be lying up on hills *G* or *H*.

BEAT F.

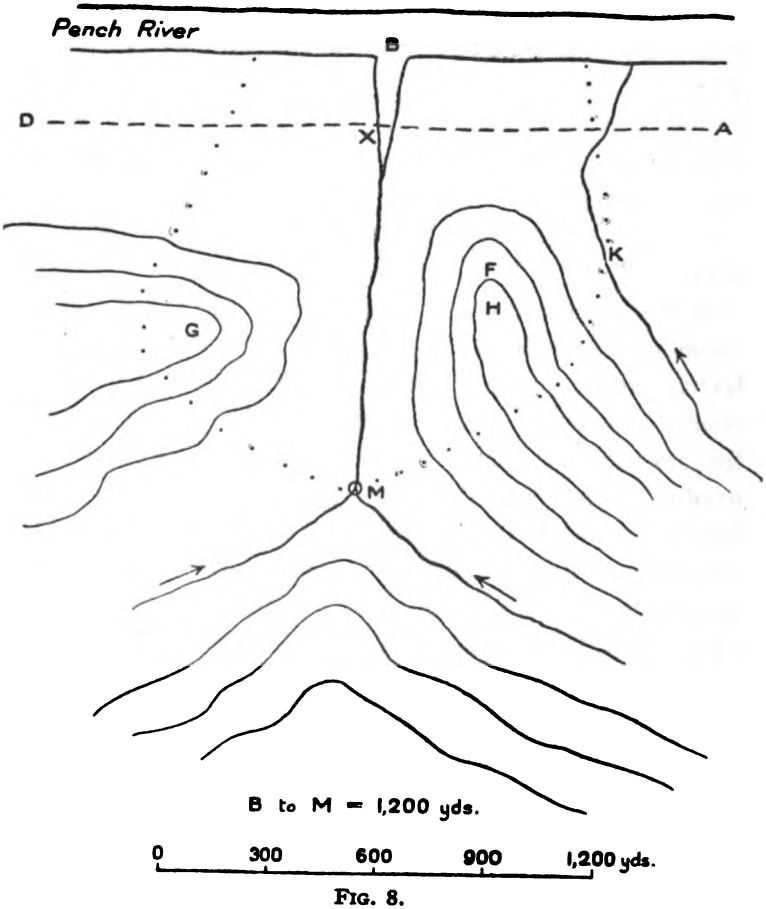

FIG. 8.

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Therefore in my beat I must start from water (the Pench River) and I must take in the hills *G* and *H*. I had no option ; 1200 yards was an extra long beat, longer than I care about, but I had plenty of men and employed about ninety stops.

Note the stops moved *round* the hills *G* and *H* and *not* over the tops.

The beat started from the river, and after about a quarter of an hour the stop at *G* coughed ; this was immediately followed by a second and third cough, when the tigress gave tongue and broke down the hill. It is difficult to explain the joy and excitement one has when one knows one's tiger is actually in the beat and inside the cordon of stops.

Not only have you localized him, but you have encircled him, and he is really and truly there in front of you, feeling his way about for an opening. At first only by sound can you locate his direction. Then the moving of the grass or the click of a stone and he appears in view ; gradually and gently driven from point to point to the only exit you have arranged for, the great animal with a cruel defiant look finally comes swinging along in great strides to the foot of your tree. The excitement and anxiety all through these moments is intense.

I could hear the tigress dashing down the hill, but could see nothing. About four minutes later the stop at *H* coughed, and I heard the tigress break back from there. Then all was quiet except for the advancing beat. She had tried the right and then the left and been turned at both. She now tried the central lead, and I saw her for the first time coming quietly up the nullah about 100

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yards away. Undisturbed, she came right to my tree, when I shot her.

Immediately after I had shot her the stops at *H* began to clap again, and two six months' old cubs came down to the machan and were shot. A third cub broke back and mauled one of my beaters when dashing through the line.

I had a lot of luck in this beat. Owing to the late arrival of my beaters the beat didn't start until 5 p.m.

I found the spot where the tigress had lain up during the day near *F*, but while the beaters were getting into position she had left *F* and was on the road back to feed at the kill.

So here is another cold weather exception ; I am almost certain she did not go to water after killing. Had she gone I would almost certainly have found pug marks, for I searched all along the only water before the beat, and also on the next day ; if she had watered I would have expected her to lie up between her kill and water, but owing to the cubs and for coolness she had chosen the highest ground.

I got no indication from vultures or wild animals as to her position. In the early morning when I first discovered the kill I went along the road towards *A* ; the tigress' pug marks were quite distinct in the dust of the road, but there were no signs of cub pug marks, they must have been walking off the road. I was quite unaware that cubs were there until they came out in the beat.

I have seen tigresses with one, two and three cubs at heel, but never with more ; but I have shot a tigress in

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An 8ft. 4½ inch Tigress.

The Pench River. Good Tiger jungle on both banks.

PLATE VI.

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March with a year old cub at heel and also having *four* unborn cubs inside her.

You never know what will come out in a beat, you must always be ready. After firing, reload at once and remain at the ready till the beaters are under your tree. I have seen two cubs with a tigress and they were nearly as big as she was, so I fancy cubs as a rule stay a long time with the mother. Why, I don't know, as a cub of nine months old can tackle most things. I think they are full grown at about two years of age.

BEAT G.—This was a very simple beat. A small dry nullah running into a river bed at *X*; 300 yards from *X* there was a small hill *K*. Good jungle everywhere and water in big river bed.

A tiger killed at *X*, and dragged up the small nullah and into jungle at *R*. In the morning I came down the road *C* from camp, and from *E* could see the boda had gone.

Quietly crossing the river I found the fresh pug marks of a full-grown tiger. He had come along from *D* towards *X*, and the whole of his movements were illustrated by his pug marks in the wet sand, where he had been prowling along; the point at which he first spotted the boda and crouched close into the cover of the river bank; his stalk towards the boda, closely hugging the bank; then the point from where he sprang on his quarry, the sand thrown back from the pug marks in the great effort of the paws. From *X* the line of the drag was clearly visible, and pug marks showed that he had watered close to *X* after feeding and returned up the small nullah towards *K*.

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There were no signs from birds, but I could take it as almost certain that he was lying up either in the jungle between *K* and *X* or cooling himself on the higher ground of the hill *K*.

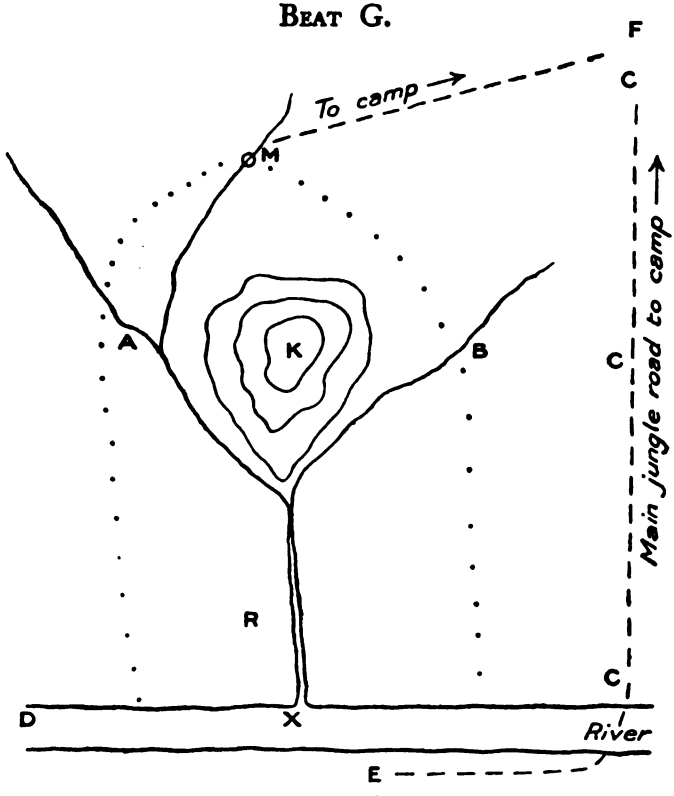

Fig. 9.

M=Machan. *X*=where kill was tied.
M to *X*=600 yards.
Dotted line=stops.
K=small hill with good jungle on it.
A and *B* are unwanted leads, so must be carefully stopped.

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By 11 o'clock I had my machan built at *M*, and at 2 o'clock I returned with all my beaters and stops. The beaters I made sit down under supervision at *F*, with orders not to move towards *E* for half an hour. This gave time for me to get into my machan and the stops to get well round. Nullahs *A* and *B* were carefully stopped, leaving the tiger only the one lead, the nullah up to *M*.

In the beat he was turned by the stop at *A*, came into my nullah and right up to the machan.

A satisfactory point about this beat was that I could approach the machan from camp without going near the jungle where the tiger was lying up, and also lay my stops out with the least possible disturbance of the jungle.

BEAT H.

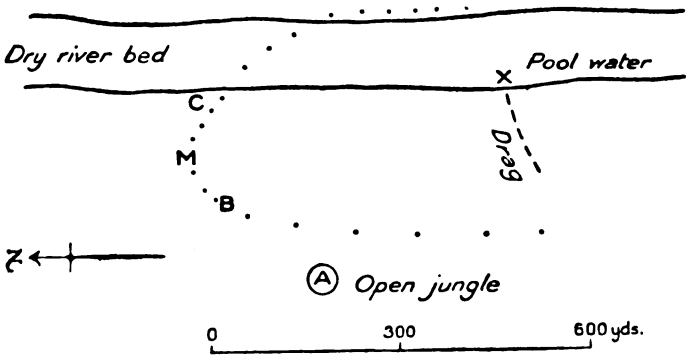

FIG. 10.

Beat started 300 yards south of *X*.
X = where tiger killed.
M to *X* about 500 yards.
Dotted line = line of stops.

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BEAT H.—Here there was a dry river bed with one pool of water. A belt of good jungle about 250 yards wide along the banks of the river. West of the jungle, at *A*, there was little cover, open jungle and no undergrowth. There was no really natural lead except the belt of jungle.

The tiger killed at *X* and dragged straight into the jungle. Monkeys and vultures told me he was there with his kill.

I decided to put my machan at *M* in the centre of the belt of jungle and beat from south to north. When beaten the tiger would stick to the jungle and would not willingly go into the open on either flank.

He was turned by the stop at *C*, then again at *B*, when he finally came up to the machan.

On another occasion I had an almost similar beat, but the beating was too noisy and the stops were bad. The tiger got enraged and charged through the stops, scattering pea-fowl and monkeys in all directions.

BEAT J.—In this beat I nearly had a disaster. *X* was the kill and the ideal place for the machan was at *A*, but *A* was only 250 yards from *X*, which was too close for safety. I did not know there was water near *A*; faulty previous reconnaissance.

A tigress killed at *X* and dragged up the nullah towards *A*. I decided to block nullah *B* and put the machan at *M*. Note that the stops took in both water pools at *C* and *D*.

Owing to difficulty in getting beaters early I did not get to the machan with the stops until about 4.30 p.m.

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I placed the first four stops to the left myself, then, as it was getting late, I pointed out to my shikari the position for the first three stops to the right and climbed into my

BEAT J.

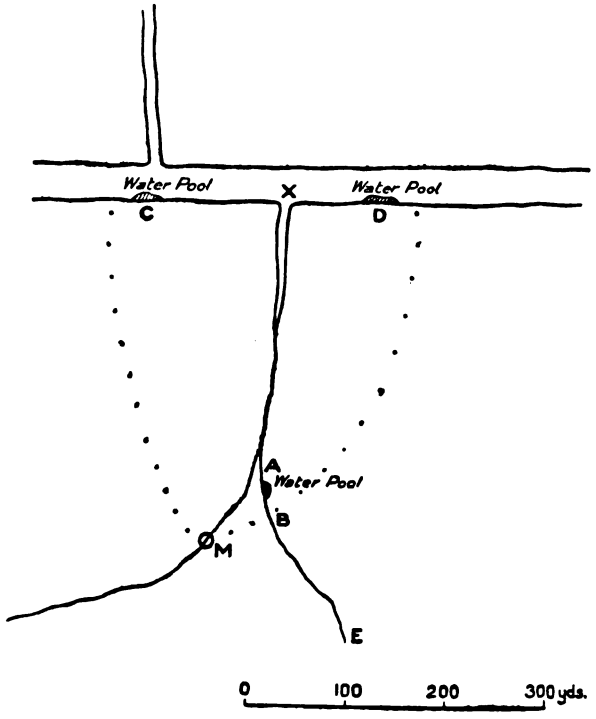

FIG. 11.

X=where tiger killed in dry sandy nullah.
M=Machan.
Dotted line=stops.

machan. The tigress was lying up between *M* and *B*. No. 3 stop as he approached his tree put her up, and

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giving loud tongue she came down the stop line to my machan, going "all out." Fortunately I had just got into my machan and loaded, and I rolled her over at the bottom of my tree long before the beat had even started. Had I placed the right stops myself I would never have had a chance, and had I been on the ground beside my tree it is difficult to say what might have happened.

Everything that was wrong with this beat was due to my own carelessness. I had reconnoitred from *X* to *A* and then on to *M* beforehand, but had not done *A* to *B*, where I would have seen the water and recognized that *A* was a probable lying-up place for the tiger, equally with the jungle between *X* and *A*.

Had I realised this beforehand my machan would certainly have been much farther away from *A*; in fact, it would have been at *E* on the other lead.

Never have your machan too near to where the kill was or to the probable lying-up places. You must give the tiger some manœuvre ground after he is roused by the commencement of the beat, just enough to let him slink off and decide on the lead he is going to take. In this case it is a wonder that the inevitable small noise there must be in putting up a machan did not move her out of the jungle then.

After the beat I found the kill half eaten at *A* (it had been dragged 250 yards) and the tigress had watered there. I had formed the opinion of her having dragged into the jungle between *X* and *A* and to be lying up there. Real bad staff work, I was hopelessly wrong.

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I have not detailed all my blank beats ; they are many, and although sad and disappointing, every one was generally caused by :—

(*a*) Bad beaters or stops. Remember that once the stops and beaters are all placed and you are in your machan your control is finished. You are on the "*silent watch*," and you cannot direct the action of any of these men. You cannot by word or gesture even tell the stops near you what to do. Therefore, I repeat, carefully choose the stops who are to be near to you and who will form the neck of the bottle ; see that your preliminary instructions are definite and clear ; more than this you cannot do.

(*b*) By my own neglect of some of the well-known principles.

When you have an unsuccessful beat (you will have them all right), go over the ground and cross-question every one as to the tiger's movements ; where he was seen and where he broke out ; work out the whole problem forwards, then backwards, and see if you can discover the reasons for the failure. Put yourself into the witness-box, and often, as I have done, you will, I expect, be able to weave the web of guilt around your own head. Then be of good cheer, for you have learned a lesson.

If the tiger is not in the beat (*i.e.* a blank beat), do all you can to find out by the pug marks, and an examination of the kill and the jungle, why he was not there.

You may find his lair close to the kill and other signs

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which probably mean that the beaters had been in position too early and made a noise, causing the tiger to move off before the stops got round.

As a rule there is a reason for everything. It is for you to find out the reason.

AN EXCEPTIONAL TIGRESS

I may mention the case of an exceptional tigress. It was in the month of January, and she killed one of my bodas on the banks of a large sandy nullah and dragged into the jungle. There was plenty of water beside the tie up, three big pools. There was a very fine lead in the form of a small dry nullah. The jungle was about the best I have ever seen for shade and ideal for a tiger to lie up in.

When I went in the morning I found the kill gone. The tigress had come up the sandy nullah and her pug marks were quite distinct there, and also down to a pool where she had drunk ; but unfortunately there were also quite fresh pug marks, showing that after feeding she had gone back along the nullah by the same route as she had come up. There was no doubt she was not in the jungle.

As I was not feeling too fit at the time I did not want to sit up for a whole night in a machan, so I tied up another boda at the same place, hoping she would kill again and stay. Next morning the second boda was alive and there were no fresh pug marks. I then followed up the drag of the first boda and found it about 50 yards inside the jungle, beautifully hidden under a low kind of

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umbrella tree with large leaves, perfectly safe from vultures or crows. It was only one-third eaten, and nothing had been near it since the tiger was there. I followed her pug marks down the nullah to find out where she had gone, but after 2 miles they carried on out of my shooting block.

During the next month this same tigress took two more of my bodas from the same place and acted in exactly the same way, she fed and went off and never returned for her second feed. I puzzled over this for a long time, I could find no flaw in my tie up or the locality, and in the end had to admit complete defeat. The only solution I can think of is that it may have been a tigress with very young cubs unable to walk any distance, and she fed and returned to them each time a distance of over 2 miles. A tiger will easily do 10 to 15 miles in a night, so 2 miles back to the kill the next night would be nothing, but then again she may have had another kill and so did not worry any more about mine.

To have this happen once is not extraordinary, but on three occasions by the same animal is bad luck, and one hates having to admit complete defeat. Superstition, the bugbear of all jungle villages, seized on this unfortunate tying-up place. ' The shikaris will not tie up there now ; perhaps they are right, but behind it all there lies the sad thought that my ignorance of the jungles and the ways of a tiger may be wholly and solely to blame.

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CHAPTER V

SIZES OF TIGER

THIS is a much debated question, and all arguments appear to be built up on the length of the tiger. The length of a tiger greatly depends on the length of his tail, and tails vary to my knowledge as much as 3 or 4 inches.

The *longest* tiger I ever shot was 9 feet 6 inches between pegs, measured ten minutes after being shot on the ground where he fell. But the *biggest* tiger I ever shot was 9 feet 4 inches between pegs. The former had a 37-inch tail, and the latter a 35-inch one. The latter was a huge, massive brute, with a girth of 60 inches, very much more bulky and heavier than the former, and although the former measured more, the latter was much the bigger tiger of the two.

Personally I consider the weight of a tiger governs his size far more than his length.

If you have two men, *A* and *B*, both 6 feet in height; *A* is a thin-built streak of a man and *B* is a thickset burly fellow. *B* is a big man, but you would never call *A* a big man.

Although I didn't weigh the 9 feet 4 inches tiger, I honestly believe he was well over 500 pounds. It is difficult to carry about a weighing machine which will take this weight, but you can get the weight to within a

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pound or two if you know your own weight and the weight of your rifle exactly.

Make a pair of scales out of a good stout branch and some rope, and see they are evenly balanced and hung by a strong rope from a tree.

Supposing you are 12 stones weight = 168 pounds, and the tiger 450 pounds; weigh yourself first with stones, and having got that exactly you now put the tiger on your end of the scales and you sit on the other with the stones. Your end will equal 336 pounds, and you still require 114 pounds to lift the tiger from the other end.

Your rifle weighs, say, 11 pounds; you can easily weigh out multiples of this and so measure off the extra required to lift the tiger, which will give you roughly (but very nearly) the correct weight.

The average length of a tiger (in the Central Provinces), I think, is from about 9 feet 2 inches to 9 feet 5 inches between pegs. A tigress is smaller and of much lighter build; an average length is about 8 feet 3 inches, but as with tiger, you will find some with longer tails than others, and the measurement of its length does not denote which is big, bigger or biggest.

My weighing has all been done in the above rough way, but I would say the average weight of a tiger was about 440 pounds, and a tigress 300 pounds.

Another way of getting the approximate weight of a tiger is by using the following formula :—

$$\frac{\text{Length in inches} + \frac{1}{3}^{\text{rd}} \times \text{Girth}^2}{1000}$$

Length must be measured between pegs, and girth over withers.

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I give two examples of tiger I shot and weighed.

One 9 feet 4 inches with a girth of 56 inches worked out by this formula equals 467 pounds. Weight on rough scale was 470 pounds.

The other, a tigress. Length 8 feet 3 inches, girth 48 inches; by the formula this equals 304 pounds. Weight on rough scale was 309 pounds.

Of course much will depend on whether the tiger is gorged or not, but for *normal* conditions I believe this formula to be fairly accurate.

Mr Dunbar Brander gives particulars of a huge tiger he shot. Length 9 feet 11 inches; girth 59 inches. Worked out by the above formula this would make the weight 556 pounds. Mr Dunbar Brander, although he did not weigh it, thought this tiger weighed about 600 pounds. If it was gorged he is probably right.

A WOUNDED TIGER

If a tiger has gone on or has broken back wounded, there is quite a different problem before you.

The first thing to do is to protect all your men, so make them get up trees, stop them talking, and tell them to await orders.

You have now to *localize* the tiger again. You will probably have seen or have been told by your two men in the rear that he has gone off in a certain direction, or lain up in a certain locality. But the jungles are large and dense, so you must be certain of the approximate locality he has lain up in, or take steps to find out. Remember a wounded tiger asks for no quarter, and he gives

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none. If you can localize him much of the trouble and danger is removed.

Now one of two things may have happened : the tiger may have gone on or he may have lain up in a patch of jungle. In these cases there are two distinct forms of procedure :—

(*a*) If you definitely know that he has lain up in a certain locality.

(*b*) If you only know the line of his retreat.

I will deal with (*a*) first of all, and we will take it that the tiger has lain up, and from what your two back observers saw, you know the approximate area in which he is to be found.

Post three or four men at different points on trees as listeners near to where he was last seen. Jungle noises, or even the tiger, may give his position away. You know the approximate area, but this is not good enough, and has to be worked down to a definite area, and then to a definite position, until finally you see the tiger.

After posting the listeners, do nothing for an hour. Sit down, light a cigarette, and have a drink from your thermos. Call up your shikaris, think things over, and appreciate the new situation. The one hour's wait will allow the tiger to stiffen up or perhaps die, and so may lessen the chances of danger. Note I only say " may," and this in no way allows you to relax or neglect a single precaution.

Did you note how and the time when you wounded the tiger ? What are the chances of its being a mortal wound ? Was a leg broken ?

Is there any blood on the ground ; if so, what is its

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colour, dark or light? How was he moving after being hit? Going all out, with head well up; or head down, rather tucked up, his style decidedly cramped and his tail straight out and ridged?

The latter generally means a mortal wound, the former may mean anything, so look out for trouble and kick yourself for bad shooting.

Go to the trees where your two back observers were; question them, and make them point out exactly what they saw, the line of retreat, any wound or blood seen, how the tiger was going when he passed them. They will show you approximately where he is lying up. Question these men separately and out of hearing of each other, then you can weigh the evidence. If by chance, as is quite possible, the tiger has lain up between you and your back observers, the danger zone is well defined and the procedure much more simple; the tiger is definitely localized.

When the hour is up, get about thirty men, and with them ring the locality the tiger has lain up in, each man climbing a tree, so that he is safe and can get a good view. (See diagram opposite.)

Having done this, get your two shikaris and two other good men, and with them work from the edge of the "ring" towards the centre by a systematic progression.

The four men have filled their pockets with stones; your rifle is loaded, at full cock, and you are at the "ready" beside them. Your wooden ladder is also beside you. Point out a tree about 10 yards away towards the centre, and tell one of the four men (call him No. 1) to climb that tree and see if he can see anything. He climbs, and by

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sign only he reports "Nothing," so you advance to that tree. Now send No. 2 to another tree about 10 yards further on and await his report. He reports nothing seen, and you advance to that tree with the remaining two men.

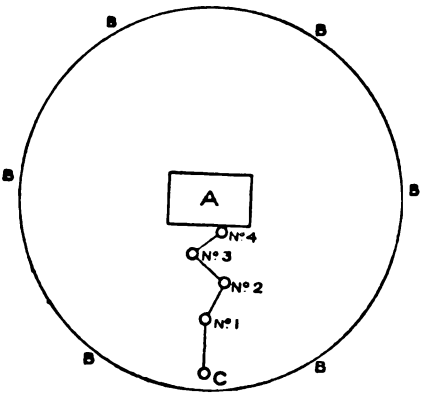

FIG. 12.

A=patch of jungle which look-out men saw tiger go into.
C=systematic approach to the point of danger.
B=ring of men round patch of jungle where tiger is.

You now reduce the distance, and send No. 3 to a tree 7 or 8 yards further on. He reports nothing. You advance to No. 3 tree, and send No. 4 to a tree 5 to 8 yards further on. You are now on the ground alone, and No. 4 has left your ladder beside you. All this time you are at the ready for instant action. No talking, all signs.

No. 4 climbs and reports he can see something, and the grass moving about 15 yards away. No. 1 comes down at once and comes up to you ; and with your ladder, you

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both go to No. 4. Send No. 1 up the tree first for safety, then you climb to where No. 4 is.

If you can see nothing except moving grass (or perhaps not that) come to the present and cover the approximate spot, while No. 4 throws a stone at it. Then if the tiger shows himself you get your shot in. For this shot you must be in a comfortable, steady and well balanced position.

If nothing moves or the tiger fails to show himself, throw three or four more stones. If all fail to bring him out, select another tree, and the progression must continue: No. 1 going forward to the tree covered by you, and so on.

Do not on any account fire at what you cannot see. To fire at any approximate place or at grass moving is hopeless. You must see the target. Finally, No. 1 reports he can see the tiger; it may be dead. You proceed to his tree, but no matter how dead the tiger is, it is without any exception your duty to put a careful shot into him from your tree. After this there is no harm in giving him a second, then six or eight stones. If this does not move him you can sound the "halloo," come down, go up to him and pull his tail.

It is all a careful and systematic progression towards an approximate given point of danger, during which time every man is up a tree except yourself and the man going forward. There must be no talking, only signs. For all this you want daylight, no half light or darkness. If it is too late when the beat is over you must wait till the morning and trust to being able to ring the tiger then.

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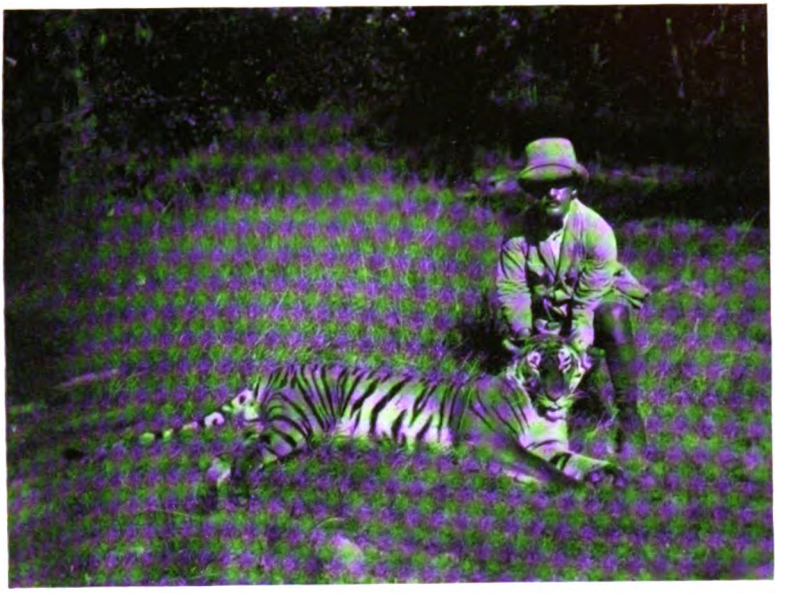

Lying where she fell below my machan. An 8 ft. 1 inch Tigress.

An 8 ft. 2 inch Tigress.

PLATE VII.

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From the foregoing you will see the necessity of *localizing* a wounded tiger, also the absolute necessity of look-out men in rear of your machan (see page 27). Until you localize a wounded tiger you cannot ring him.

Now I will deal with the second line of procedure (*b*). If the tiger has carried on wounded and your back observer can only point out the line of his retreat, the situation is quite different and decidedly dangerous. He may have carried on for 50 yards or for a mile. He is not localized and you have no idea as to where he is lying up. Your first job is to localize him, and having done that you ring him as described in the previous pages.

It is in following up a non-localized wounded tiger that most of the "unfortunate incidents" occur. Of late there has been a regular epidemic of sahibs being killed by tiger. I have gone into the matter and tried to find out the cause. In every case except one, it was following up a wounded animal without due precautions.

Again, I say, neglect the ordinary principles and precautions and the chances are you are for it. It is ten to one on the tiger every time, and the only satisfaction you will have is that it is a quick and painless death; you will be a very much mangled corpse long before you have time to realize what has happened or appreciate what a fool you have been. I admit at once the temptation, the excitement and the keenness you will have to get after perhaps your first tiger which has gone off wounded. When young and with no experience I have done it

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myself, when I did not know the danger or the risk involved. I was more fortunate than some have been. Curb your keenness, use common sense and do not commit suicide.

There are several ways of following up a wounded tiger which is not localized. (This all applies to panther as well.) Personally, I am convinced that the method detailed below is the right one, and the only one which you are entitled to take in fairness to your men. You can risk your own life as much as you like, but for the sake of getting a trophy for yourself you are not entitled to risk the lives of others.

Carefully note the route the tiger has taken and *mark* the spot where he was last seen. Send off for a herd of buffaloes or cows ; preferably the former, and make no move for at least two hours. If it is late in the day put it off till the following morning about 7 a.m. The herd having arrived, get them into line across the route taken by the tiger. The object of the herd is to bump the tiger first and localize him for you, as well as to give you timely warning of his presence.

You will want trackers (some of the villagers are wonderfully good at this) ; and you put them on to the track where the tiger was last seen. Your bullet may have gone into the thick of the tiger, mushroomed and not come out, so there may be little or no blood trail to follow, but a good tracker can dispense with this and is very accurate. You yourself must have nothing to do with the tracking, leave it all to the trackers. Your job is to advance all eyes and ears, immediately behind them, your rifle at the ready and full cock. Their safety de-

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pends on you ; you are their escort. Behind you your two shikaris follow with spears or axes.

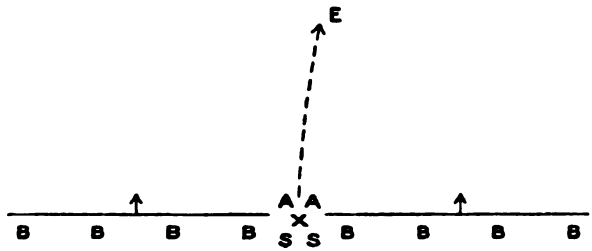

FIG. 13.

A=Trackers.
X=Yourself.
S=Shikaris.
B=Line of buffaloes controlled by men.
E=Track of tiger.

The above gives a rough idea of the formation you advance in. You require a certain number of men (about eight) to control the herd, and all moving by the centre. The controlling of the herd is difficult, but here again the native is the expert. Buffaloes have a very keen sense of smell, and when they locate the tiger (by sight or smell) you will at once know all about it. They will break and scatter, or perhaps some of the older ones will charge him.

Possibly the first warning you get will be a false one. The tiger may have halted at a certain spot for some time and have left a mass of blood before going on ; this will disturb the herd. They may come on the tiger dead, which will also make them break. However, if the tiger

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is still in the land of the living he will probably give tongue and fight for it, and this is the time when you must try to get your shot in. Again, I repeat do not fire at what you cannot see. If you fail to get a shot in you have probably localized him definitely; you can then ring him and approach him as detailed under (*a*). Much will depend on the original wound you gave the tiger. Even if wounded through the stomach he may go for a long distance and never be seen again. However, if you bump him and he has life and two legs to move by, he will fight to the last. From beginning to end it is all a dangerous game; from the minute you start never slacken once, it must be intense alertness with every precaution until you floor the tiger, or have failed to find him and have to give up. It is very similar to your attacking an enemy in position by night; the enemy's position not having been previously reconnoitred, all you know is the route he took. Therefore the odds are very much in favour of the enemy in position. To avoid bumping him and certain disaster, you employ a screen of scouts (the buffaloes), which will force him to disclose his position, and the final action is fought at close quarters. Whose weapons are most efficient at close quarters greatly depends on whether you are alert and ready for the attack.

In the case of a wounded tiger breaking back towards the beaters and unlocalized, the procedure is the same, but you must stop the beat at once and get every man up a tree. A wounded animal before long will go to water, so if following up next day inspect all water in the vicinity for fresh pug marks or bloodstains. Every

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effort should be made to bring a wounded tiger (or panther) to book. If not followed up and destroyed he is apt to become a danger to all villages and roads. If the wound is bad and cripples his power of attack he will naturally take the line of least resistance when searching for food. Perhaps the easiest animal a tiger can kill is man; so on the jungle road or path or near a village he soon learns the simplicity and ease by which he can get his daily meal.

If you fail to find him when following up, send out scouts next day to search all water within 5 miles, and promise a reward of Rs.5 to the man who finds his pug marks.

If the wounded tiger leaves your shooting block, it does not matter, follow him up. If there is a sahib shooting in the next block *be sure* you let him know, and he will help you. If no sahib is there it is permissible for you to seek out the tiger and destroy him there.

There is generally some definite and distinct difference in every tiger pug mark, so measure them carefully and make a drawing of any special features, and on comparison you will soon recognize whether the mark you find is that of the tiger you wounded. I have found blood and fresh pug marks of a wounded animal twenty-four hours afterwards, at water, 6 miles away.

SHOTS TO TAKE

When firing at a tiger the following are fatal and stopping shots :—

(*a*) Neck.

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(*b*) Root of neck.
(*c*) Heart, through shoulder.
(*d*) Heart, through chest.
(*e*) Between the eyes to the brain.

If the tiger is facing you three-quarters on, a bullet in the root of the neck is a clean knock-out, and is the shot I always go for if I can get it. It breaks up all the arteries leading from the neck to the body, and the bullet will smash through the heart and lungs.

If the tiger is broadside on to you, the heart shot must be through the centre of the shoulder ; if behind the shoulder you will miss the heart, and although probably a fatal wound, the tiger will carry on and it will mean a follow up. If the tiger is facing you direct head on, but being above him you cannot get at the root of the neck, aim straight between the eyes. If you are on the same level, then aim right at the centre of the chest where it meets the neck.

If the tiger is going away end on and you are above him, aim for his spine between the withers. If you are on the same level then aim at the root of the tail, the shot which will rake him from stern to chest.

If after being wounded a tiger starts to cough and grunt, you may be sure he is badly hit, lungs or stomach, or both, and you may hear a sound which resembles being sick.

If you miss any of the knock-out places, it is extraordinary the amount of lead a tiger will take. You can mortally wound him three or four times, perhaps more, and yet he will carry on a long way, and with all these wounds he will fight to the last.

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A broken spine paralyses the whole of his hindquarters, but he is still very much alive with the other end for a considerable time after.

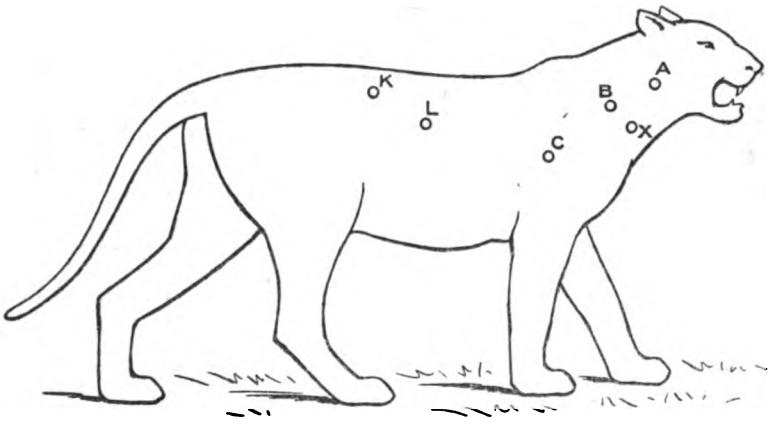

FIG. 14.

A and *B*=The neck shot.
X=Root of neck, the point to fire at when tiger is facing you three-quarters on.
C=Heart.
K=Kidneys.
L=Liver.

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CHAPTER VI

SITTING UP

IN some jungles, owing to beaters being scarce or the jungle being too thick to beat, you must sit up for a tiger that has killed.

Although I have beaten with success for a panther, most shikaris sit up over the kill for them. My experience is that a panther may come back to his kill any time after 3 p.m. in the cold weather, but generally just about the time the sun is setting.

A tiger may return any time from 4 p.m. to dawn, but generally after dark. This is my experience, although I know of several officers who have experienced the opposite and have had their tigers return by daylight. They have had more luck than I have had, but my advice is that if you are sitting up for tiger be prepared for a whole night in the machan.

SITTING UP FOR A TIGER.—Obviously, in this case you have to follow up the kill unless you have tied it with an unbreakable rope. If you know definitely beforehand that you cannot beat, then your kill should be so tied that the tiger cannot break. Another important point in this case is the selection of the place to tie the kill. You must endeavour to have it in such a place that the tiger will be able to eat in peace when he returns; a quiet spot with a certain amount of shade and water handy.

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Not only must you study the tiger's appetite and cuisine, but also his comfort ; so study the ground well beforehand. You must have a good machan tree within 10 yards of the kill ; if there is no suitable anchorage within this distance for the kill, then you must bury a stake for it. Four feet into the ground and 2 to 3 feet above.

A tiger that kills and cannot drag is apt to get suspicious and perhaps not return. If the kill is in the open and no cover is near, he will know at once that during the day vultures will finish it long before evening and there is no use in his returning.

For a tiger that has killed and not dragged the procedure is the same as detailed under " Sitting up for a Panther " (page 109).

In the case of a tiger that has dragged, you have to follow up. In the morning, having found that there has been a kill and drag, disturb nothing, but after posting a silent watch go quietly back to camp, have your breakfast, and get your machan and everything ready. Do not attempt to follow up until 10 o'clock, when the sun will be fairly high and you are into the heat of the day. This will give the tiger ample time to feed, water and lie up beside the kill or away from it, whichever suits him. If he killed early in the night he probably has had two feeds and will be gorged.

For the follow-up take with you your two shikaris and three men, carrying the ladder, machan, rope, etc. On arrival at the place where the boda was killed you receive a report from the silent watch and proceed as follows. There must be dead silence all the time.

With the head shikari you go in front, your rifle at full

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cock and at the ready ; the second shikari follows immediately behind. Your job and that of the head shikari is to keep eyes open and look for the first sign of the tiger. Your second shikari is the tracker, and keeps you to the line of the drag. The three men with the ladder, machan, etc., follow in your tracks about 50 yards behind.

If the tiger is beside the kill, on no account fire when he is lying down, most of his vitals are flat on the ground, and the target is too small and risky. When he hears or sees you he will probably stand up and start to slink off ; you can then let him have it. A tiger when hit, if not knocked out, will usually charge in the direction he is facing, so if he is facing you, you want a very clear view and steady aim. Miss him or wound him, then look out for trouble ; it is safer to get your sight on to him and wait till he starts to move off, when you can fire. It is all a case of absolute confidence in yourself and your weapon, so you must judge for yourself the moment to fire. Do not forget you have five unarmed men with you who are not in a position of safety.

The tiger may hear you coming and get away early out of sight, or you may come on him suddenly and only get a glimpse of him, far too short to get an aim. Whatever you do, do not attempt anything in the nature of snap shooting, you are not dealing with a snipe, and your object is to get your machan up with the least possible disturbance and not to frighten the tiger. If merely pushed quietly away from his kill, the chances are he will return, but if frightened the chances are almost nil.

The first time I was ever in the jungles I had ex-

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perience of a tigress who dragged her kill into thick jungle, and when I followed up she kept growling at me whenever I moved.

On this leave I had already done six beats. My money was going short and I could not afford another, so it was a case of "must sit up," the cheapest form of sport. I tried to follow up the kill of this tigress, but she was on it and would not allow me near. Although only about 30 yards away I could see nothing, nor do I think she could see me, perhaps, but every step I took was replied to by a growl. No doubt she had cubs, and meant business. New at the game I was puzzled and nonplussed, and had no idea what to do. My shikari assured me it was certain death to go near, and like a silly ass I accepted his advice to come away. What a chance missed!

If I had known more in those days, or my shikari had been worth anything, this chance should have been a certain tiger to my rifle. All I had to do was to put up my machan 50 yards away and tie up a screaming goat, with the result that instead of my having to go to the tigress beside her kill, she would have come to me at the spot I chose for my machan.

If the tiger is not at the kill, get your machan up at once. Choose a tree about 5 to 10 yards from it, convenient to fire down from, and while the shikaris are putting up your machan make a careful inspection of the kill, without handling it; also note how much has been eaten. If the tiger has only had a small feed you may expect him back early, and if the kill has been eaten at both ends, this may mean two tigers or cubs. If there is no suitable tree within 10 yards of the kill, tie a rope to

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one leg and pull the kill to the required place, but this should not be more than about 10 to 15 yards.

A tiger has an awkward way of returning, picking up his kill and going off with it ; so always anchor it with a strong rope to a tree to prevent him doing this. Having made your inspection and got your machan all ready, cover the kill up with a few branches and make your way back to camp ; dump the ladder about 300 yards from the machan, as you will want it in the afternoon. At about 3 p.m. go back, prepared for a night out ; if it is the cold weather you must have really warm things with you or you will have a bad night ; make provision for comfort, such as cushions, blankets, food and drink, including a thermos with hot soup. A mosquito head-net, gloves and mosquito boots, all being of a neutral colour.

En route cut branches to screen you in your machan, and be at the " ready " as you approach in case the tiger has come back to his kill. Climb into the machan, and fix the branches all round and under it so that you are screened in all directions ; then fix a rifle support, in the form of a pole tied across in front of you, against which your rifle can rest.

All this having been done, fix your electric light and see the branches are removed from the kill ; load your rifle and put it at full cock, then settle down to the silent wait.

You should have ordered your shikaris to go off and get into a tree about half a mile away ; they are to wait silently there, and if by 9 p.m. they hear no shot they are to go back to camp and not return until one hour after daylight.

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If you do fire before 9 p.m. they are to return from their tree to within about 300 yards, but on no account are they to approach the machan until they get the " all clear " signal from you ; *i.e.* a blast on your horn or whistle, or some prearranged signal. You may have wounded the tiger, and for them to approach in the dark would be asking for trouble.

If you have wounded the tiger and he has gone off (you do not know how far), stick to your tree till daylight. By some prearranged signal order the shikaris back to camp till the morning, and just admit that the jungle belongs to the tiger for the night.

If the tiger comes back after dark you may get previous warning of his approach, but this will depend on the jungle or his giving tongue. If he comes along a sandy nullah, possibly your first intimation may be his trying to drag the kill or the sound of eating. If he comes through the jungle you are almost certain to hear the crackle of leaves or small branches some little way off, but don't forget that other animals, such as jack, hyena or red dog, may cause noises too, so be fairly certain it is the tiger on the kill before you switch on your light. If there is no moon, everything below you may be pitch dark, and only by sound will you get any information. Even with a full moon you will be unable to align your sights. You must have your electric light (described in a later chapter).

SITTING UP FOR A PANTHER

A panther as a rule does not break the rope, so you will find the kill dead in the morning where it was tied.

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You will find he has tried to drag it, and that there is a strain on the rope and foreleg. The head will be thrown well back, and there will be the four teeth marks in the neck under the jaw.

As a rule, to start with, a panther will always rip open the stomach and feed off the entrails, but I have had a few cases of their starting to feed off the foreleg or from under the tail. He is a foul feeder, and seems to prefer entrails to good, wholesome meat; he also seems to prefer leaving the meat part until it becomes high. A tiger is much more particular and a cleaner feeder.

If the kill is in the open, cover it up with branches to hide it from vultures and crows; leave two men on a tree close at hand to do silent watch and see that nothing disturbs the kill during your absence. Go back to camp and get your machan, etc., all ready.

About 3 p.m. you should be back to put up your machan; *en route* cut branches to screen yourself with, also a pole for a rifle rest. The latter is really an essential part of your machan when "sitting up"; you may have hours to wait, so instead of clinging to your rifle the whole time and tiring yourself out, it rests against this bar and is always more or less in the half ready position. The bar should be tied with strong, neutral-coloured string, with no creak or chance of slipping. When you take your aim it gives you a steady shot, but see it is not so high as to prevent you firing down at the kill.

Get your reports from the two men left to do silent watch, and very quietly with your shikaris proceed to tie up the machan. As I have said before, the machan tree should be within 10 to 12 yards of the kill.

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If the panther comes back in the dark or in bad light it is extraordinarily difficult to see him, and even for your lamp you want him close.

See there is no obstruction, such as a bush or tree, between you and the kill. It does not matter if you pull the kill one way or the other, but leave it still anchored. When all is ready climb into the machan and take half a dozen stones with you to throw at vultures, should they come down to the kill while you are waiting. Test the machan and see that the screens around you are complete on all sides, just leaving a good view of the kill; see also that your machan is well screened from below.

When satisfied that all is correct, order your shikaris to go off to a tree about half a mile away and to wait there. They should take the ladder with them, unless it is a rope ladder, which you can pull up into the machan. Instruct them that when you fire they are to return, but to get your "all clear" signal before approaching. If the panther has gone off wounded, wait for an hour and make them approach from the opposite direction to where the panther went. If you do not fire by 9 o'clock, tell them they are to listen for your signal; you will sound your horn and they are to return, as you are not going to wait later than 9 o'clock.

As they go away, load your rifle and lay it against the rest. Make yourself comfortable, and settle down for your silent watch and wait. If your safety catch makes a click, click it now; you cannot afford to have any clicks when the panther is near.

A panther as a rule will approach his dead kill by easy stages. You will, perhaps, first see him about 80

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yards away (if coming in front of you), coming quietly through the jungle or down a nullah. He will sit down perhaps 60 yards away and survey the jungle all round for five minutes ; then do another 20 yards and sit down again. He may take half an hour to do the last 60 yards up to the kill, always suspicious and advancing with great caution. He is almost certain to look up and stare at you, they have a nasty habit of doing this, but you are partially screened and you must not move or wink. If you half close your eyes it helps you to avoid the latter. Dipping and raising his head cat-like, he will examine your mass of machan, leaves, etc. ; if there is no movement he will finally decide that you are part and parcel of the tree and come on towards the kill. One move on your part and he will be off into the jungles, never to be seen again.

I have never seen a panther that did not look up if he came back by daylight ; nothing abnormal or unusual in the jungles escapes his eye.

Of course, he may approach his kill from any angle, so this should emphasize the necessity of your keeping still. If he comes from behind or from the side you may hear him all right, but the first sight you will get of him will be when he comes to his kill.

The breaking of a stick or the crackle of a dead leaf behind you will warn you that something is there and moving, but you dare not look round ; your watch must be towards the kill, and you must wait for him there. An anxious and exciting wait I admit, real and true excitement, causing the heart to do double work ; and then when he appears in view, what a wonderful sight ! Your first panther or first tiger will leave impressions and a

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picture in your mind that you will carry to the end of your days.

Never neglect to take the first possible and certain shot. At any time something may startle him or he may get behind a tree and wait there till dark (as a panther once did to me), in which case you may lose him altogether; but your movements must be by numbers when he is not looking in your direction.

When putting up your machan you should always try to have it on a tree as near as possible at right angles to the probable line of the panther's approach. If there is a small nullah close to the kill he will generally approach along that or come down from high ground or a hill. You can generally judge fairly accurately.

See that your machan is well screened from underneath; this is very important, and just apt to slip one's notice.

To me the sitting up during daylight is always a most fascinating form of shikar as well as a wonderful education. The following is an actual account of what happened at one of my panther kills. Each of your kills will vary in interest, according to the jungle and the game in the vicinity, but this is quite a usual one, and you will be likely to have "sit ups" almost identical.

A panther had killed at the foot of a large tree at the edge of a large sandy nullah. My head shikari had visited the kill in the morning and saw the panther leave it. After posting two silent watchers he came back to camp and reported. I went out at 3 p.m. to tie up my machan and sit for the panther's return. The vultures and crows were on the trees all round, only being kept off by the two silent watchers.

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Having got into my machan and the shikaris having gone, I was alone doing the silent watch myself in the heart of the jungle. The large nullah was close to my tree, and there were several good pools of water within a stone's throw of where I sat. The attention of the vultures and crows had concentrated on the departing shikaris, and they were oblivious to my presence behind the leaves round the machan.

The crow (the most impertinent thing in India) was the first to venture. After about five minutes he came on to a tree overlooking the kill ; talked a lot, tossed his head from side to side, looked down at the kill and, as it were, licked his lips at the thought of the feast below. Still very suspicious he alighted near the carcase, had a flying peck at it, then off to a tree as if fifty panthers were after him. Half a dozen crows did the same, none staying on the ground for more than about a second.

At last one crow got more confident, and pecked the carcase for about a minute. The crows know that once the vultures come down their feed is finished, so there is a hasty effort to grasp a meal. During this period about fifty vultures from the surrounding trees were watching the performance of the crows, who were really doing advance guard and scouts for the vultures. Seeing the crows unmolested, the vultures began one by one to come nearer, flapping their great wings as they alighted on a tree giving full view of the carcase. By mistake one flew on to my tree, suddenly saw me, and did about three somersaults in the air and made off. The rest wondered why. At last one vulture alighted, and the crows moved to a safe distance. Before approaching the carcase the

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vulture had a careful look all round ; owing to his size and weight it is a considerable effort for him to get off clear of the ground, and he requires due warning if anything in the way of the cat tribe is approaching, as he could not compete with the spring of a panther.

Now was the time for a stone. I flung one, and this cleared the ground and caused a disturbance in all the trees. My presence was given away and every vulture peered and gazed at me. For the present I was the performer and they were the audience in the gallery and dress circle ; the stalls and pit being entirely empty.

A solitary peacock in full plumage came out of the jungle, and with stately grace moved down to the water and drank. Nature's art was surely at its height when it invented this bird. It is said that ladies' trains and the graceful drawing-room walk were copied from the peacock—not the peahen ; copying the men again ! After drinking, it picked up two or three morsels from the sand and, as if it were the only being in the world, re-entered the jungles in the same stately fashion.

In the jungles at eventide all animals and birds move to water after the heat of the day ; so when water is scarce it becomes a trap, and in approaching it all animals are very much on the alert. Trees near at hand began to shake and swing as a troop of Langur monkeys came down to the nullah in ones and twos, until there were about thirty of them there. One by one they went to the water and drank. Mothers with young clinging to them, old full-grown males looking very serious and sedate, with their tails in the air in the shape of a "C," moved about in an authoritative style, while the younger genera-

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tion carried on a game after the fashion of "tig." The jungles seemed at peace with all the world. After a short time the monkeys began to gather into family groups on the sand in the middle of the nullah, much like tea parties on the lawn of a club.

Behind me in the jungles I suddenly heard the crackle of a dead leaf or two—footsteps!

I dared not move or look round to see what it was. The monkeys moved to a safer distance, giving little coughs, and each seeing that he or she had a safety tree within easy reach.

The vultures all strained their long necks and were gazing at the jungle behind me.

The footsteps became plainer, but they were rapid little steps, so I knew it was not my quarry. It was a "Jack" on his prowl. He came right below my tree, sat down and sniffed all round. After a minute or two he moved over to the kill and walked all round it.

You could see he knew perfectly well what it was, and that this cold meat belonged to some one else. He appeared frightened to touch it, as he knew it would be stealing, a thing he never did! He kept searching the jungles with his eyes in every direction. When satisfied that the owner was not in the immediate vicinity, he went up to the carcase, took a mouthful of entrails, and with these hanging down did a bolt back to the jungle to eat them in peace in the shelter of some shady nook.

The sun was just setting, and had tipped the small hill which blanketed the western horizon.

A sambar doe with a fawn about four months old came very slowly out of the jungle on the far side of the nullah.

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Choosing her steps with great deliberation, she moved cautiously towards the water, her great bell ears strained and ready to catch the least sound. The fawn followed in spasmodic little rushes, never going ahead, but just up to and always being sheltered by the mother. The wind was right, so she did not scent me or the kill. Both drank, then quietly entered the jungle on my side. All a very pretty sight.

The jungle again passed into quietness, except for the arrival of more vultures. The monkeys were still in their family groups, and the mothers were feeding the young.

Suddenly there was a terrific "coughing bark" from a monkey on a tree, evidently a sentry intentionally posted, which I had not previously observed. A warning note, and quite distinct from any other noise a monkey makes. It is a distinct double-coughing bark, with suction of wind as if refilling the lungs between the double noise; there is also a distinctly angry tone about it. This was repeated again in rapid succession, but no monkey waits to think when he has heard the first sound of this warning note. It means "danger, fly for your life to the nearest tree," and they do.

Every monkey in the nullah was off and scrambling up the nearest tree, while all were taking up and giving the warning call.

The vultures and crows became unsettled and moved to higher branches.

I could see nothing and did not know what the danger was, but I had a very good suspicion and seized my rifle.

Then, as if from nowhere, I saw coming quietly through the jungle a full-grown panther. A wonderful sight; his

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glorious coat, darker than usual, shining with a rich golden colour, and the jet-black rings and spots camouflaging him and mixing him up with the light and shade of the forest. In him there was no sign of fear, but he was always suspicious and very much on the alert. His face had the cruel and wicked look which is typical of a panther. A tiger, no matter in what frame of mind, always looks a gentleman ; a contented gentleman or an angry one, but always a gentleman. With a panther it is the reverse ; he looks what he really is, a perfect swine !

On he came ; the only creature he feared was man, and he had no suspicion of my presence. All else in the jungles, except a tiger or a bear, will give way to a panther and seek safety. If he meets a tiger or a bear he will probably grunt and snarl and move so as not to court contact.

About 20 yards from the kill the panther sat down as if to study the surroundings and to get up an appetite for the meal before him. He turned his head from left to right and scrutinized the whole jungles round him on the flat ; his long 3-foot tail stretched on the ground behind him, the tip moving from side to side with a deliberate motion which seemed to indicate a warning. A couple of crows got on to a tree above him, and looking straight down kept cawing repeatedly. The older monkeys kept up their barking and shaking of branches, while the mothers with their young and the junior members of the family from aloft peeped round tree trunks and branches.

More or less accustomed to this performance at each of his kills, the panther appeared to take little notice of it all, and unconcernedly continued to scrutinize the jungle.

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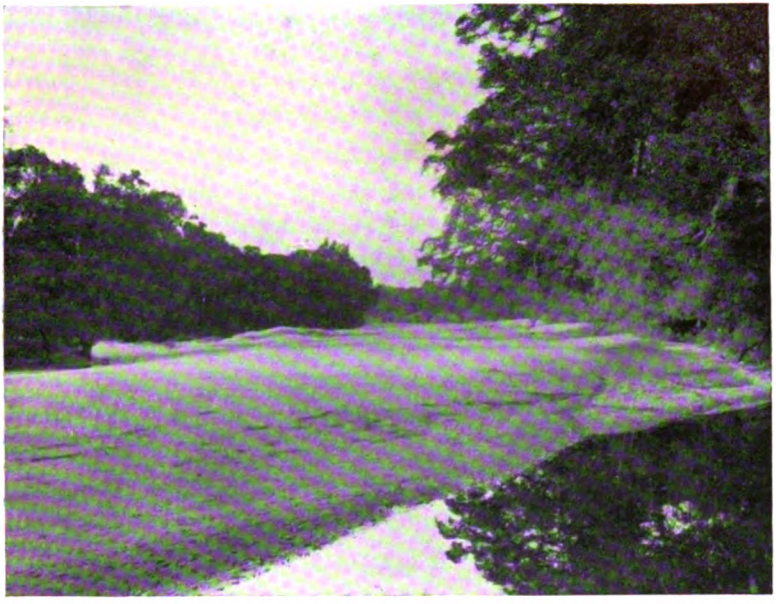
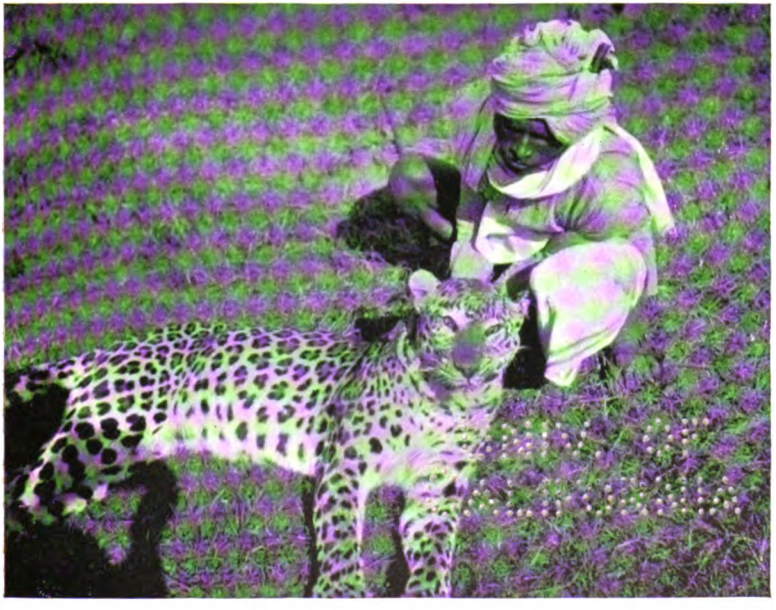


A big sandy nullah, with water in places.



His face had the cruel and wicked look.

PLATE VIII.

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After five minutes he slowly advanced, then sat down again for another survey. Suddenly he looked up ; his eye had caught the unusual thickening and arrangement of the branches round my machan ; dipping and raising his head he stared at my machan, which was then only 20 yards away from him.

To avoid winking my eyes were half closed, and not moving a muscle I stared straight at him through the opening in the branches.

The strain at such a moment, even to an old shikari, is great. Your heart begins to thud, thud, thud, and it is about the only noise you can hear ; you feel certain the panther must hear it, too ! However, after five or six seconds (which seemed like minutes) he made up his mind that I was part and parcel of some abnormal tree which had escaped his notice at the time he killed.

Up to this time there had been too many branches in the way to allow of my getting in a certain shot, but now he started to move forward again and came into an open space. He looked to his right and to his left and occasionally over his shoulder.

To come to the " present " your movements must be by numbers, as it were, but never a move when he is looking in your direction.

He looked to the right ; I at once brought the butt to my shoulder. Next time he looked away I brought my head down to the butt, got my sights on him and fired.

He rolled over, and in the last spasms before death he seized his forearm in his great jaws and died with his teeth deeply embedded in the muscles.

After a knock-out blow a tiger or a panther will often

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bite his forearm. If shot through the heart the only movement as a rule is the straining of a paw and claws, and generally the tip of the tail will beat the ground three or four times.

If you see a hind leg stretch out and tremble all over you can take it that death is certain within a few seconds.

LIVE BAITS

I have been asked by some people as to the cruelty in tying up a defenceless boda to give a cruel tiger or panther a meal. I fear they do not understand, nor is it possible for them to think the matter out in the same way as you or I can, who know and understand life in the jungles.

Roughly speaking, a tiger or panther will kill twice or three times in the week ; for sake of argument let us call it twice a week. This means in a year he will kill 104 animals for his food. You sacrifice a boda, that is certain ; but what do you save ?

Watch a sambar, nilghai or cheetal doe with her fawn ; what a wonderful and beautiful sight. You would not see these two separated or hurt for anything, would you ? You have only one longing, just to pat it and protect it. If it would only understand that there is no danger and that you would just love to make friends, to have it, or them, up to your tent and talk to them ; just to be a second Mowgli !

Yet it is 104 of these delightful creatures which each tiger takes in the year. Is there any more argument required. I agree that the balance of life must be main-

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tained; there are the laws of nature, and the balance of power and life is one of them.

Dat deus incrementum, but nature steps in and says the increase must be balanced. If the tiger and panther did not kill off hundreds of deer and buck in the year, the latter would increase to such an extent that they would have more than their share of the surface of the earth, and nature would then step in with disease and pestilence, which is far worse, so as to even down the numbers and balance life.

At home we have the red deer, but no tiger or panther are there to balance numbers, so man steps in and the old and surplus does are shot, as well as the big stags.

The same with tiger and panther; if there were no curb or break put to the yearly increase of these two masters of the jungle, there would be little room for other life. Here man again steps in and saves nature the trouble of adopting that vile antidote, disease and pestilence.

But wanton destruction of life is no part of a true shikari's sport; it does take place at times by unscrupulous people, and no stone should be left unturned to curb their crime and bring them to book.

These notes are written for the humble shikari who is well content with his three or four tigers on each shoot, and I am of opinion that the Government of India should now limit the destruction of tiger in every permit.

Lately, in the year 1925, two Indian noblemen paid a visit to the Central Indian jungles, and one bagged seventeen and the other fourteen tigers. This I protest against, it is slaughter, and should not be allowed.

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A limit must be put to the destruction of this fine animal ; then there will be shikar for all, rich and poor alike, and the balance of life will be maintained. Elimination and slaughter must be prevented at all costs, and by restricting permits and certain methods of shikar, Government can do this.

Now to go back to the bodas. The ordinary sahib treats his bodas well, and if you feed and water them properly they spend a quiet and restful night. When you tie up a boda and leave it, look back and you will see it is busy feeding ; quite content with food and a good place to lie down in. It knows nothing about the dangers of the jungles ; I do not suppose it gives them a thought. In the morning it learns to expect you just as the sun is getting up, and you will see it watching for you and glad to see you.

If a tiger does come along, then the boda dies ; but it is a case of seconds and all is over. The suffering is not half that of the ordinary sheep which is killed daily by our butchers.

Ruthless and wanton destruction of life is almost as big a sin as can be committed ; but if life is taken for a legitimate or wise purpose I, personally, have no guilty conscience. This argument can go a long way, even down to our daily ration of beef and mutton.

I once saw in Africa five giraffe lying dead, all with their tails removed, nothing else. This is the cruellest sight I have ever seen. Had I met the man who did it I think he would have got both my right and my left barrels.

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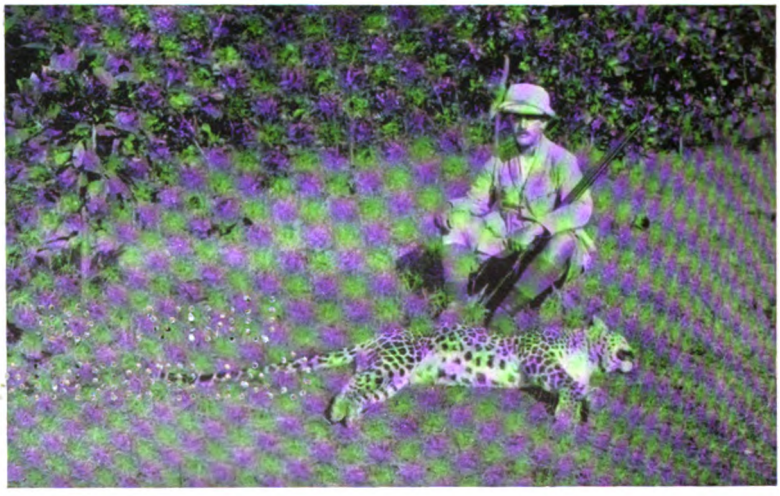
Tiger skin hung up to dry in the shade of a big tree.



A 6 ft. 8 inch Panther.

PLATE IX.

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CHAPTER VII

CUBS

IF you shoot a tigress, a female panther or bear, take particular note of her condition. If she is "in milk," then almost certainly there are young cubs with her or in the vicinity.

If very young, they may have hidden themselves or she may have concealed them, in which case, if you are doing a beat, the beaters would almost certainly pass over without seeing them and the cubs would be left to die, or more likely become a meal for a red dog or jackal.

TIGER CUBS.—You must judge the mother's condition; if the cubs are five months old she may still be partially "in milk," but you would not be able to handle a cub at that age; in fact, a tiger cub of five months is quite able to feed and fend for itself. It is a dangerous little animal, and shooting is the only remedy.

At this age cubs get very frightened and excited in a beat, and dart all over the jungle quite independently of the mother. I have had a case of the stops on the left turning the mother, while the stops on the right were turning the cubs. Also I have had cubs coming to the machan five minutes before the mother, while at another time they came up ten minutes after her. One would think this was contrary to the laws of nature, and that

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they would keep close to the mother and accept her shelter and protection when danger was nigh.

I have shot tiger cubs about six months old and have had one of my beaters mauled by a cub of this age. They are little devils and full of fight ; their claws give no mere scratch, but a big lacerated wound.

If the mother is in " full milk " the cubs may be anything from a few days to two months old. But the chances of your getting *very* young tiger in a beat are small, as a tigress wanders for her meals, and if the cubs are not fit to follow her she will return to them and not be in your beat.

However, if you have shot a tigress in " full milk " and no cubs are reported at the end of the beat, it is your duty to have the jungle beaten again and every possible bush or bit of grass searched. At all costs the poor little beggars should not be allowed to die. If you fail that day, beat again next morning early, especially near water, where you may find their fresh pug marks, if they are at the walking stage.

To tackle a young cub with any fight in it, smother it with a coat or cloth and pick it up by the back of the neck ; tiger, panther or bear.

Panther Cubs.—The foregoing remarks also apply to panther cubs.

Bear Cubs.—When the cubs are about three weeks old they travel on the mother's back, and when she moves from one jungle to another the family goes with her, perched on top. If very young and not able to climb up, she will hide them and move away from the beat on her own.

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Be careful when firing at a bear ; you may not notice the cubs on top, as they cling close to her amongst the long hair and are apt to make her appear a very much bigger bear than she really is.

If you have shot her in "full milk," search the jungles, as detailed above.

The following experience will illustrate what I have said about cubs, and may be instructive if you have the luck to find them.

For about a week I had had no kills and, more or less for something to do, I decided to beat a big nullah which was about 2 miles from camp ; a usual beat, with machan, stops and beaters. After the beat had been going for about ten minutes a full-grown sloth bear came out about 50 yards from my machan. I fired, and it gave tongue (a bear always does when hit) and rolled over the " khud " out of sight. When the beat came up I got down from my machan and went to look over the "khud." The bear was lying dead among the rocks below. It was a female in " full milk."

I had the jungles searched, and fortunately we were attracted by the sound of small screeches. On approaching the spot I found a couple of very young cubs, not more than ten days old. Their eyes had not been long open and were very milky blue, the same as those of a kitten whose eyes have just opened. They could not walk, but just lay on their stomachs and used their legs as kind of paddles. They had been hidden under some foliage by the mother, and the beaters had passed over them. I put one into each of my pockets and went back to camp.

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Now the question was how to feed them ; they would suck your little finger in the usual way, so I tried milk through a fountain-pen filler, but nothing doing ! they would not look at it. I tried to make them lap, but they would not.

After about forty-eight hours I had failed absolutely to get any food into them, and any further delay must mean that they would die, so something had to be done. I got a bowl of lukewarm milk and taking up one of the cubs I put its whole head in, giving it a real good ducking. At once it began to lick its lips, sneeze, rub its head with its little paws and suck the milk off them. All my difficulties had ended, the cub lapped ! The second cub, after immersion, did exactly the same, it also started to lap.

For a week I fed them on warm milk six times a day, and at night they slept like the dead in a basket filled with straw, which I kept in my tent. The basket had air holes all round it and the lid well fixed down, so that no strange animal could tamper with them while I slept. I have lost a ham from my tent at night, taken by a jackal or a pi-dog, so I was running no risks with the cubs.

At the end of a week I added a little cooked rice to the milk, and the cubs were growing visibly. After two weeks the rice was increased, and each cub got about 1 inch of a banana added to his meal twice a day.

I " struck oil " with the banana ! They were desperately keen on this fruit, and began to show their first signs of baby temper, demanding more.

At the end of three weeks they were on their legs and running about ; meal-time was a great sight. I pur-

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chased two small bowls for their food, and they were always ravenous. The bowls just fitted their heads : they would seize them with their little forearms and get their heads well inside, while I balanced them in the standing-up position. They would never let go, nor did their heads come out, except for an occasional yell, until the inside was bone dry. The milk finished, there was still no peace until each had its bit of banana.

The meal finished, both were quite ready to be put to bed in their basket. But now nature had to finish her part. Curled up in the straw each cub would turn up one of its little forepaws and start suck, suck, sucking at the palm. All bears do this, I believe, but here were a couple of young orphans who practically never saw their mother and could be taught nothing before she died ; yet they were now sucking their puds as she did. That wonderful power called nature was teaching and guiding these youngsters to do as their forefathers had done before them.

I may explain that a bear's feet in shape are not unlike the human foot, and the pug marks they make on the ground closely resembles it. The cushions of the feet are covered with a thick skin, under which there is a solid mass of rich, white fatty substance. At the Zoo you will often see old bears sucking their puds ; whether they obtain any nourishment from it, or whether it is an exercise for their lips and tongue, I cannot say, but it certainly appeared to be the aftermath to each meal with the cubs. Curled up in their beds you would hear this sucking going on, until tired out with the effort they fell sound asleep.

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They became great pets in camp, and on the appearance of a dog or any danger, which they seemed to recognize at once, they would fly with a grunt to my heels or behind my wife's skirts for protection. They very soon recognized us as their guardians, and they seemed to consider that everywhere we went they should come too. If we moved a yard they followed us.

Owing to poor eyesight one would sometimes get left behind, and not knowing which direction to take, would commence to shriek at the pitch of its voice. If you answered the shriek it would come galloping over to you, giving little barks at each step. When a cub stands and shrieks it will always lift its left forepaw up to its chest, as if putting its hand over its heart. I have seen many bear cubs and they have all done this. I have also seen a full-grown bear do it ; when suspicious of my presence it stood sniffing all round with its left forepaw well up, covering its white collar.

It is a decidedly picturesque attitude, and I have often wondered what it meant.

When the cubs were five weeks old their teeth and claws had grown considerably, and their basket home began to have a bad time of it, so I had to get a box cage for them. When "chota hazari" was brought to my tent in the morning, my bearer always opened the lid of the cubs' cage.

Ever ready for a new day, they were out like a shot, climbing the beds, chairs or tents, then rolling off them ; life was full of fun and frolic.

The puppy dog instinct of worrying and destroying anything it can get its teeth into is also very strong with

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the bear cub. Any cloth or slipper goes into pieces in no time. They are destructive little devils, and if left alone in your tent or where they can get at your clothes they will work havoc.

Their principal amusement is climbing ; they must get on top of anything and everything, and if you are not careful your leg is a great attraction ; nice and soft, they can get their claws well in with a good grip !

If a cub once gets on to your leg, do not try to tear him off or you will make matters much worse ; he will sink his claws and cling like a leech, besides using his teeth to defend himself. Seize him by the neck or the muzzle and stop his breathing, this makes him " hands up " at once and you will free yourself. However, he will now be angry, and refusing to accept defeat he will be back at your leg again if you do not look out.

When taking the cubs short walks round camp it was interesting to watch how nature was gradually teaching them. The sloth bear has a long snout with large, flabby lips, and he has great power of suction.

One of his favourite meals is obtained by putting his nose into the hole of a termite nest and sucking out the larvæ from inside. With his long claws he will scrape and enlarge the holes until he can get almost his whole head in.

This instinct began to show itself in the cubs when they were about a month old. Whenever they came to a crack in the ground they would shove their little noses in and suck violently, then scrape a little and suck again.

They loathed getting their feet wet (except in their milk dish !), and if placed in shallow water they would

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at once bolt for land, shaking their little puds as if they had trodden on a hot brick.

They made great efforts to climb trees, but were defeated by anything perpendicular. A branch at an angle of 45 degrees they took a delight in scrambling up; half-way up they could rest their stomachs on the branch, and after a breather proceed to climb again.

At about six weeks old tempers were manifest. Attempts to take a banana away from one or put it to bed when it did not want to go caused a real nursery scene; shouts, grunts, squeals and snarls with attempts to bite. However, lifting up by the back of the neck had a soothing effect, and all noise and temper ceased, while in the most pathetic way they would cover their heads with their little paws as if to protect their heads from being smacked.

They had their own little quarrels and fights, generally over a banana or who should lie in a particular corner of the cage.

It was all really a jungle nursery, and one could spend hours watching these quaint little creatures in their play, their moods and manners, or watching new instincts which daily came to light.

Time came when I had to leave the jungles. The London Zoo accepted the cubs, and they are now in the Mappin Terraces, full grown, being fed through the bars with condensed milk and syrup by London children.

Number of Cubs.—I have seen a tigress with three cubs, another with two and another with only one, but never more than three, although I have shot a tigress with four unborn cubs inside her, while she had one cub at heel about ten months old.

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A bear or a panther I have never seen with more than two cubs.

On another occasion I got a second lot of sloth bear cubs ; they were about two weeks old, and the camp nursery was much the same as previously, except that I also had at the same time a couple of panther cubs. The four were a bigger handful than I bargained for, and it required a special man to look after them. My soldier orderly, Shamas Din, a fine type of Khattak, became nurse, and spent nearly all his time in camp looking after them with a keenness and care worthy of any mother. I also had a brother officer in camp with me, Lieutenant Kelly, and his efforts in exercising, dosing and feeding the cubs were magnificent. Much of the success of the nursery was due to him.

To both of us in camp the nursery was endless amusement and added greatly to the pleasure of jungle life. Cubs are a certain amount of trouble, but they are well worth it, and the pleasure and interest they give is enormous. Always keep them out of the sun during the day, and if travelling on a cart have them well shaded. Some one must always be with them when they are running about. Chiels and vultures are the principal danger, or jack and red dog by night. I have had a chiel swoop down at a cub and miss it by inches.

Panther cubs are quite a different problem. When very young they are not nearly so hardy as bear cubs, and the mode of feeding is totally different. For a considerable period I could not get them interested in any liquid. At first they practically wouldn't touch milk or water. I tried the head immersion method, but it was of no avail ;

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like all cats they hated it, and for days they didn't touch liquid of any kind. Goat or sheep meat they did not seem keen on, and certainly they did not thrive well for the first ten days. However, I solved the problem with a little raw chicken cut up into very small pieces, and they were ravenous for every meal of this. I added the leg of a chicken with meat on it to exercise their jaws and send them to sleep.

There is no chewing when a panther feeds; they bolt their food at a great pace, so chewing off a bone is better for their digestion and their teeth. Even when two and a half months old their daily consumption of liquid was very small. They had constant "tummy trouble," and at one time I felt they would not survive; however, by sticking rigidly to chicken, glaxo or warm milk, they pulled through all right. Peacock they seemed to like, but it generally caused internal disorder, so I stopped it.

Their habits were almost identical with those of an ordinary kitten. Independent to a degree, they would seldom follow you or pay any attention, unless there was a lure, in the form of a cork being pulled along or something swinging at the end of a string. They were not a bit like the bear cubs, who never left one's feet and followed one wherever one went, even more so than a pet dog would. The whole time of the panther cubs was spent in crouching and stalking one another, or the bear cubs. As they were as quick as lightning, the poor little bears hadn't a chance in this game; a stalk, a spring, and the bear cub was rolled over in a heap. But the panther never waited for more, as at close quarters the bear was three times as strong, and with his claws and teeth was

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absolutely master of the situation. When the bear cub saw the panther stalking him, he would stand up on his hind legs to meet the charge, but he was no equal to the panther, who was on and off before the bear realized what had happened. Strange to say, there were never any rows, nothing but fun, and all four seemed to enjoy the joke.

The panther cubs often, especially when separated or before food, made the well-known "sawing call"; I never heard them make any other sound. They would pace their cage back and forwards in the same way as the animals in the Zoo, and the first clatter of a dish caused excitement throughout the whole nursery. It was their dinner bell, and it didn't take them long to realize and know what the sound meant. Almost from the first it was impossible to hand-feed the panthers. If one gave them the meat in a plate they bolted it much too fast, resulting in tummy trouble; so it had to be dropped in front of them bit by bit. They were vicious feeders. One couldn't hand them a bit of chicken, as at once there was a terrific snatch with the paw, as quick as lightning, and then a snap. Wounded and bleeding fingers soon made us careful about this. No anger in it, simply a vicious and ravenous appetite.

At first they each had half a chicken per day, and latterly a full chicken each, thus the chickens of the various villages had rather a poor time of it.

I presented all four cubs to the Edinburgh Zoo, where I trust they will live for many a day and give to my fellow-countrymen much of the pleasure and interest they gave me in the jungles of India. (See Appendix I.)

There is one more incident, I may mention, in con-

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nection with these four cubs. Although a fairly old shikari, I neglected one of the time-honoured principles and nearly met with disaster.

I had finished my shoot in the jungles and had made my way down to the main road, where I was to meet the motor lorry which was to take me back to civilization. This main road was through good jungle, and I camped in an open space about 50 yards square within 25 yards of the road.

It was not my jungle block, and as I expected the motor at 8 o'clock next morning I packed up my kit and tents and slept out in the open. A glorious full moon and a cloudless night in March. A new cage for the bears with two compartments met me here. I discussed the question of separating the bears that night, as I knew they would feel lonely and shriek, also it would be a disturbed night for me. But my orderly was determined that it was better they should learn separation here and do the yelling before getting back to civilization ; quite sound advice, so I consented, and they were put into their new housing.

My bed and Lieutenant Kelly's were about 15 yards away from them, and my servants slept beside the cubs with all my kit around them.

Before dinner I put my rifle beside my bed, but when I went to lie down I saw it was gone, and my orderly said he had packed it up with the others in their case. As my shoot was over, I thought no more about it and " tumbled in " for the night. The bear cubs started yelling as anticipated, and it was only off and on that I got a wink of sleep.

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About 3 a.m. I was wakened by a strange sound, and looking up I saw a full-grown bear, 15 yards off, yelling for all it was worth beside the cubs. In her nightly wanderings through the jungle she had heard the cubs calling and had come to their assistance. She was in a great rage and whinnying and yelling, kept running up to the cubs in their cage, then back to the jungle, trying to entice them to follow her. We both tumbled out of bed at once, but the situation was decidedly serious. My rifles were in their case beside the cubs and I had no weapon of any kind to hand. My servants, naturally, had bolted, and we both stood alone and helpless. There was nothing to be done but try to get at my rifle, so when the bear did one of its bolts back to the jungle, I dashed for my rifle case, found it locked, and as the bear was returning I had to dash back again. Having obtained the key I made another effort and finally got the rifle out, but the bear after circling round our camp made off into the jungle. The whole incident lasted about five minutes, and might easily have been a disaster to Lieutenant Kelly and myself.

The principle is: "Never be without a weapon when in the jungles."

The whole incident was rather pathetic. This was certainly not the mother of the cubs, as it happened 70 odd miles from where the latter came. It must have been a she bear who had left her cubs behind while she was out for the night, or one who had recently lost her cubs, and hearing the cries of my two, had come to their rescue.

Why she did not attack us I don't know, as there we were standing in the open in full view and only 15 yards

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away. There was no doubt she was terribly excited and angry, and as a rule a bear will attack for the smallest reasons, or no reasons at all. I can only take my hat off to her and thank her for her extreme politeness. She could easily have torn the box to pieces and freed the cubs, but although close against it and looking into the box she failed even to upset it. Bear cubs ride on their mother's back, so once free I would never have seen them again.

Or, perhaps, discovering they were not her own she might have killed them.

This was my third narrow shave with a bear and I don't want another ; all three due to the neglect of principles I knew well.

A hurricane lamp was burning beside my bed. This may have saved us, but I cannot tell.

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CHAPTER VIII

AFTER A BEAT: ARRIVAL BACK IN CAMP

ON arrival back in camp see that the tiger (or panther) is put in the shade under a tree a little distance away, say 200 yards off, and send for the village chamars.

Skinning must be done almost at once.

Tell the headman that any of the women or children who wish to see the tiger must come down at once from the village. Do all you can to interest the villagers in your sport; flocks of stark-naked little children will come down and gaze with eyes and mouths wide open.

Offer an anna to any of them who will go up and stroke the tiger. This is always a great game, and causes much amusement to the crowd, as it takes a considerable time before any of the youngsters will pluck up enough courage to go near the great animal, which they know swallows children!

Once I failed to find a child with enough pluck, so I put a rupee on top of the dead tiger; a little girl came forward, picked it up and ran back to the protection of her mother as if the tiger were chasing her. After this all the boys came forward and were willing even to sit on the tiger for an anna!

Encourage fun like this; every one laughs and every

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one is happy; you become a kind of uncle to all the children of the village.

Now remember your beaters, they have been doing a job of work for you during the heat of the day and many come from villages several miles distant, so pay them at once and let them get back to their homes by daylight.

Arrange them in a semi-circle in front of your tent and make them all sit down. Have packets of cheap cigarettes handy, and give each one a smoke while you are paying out. Place the boys separate from the men, and with your own hands pay each individual his wage. Never on any account give the money to another to pay out. The beaters would not get their dues and there will be quarrelling and discontent.

I used to issue numbered slips of paper before the beat to each beater or stop, and when I paid out I took back the numbered slip. This prevented slackers, or men who did not come out from receiving what they were not entitled to. A few men will always try to slip in in this way, but it is only a matter of a few annas. Nowadays to keep all sweet and contented I let them have their little dishonesty and seldom bother about paper slips.

When a tiger has been killed, men as a rule get four annas and boys three. If one or two boys claim to be men, accept their valuation of themselves and with a joke or two put them among the men. If no tiger has been killed, men get three annas and boys two annas.

After the beaters have all been paid, the following rewards should be given (for a tiger) :—

The village headman, because he is headman . Rs.5
Head shikari Rs.10

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Second shikari Rs.5
The two boda men whose boda was killed, each . Rs.1
The stop who turned the tiger . . . Rs.1
The twelve men who carried the tiger home, each 4 annas.

In addition, give your shikaris a goat to kill for a big feed, and send them off to do "pooja" and pray for another tiger!

Thank all beaters and men for their efforts, and all will go away happy and be glad to return to you for a beat on another day.

For a panther, half the above rewards should be paid.

SKINNING

Now set to work skinning the tiger.

This should be done at least 200 or 300 yards away from camp, so that when the skin is removed you can leave the carcase without fear of bad smells reaching your tent.

The carcase will not last long, as once daylight comes it will be completely devoured in a short hour by vultures, and only the bare bones will remain.

Skinning requires your personal supervision the whole time, and you should have good light for it. Do all you can to get the skin off by daylight. If you cannot manage this, then a man must hold a lamp beside each knife at work. This is most important, as after securing a tiger you do not want a mess made of the skin when being removed.

Skinning should be done before the carcase gets cold. When warm, the skin will separate much more easily and

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come off in half the time. There may be occasions when you must wait until daylight before you can skin ; you may have shot a tiger or panther late at night, and feel dead to the world when you get back to camp.

In such a case puncture a hole in the centre of the stomach with your knife, and get to work at dawn, taking the skin off before the sun is up.

The carcase will be stiff and cold, and if the stomach has not been punctured, gas forming inside will cause undue distension, putting the skin out of shape. Be sure always to puncture the stomach ; put a piece of stick in the hole to keep it open and allow the gas to escape.

Cover up the carcase overnight with branches and wet grass on top to keep it cool. Also make two men sleep beside it ; they will light a fire and keep all intruders away. Then if skinning is tackled at dawn you should have nothing to fear. The great thing is to get the skin off and pegged out before the hair begins to slip.

If left too long and the sun gets at it, the roots of the hair go bad and all the hair will come away ; for this there is no cure. Once the hair slips the skin is spoiled.

Much must depend on the time of year ; in May you will have *very* little time to waste, in January or February you can risk more, but the rule to go by is, " Get the skin off at the earliest possible moment," no matter what the month is.

Get a quantity of straw and place the tiger on its back on top of it. The first cut should be a dead straight line from the point of the chin down the absolute centre of the neck, belly and tail, right to the tip ; line *XZ*.

Having done this, or the chamars having done it under

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your directions, you have to definitely mark the points *A* and *B* as shown on sketch below.

This is perhaps the most important part of the skinning, as the symmetrical appearance of the skin when flattened out will greatly depend on your fixing *A* and *B* correctly.

The chamars are hopeless at fixing these points, and it must be done by you.

If the tiger has been laid on its back and the legs pulled out as shown in sketch below, point *A* is approximately at an angle of 45 degrees to *E* and *F*, and point *B* is at an angle of 45 degrees to *C* and *D*.

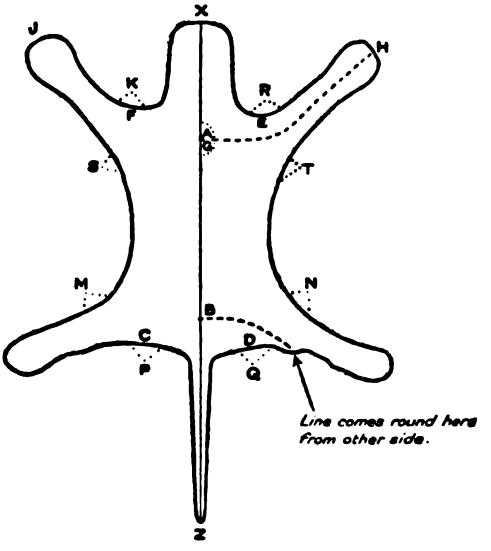

FIG. 15.

When the skin is flattened out you will have eight protruding angles of skin (see dotted angles *K*, *R*, *S*, *T*,

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M, *N*, *P* and *Q*) ; you cannot avoid these. The dotted angle *A* becomes the dotted angle *R*, and the dotted angle *G* becomes the dotted angle *T*.

These protruding angles do not spoil the look of the skin in the least if they are all the same size.

If you make the point *A* too high (too near head), then the angles *R* and *K* will be small and *S* and *T* will be large, or *vice versa*.

Exactly the same applies to the angles *M*, *N*, *P* and *Q*. If *A* is in the right position, *K*, *R*, *S* and *T* will all be equal, and if *B* is in the right position, *M*, *N*, *P* and *Q* will all be equal, and the skin will be symmetrical.

I find these points *A* and *B* hard to describe, but if you will try to grasp the foregoing, I think it will help you.

Practical experience soon teaches you these points, and if you do make a mistake and find, say, *S* and *T* larger than *K* and *R*, pare down *S* and *T* until they resemble *K* and *R*.

Having got *A* and *B*, you start the chamars cutting. Take the tiger's left foreleg. You will notice that the underneath part of the forearm is white, and your object is to divide the white exactly in two. Cut straight through the centre of the large pad.

From here the line carries straight down the leg for a little distance ; then to keep the white equally divided you will find the line must bend to the left slightly, then gradually to the right across to *A*.

Make the change of direction very gradually, so that when the skin is flat out the edges show no bulges. (See dotted line *HA*.)

Before cutting, it is sound to mark out this line ; use

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a copying-ink pencil ; if faintly applied, the colour all washes out almost at once.

See that the line *JA* (the other forearm) is identical with the line *HA*. You should mark out both before cutting.

The hindleg is quite a different proposition. The white which has also to be equally divided lies on the inside of the lower thigh.

Here the line, as before, comes through the centre of the big pad, straight down the centre of the ridge of the hock to within an inch of the cap of the hock joint (*os calcis*).

You have now to get to the inside, and must with a gradual curve come round to the left (tiger's left hindleg) and into the centre of the white, then across to *B*, dividing the white of the lower thigh into equal parts.

Having cut the lines down all four legs and the centre line, let the chamars start separating the whole skin from the body and legs up to the base of the skull and the paws, but no further. This is all easy and straightforward.

The chamars have a way, when they come to the tip of the tail, of trying to pull off the last inch or so of the skin. They do this when skinning a bullock, but you should not allow it ; the skin of a tiger is tender there, and the chances are they will tear off the tip of the fur. They once did this to a tiger of mine when I was not looking.

The head and the paws want careful attention, so I will deal with them separately.

After the skin is all removed up to the skull, the ears are the first obstacle. Cut deep into the hole in the skull

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and remove the *whole* cartilage and tube with the skin. You must have all this for setting up purposes.

Next come the eyes; cut carefully here. With the skin in your left hand, push the ball of the eye back into the skull with your thumb and cut away all the mucous membrane round the lids, so that it all comes away intact with the skin. Look out for your thumb!

The lips are delicate work. You require all the skin of the gums, so cut round where the gums meet the teeth and don't be frightened of taking too much meat away with the skin; this can all be carefully removed later.

At *X* cut clean through the lower lip, dividing it into two, so that when the head is flattened and pegged out it is something like the sketch below.

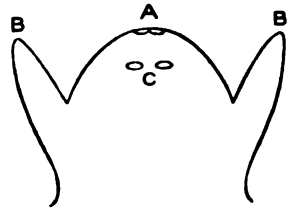

FIG. 16.

A=Nostrils.
B=The ends of the divided lower lip.
C=Eyes.

When removing the nose cut well into the cartilage, and take about *an inch* of it away with the skin.

In the paws all the pads must be slit right open, and the knife should cut the skin by radiating lines from the main pad to the smaller pads. Clean out all the white

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fat in the pads, including the thumb or dew pad, and sever all the "finger" bones at the joint next the claw. All the claws should be sunk and pulled well up on the reverse side, so that the roots are well exposed and all meat cut away.

The skin has now been completely removed, and you cut off the head at the base of the skull.

The two clavicle or floating bones are embedded in the fore part of the shoulder; don't forget these. The chamars will take them out for you.

You now spread out the skin on straw and give it a good washing with water, first the fur side, then the other, clearing all the blood away. This done, roll it up and carry it back to camp.

After you have seen the chamars skin one tiger, do the next one you get yourself, and if you have a soldier orderly of the right kind he will more than enjoy helping you.

On several occasions I have worked at skinning well into the night with my orderly, no chamar being available; so be sure you learn the work and make yourself independent.

It is hard work, and if in the hot weather you should have help, as you are working against time.

PEGGING OUT

By this time the headman should have procured for you a basketful of very fine wood ash and a big bundle of rice straw.

To prepare the ground for pegging out, select a flat piece of ground near your tent big enough to take the flattened-out skin, and under the shade of a tree,

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Cover this bit of ground with wood ash, which will keep insects off; then over the top of the ash spread a thick layer of rice straw.

White ants don't like ash or rice straw, so this protects the skin beneath when pegged down.

You then sprinkle turpentine over the whole of the *fur* and rub it in. Pour plenty in round the claws, ears, eyes, nose and thick hair round the neck; don't spare the turpentine, use half a bottle of it.

Now spread the skin out on top of the straw, fur downwards. Make up a bundle of straw like a football and fit the skin of the head over it.

This having been done, drive a peg in through each nostril, which will fix point *X*. Now go round to the tail and, after very *slightly* stretching it, drive a peg through it about half an inch from the tip, point *Z*, and see that the line *XZ* is dead straight.

Next you do the right foreleg and the left hindleg. You take the forepaw, while another man takes the hindpaw, and you both take a *slight* strain, but don't pull. Drive a peg in at the tip of each and fix them.

After this do the left foreleg and right hindleg in the same way and fix them. When these six points have been pegged down, stand up and see if the centre line is straight and all legs are at correct angles to one another. Remember that this is going to be the finished shape of your skin when dry, so take great care about the lines being symmetrical.

Being satisfied that the skin is correctly laid out, you start to peg out all round—body, head, legs and tail.

While you gently strain and peg out on one side, a man

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should be taking the same strain directly opposite you so as to keep the skin straight and as laid down with the original six pegs.

Don't peg first one side then the other ; put in, say, two pegs on one side, then go over and put in two exactly opposite on the other side and so on. You must aim at evenness all round.

Be careful not to overstretch the skin. If you do, the stripes in the fur will become bent, or the rings of a panther elongated, and you will spoil the whole shape of the skin.

Don't, whatever you do, try to make the skin bigger than it really is by pulling and stretching it out. All you want to do when pegging out is to put a strain on it which will tighten the skin and allow it to dry in its original and uniform shape.

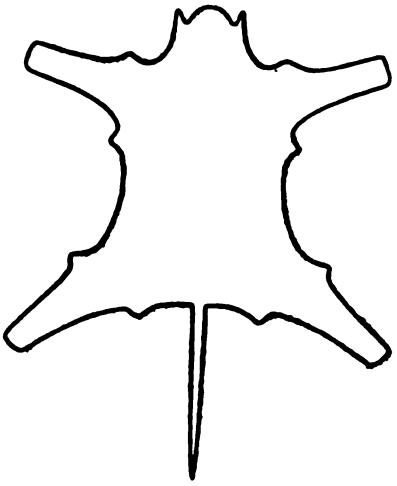

FIG. 17.

What the skin should look like when pegged out—*i.e.* its final shape.

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All the small and big pads should be slit open and all the fat taken away; then smother them in turpentine, alum and ashes.

As a rule I peg down the whole skin, except the lips, before I attend to the latter. They are a long and delicate job.

Before pegging them down they should be carefully slit open from the inside. You require the inside skin as well as the outside, and the cutting requires careful work and a special knife.

Once you get them opened up, cut away as much of the meat as you can. Having done this, paint the inside with a weak solution of carbolic or lysol (1 in 50), smother in alum and ashes, and peg down.

The places you have to watch carefully are the lips, claws, nose, ears and pads; if not properly cleaned and disinfected "bugs" will appear, so I recommend all these being painted with weak carbolic *inside* and *away* from the hair.

When completely pegged out, wash the whole surface well with water and get all the dirt away from it.

A good deal of meat will still be attached to the skin, so the chamars must now set to work and remove all of this at once. They can be doing this while you are attending to the lips.

The removal of the remaining meat will take some time—how long depends on how cleanly the skin has been removed from the carcase. See that the roots of the claws remain well drawn out and all flesh and fat removed. All cartilages (ears and nose) should be left; they soon dry up hard.

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PEGGING OUT

When all flesh has been removed, sprinkle a mixture of wood ash and ground alum over the whole surface and into every nook and cranny ; have this well rubbed into the skin.

After rubbing, you will observe that the ash absorbs the fat and moisture on the skin, so when one lot of ash gets wet, it should be removed and a fresh lot applied.

The chamars will now have finished with the skin, and you must employ a special man to do the rubbing each day. Every morning and evening he should rub the ash in, until the skin becomes dry and all fat and moisture is absorbed.

It will dry in patches, so once a portion appears to be dry, stop rubbing it and continue on the damp portion, and see that the coolie does not rub too hard or too long on one spot. The last to dry will be the roots of the claws, pads, nose and lips, but after four days you should be able to lift the skin.

The turpentine on the fur should keep wild animals away, but I always have two men sleeping beside it after dark for safety.

Before the chamars leave they must cut away and clear the skull of as much meat as possible, and also separate the jaw from the skull.

For pegging out I generally use 3½-inch wire nails, or little bamboo pegs of the same length, which I make myself in the jungle from any old bit of dried village bamboo. For a tiger skin you require about 100 pegs.

On the second day patches of the skin will be dry, so they need not be rubbed, but all wet or moist portions

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should be gone over with fresh ash, once in the morning and once in the evening.

The proportion of alum to ash I use is about 1 part alum to 20 of ash. If you have no alum it does not matter much, but the skin may take longer to dry.

See that the sun does not get at the skin; if you have any difficulty about shade, the villagers will soon build for you a shelter over the skin, composed of poles, branches of trees and bamboo matting, which you can borrow in every village.

I generally pay my chamars (two) eight rupees for cleaning a tiger skin or five rupees for a panther or bear. If they have come some distance and have to spend the night away from their home, add Rs.2 more; that is, Rs.10 for one tiger skin, or Rs.7 for the others.

After from twenty-four to thirty-six hours you will find the whiskers pull out quite easily. Have them all removed and put into an envelope for the taxidermist to fix when he is setting up the skin.

At night cover up the skin to keep the dew off; for this you can use the suleetah of your tent, gunny bags and branches.

THE SKULL

Unless you are in a hurry, don't boil the skull to get rid of the meat.

Get a big chattie and chip the lip of it off, so that the skull can slip inside.

Having done this, fill up with water and allow the whole skull to macerate. Put a teaspoonful of lysol into the water and change it daily.

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Maceration will take a week or more, so see that it is protected night and day against dogs and wild animals.

The smell becomes objectionable, so I generally keep the chattie up in the fork of a tree with a lid on it. Put a stone on the lid, so that chiels don't interfere with the inside.

Some shikaris cut out the tongue and skin it, but it is delicate work, as the skin is very thin. Personally, I content myself with the artificial tongue put in by the taxidermist.

After macerating for some time the teeth become loose and will fall out. See you don't lose any of these. Rub them with a little castor oil, or butter, to prevent cracking, and put them carefully into a box.

If you are ever pushed for time and must get the meat off the skull in a hurry, do it by repeatedly pouring a bucket of boiling water into the chattie. Don't boil it over a fire. A young or tender skull will fall to bits in the pot if you boil it.

THE CARCASE

To return to the carcase you left under the tree. If you have time after removing the skin, cut the carcase open and look at the condition of the liver, lungs, heart and kidneys.

In one of the famous shikar books (Best's, I think), it lays down that the liver of a tiger of three years old has three lobes, and after that age an extra lobe for every additional year.

I think it is impossible to state the *actual* age of a tiger

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you shoot, but judging from decidedly old tiger with worn teeth and younger ones with absolutely clean and perfect teeth which I have shot, I believe that this theory is hardly correct.

I have made repeated efforts to test this by doing the best I could to judge the age of the tiger before skinning, then examining the liver afterwards.

The last tiger I shot had beautiful white and sharp teeth, his colour was brilliant, and he must have been a fairly young tiger ; I judged him to be about five to six years old. A brother officer was with me, and after skinning we had the liver out and the lobes carefully counted, and there were thirteen !

At the same time I have shot a tiger I judged to be seven years old, and the liver had eight lobes.

I honestly do not think this an accurate or reliable test of age.

The teeth, claws and colour of the fur I consider must be the main guide.

The teeth of a fairly old tiger are yellowish and blunted, and his coat (I am sure I am right in this) loses its brilliancy ; it becomes dull, and both the orange-brown and the black stripes become very much paler in colour, and the white loses its sparkle, as it were, and becomes dull.

In the younger animal the teeth are ivory white, with no signs of wear, and his colour is really brilliant ; the contrasts are striking, and in the sunlight show up to such a degree that I can tell, even when looking along my foresights, if he is an old or young animal.

Your bullets will probably be embedded inside the

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carcase; cut these out and later mount them on paper weights.

On the stomach of a tiger there is a large quantity of thick fat, and the natives generally have a squabble over this. To them this fat is a great prize ; they rub it on their limbs, and imagine that it makes them strong, like a tiger.

The fat should be the perquisite of the shikaris, your orderly and servants. Order it so, and you will stop much quarrelling and talking.

From a tigress recently shot, my orderly's share of the fat came to 18 lbs. He boiled this down and got 8 lbs. of oil, which he bottled !

Trace the course of your bullet ; it is interesting to know how you damaged the tiger and which bullet knocked him out.

The devouring of a carcase is a sight worth watching and studying. When you have finished skinning there probably won't be a vulture in sight anywhere, but after a few minutes, out of the blue, the great birds will start to arrive, until the trees and sky are full of them.

Thousands of feet up, almost to the limit of vision, you will see them circling round and coming lower and lower, then, half-closing their wings, volplaning down and making a noise like a six-inch shell going through the air.

As a rule a vulture only flaps his wings when he rises from the ground, or from a tree, just to get way on, and when he is alighting they form a brake.

Watch him in the sky, it is all gliding ; by banking and using the hot air currents on a still day he will rise

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to any height or travel along at well over 120 miles an hour, never once flapping a wing.

Many a time I have watched them, and I am still puzzled as to how a vulture gets news of where a carcase is lying. It must be either sight or smell ; but when the carcase is fairly well hidden, it rules out its having been seen, and if the vulture, as he often does, comes down wind, it rules out smell !

With my glasses I have picked them up about 4 or 5 miles away, coming down wind straight on the carcase ; coming from miles away, so far that it seems impossible that they can have seen even the crows and chiels who, as a rule, are " the early birds." Down they come by the dozens, arriving like buses at Charing Cross.

Even if practically hidden they will find a kill in the centre of the jungle, but in a case of this kind I have seen twenty-four hours pass before they had found it out.

They are entirely carrion feeders, and the tiger and panther provide them with most of their meals.

When down at the carcase they are just a black swaying mass, something like a football scrum enlarged twenty times. Outside the scrum others are fighting over torn bits of meat or entrails, a lively and noisy scene.

There are generally one or two jackal in attendance, and perhaps a village dog, but they are lookers on when the vulture scrum is at its height.

I can assure you this devouring of the carcase is all of great interest, so make a point of studying it.

As the shadows disappear and the evening light dulls the jungle, the vultures seek the safety of the trees, and in

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the early morning you will find them sitting gorged on their perches all around.

Some who arrived late for the meal will come down and stand about in the vicinity of the threadbare carcase in a disconsolate and disappointed attitude, until news arrives of some other feed, perhaps miles away in another part of the jungle, and then all, one by one, will gradually disappear.

Although a hideous bird, the vulture is one of the great assets of the jungle. No flesh is allowed to rot and wither away ; he sees to that. He rids the jungle of all dead and stinking flesh, so it is seldom, if ever, you will find anything but the bleached bones of a dead animal.

> "Mony a one for him makes mane,
> But nane sall ken where he is gane;
> O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
> The wind sall blaw for evermair!"
>
> —"THE TWA CORBIES."

LIFTING THE SKIN

After about four days, when the skin appears to be dry, and it makes a sound like a drum when you tap it, pull out all the pegs and lift it. Shake it and beat it with a stick so as to get rid of all the ash.

There may be a few small half-dried spots round the lips, nose and claws ; they will gradually dry up all right, if you take care and watch them.

Hair slipping is the danger, *i.e.* the skin at the roots of the hair going bad and the hair coming away. If any soft spots remain, they must be constantly rubbed with alum and ash (equal quantities) until dry.

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Avoid any rubbing or handling of the hair on the other side of the soft spots ; it has not set yet and would slip.

Look at all the holes where the pegs have been ; they are often the last to dry, and if there is a sign of any fat still left at the hole, cut it away.

The skin is now up, and you want to give it as much air as possible. Sprinkle more turpentine on the fur and hang it up in a shady place out of the sun. Be careful of it at night ; roll it up and hang it on a tree well out of harm's way.

Once the lips and all are dry you have little more to worry about ; just keep it smelling of turpentine, and this will keep all bugs away. You can do no more to the skin until you reach railhead, where you will despatch it to the taxidermist.

When moving from camp to camp, fold it up and put it in a box or gunny bag. Be sure you always keep it out of the sun and away from dogs or jackal.

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CHAPTER IX

GOAT BAITS FOR PANTHER

YOU will likely be advised by your shikari to tie up a goat for panther.

My experience is that a young buffalo about eight to ten months old is much better; in fact, if I have plenty of bodas, I never tie up a goat now, except as an extra bait, or where the panther is definitely located in the vicinity of a definite bit of jungle, and the calling of the goat will bring him quickly to the machan.

For the ordinary tie-up a goat is too small a kill. If the panther is hungry he eats most of the tit-bits and often won't return. I have also had the experience of a panther eating through the thin foreleg and going clean away with the carcase.

On another occasion a panther literally cut the goat in two at the withers and went off with the hindquarters, never returning for the fragments of the fore-end, which remained.

Such incidents are liable to happen at any time; they are very disappointing, and the waste of a goat's life. By tying up a boda, he is bound to leave a good hefty meal behind for the next day, and the chances of his returning are far greater.

However, if the panther is localized or you know he is in the near vicinity, a goat is a good bait to sit up over.

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In this case you must first build your machan at a selected spot near where the panther is lying up and get everything ready. You then get into your machan, and when in position the goat is brought along and tethered. When tied up alone a goat will bleat and inform the whole jungle of its presence.

The object of tying the goat up last and after you are in your machan is to prevent its seeing you in the tree. If it sees you there it won't feel so lonely and may not bleat, but simply lie down and sleep ; in which case you may as well go home.

I mentioned using a goat also as an extra bait. This is tied up beside a dead kill with a view to bringing the panther back early and by daylight, if possible. This is not often necessary, but I have had a panther which would not return by daylight until I finally got him out at 4 p.m. with a screaming goat.

In both the foregoing cases the panther is localized and should, with luck, be within hearing of the bleats of the goat.

When sitting over a goat like this, I don't expect to lose the goat ; in fact, I have only lost one (which lived for ten days and then died), simply owing to my stupid delay in not bowling the panther over at once. Do all you can to save the goat. Although it may have a bad three or four seconds of it, if you are prepared and ready you should save the goat nearly every time.

In these days a young goat costs about Rs.6, almost the same as a boda, so with an ordinary tie-up it is just as cheap to use the latter and infinitely more satisfactory.

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GOAT BAITS FOR PANTHER

The following experiences will illustrate the use of a goat bait when a panther is localized.

I sent my forest guard one day to purchase a goat at a village about 4 miles away. He travelled back on top of a cart with the goat walking and tied behind. The goat being taken away from its usual surroundings bleated the whole way.

About 2 miles from camp the guard saw a panther following the goat and trying to stalk it along the jungle at the edge of the road. The last seen of the panther, which was evidently afraid to approach the cart, was about 300 yards from my camp. This was all reported to me when the guard arrived.

Now the panther was so far localized that I knew he was in the vicinity, and a bleating goat (which he wanted ; it was to his liking) would probably bring him to book.

I at once tied up a machan near where he was last seen and sat up over the goat. By 9 p.m. there was no signs of the panther, so I came back to camp, leaving the goat tied up. From camp I could hear the goat bleating until about midnight, then all was quiet.

In the morning I found the goat had been killed, and only the two forelegs and chest remained. Fresh panther pug marks were on the path within 15 yards of my tent, so after killing he had been round inspecting my camp.

I sat up over the remains of the kill that night, but the panther never returned.

With any ordinary luck I should have got that panther before dark on the first day, sitting over the live goat.

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On the second day there was not a good enough meal left for him to make it worth his while remaining in the vicinity.

This was one of my first jungle lessons. The tie-up was on a village road. Having failed the first day I should have brought the goat back to camp with me and have tied up a boda in its stead.

The bleating of the goat did not bring the panther out by 9 p.m., so he must have wandered off some distance, and the probability is that he would have come along the road anyway during the night and have caught the boda. Had he done that he would have left a meal for next day.

On another occasion the village headman came and reported that a panther had just killed and carried off a calf from the herd, which was grazing in the jungle about 800 yards from my camp.

Seizing my rifle I at once went out, and the herdsman showed me the spot where it had happened. Armed and at the "ready" I followed up the drag, and found the dead calf about 200 yards away in the middle of thick jungle. It was quite warm, and the panther on hearing my approach had evidently just left it. There was a small hole, about the size of the palm of your hand, in the stomach, but nothing had been eaten.

Now, as we were in the middle of good jungle with plenty of cover it was almost a certainty that the panther was lying up listening a very short distance away; that is to say, he was localized in this patch of jungle. Sly, cunning, and nothing like so timid as a tiger, I felt sure he was near at hand and would wait till the jungle was clear.

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The jungle was thick with grass about 3 feet high, but beside the dead calf there was no suitable tree for a machan. I dragged the calf about 50 yards to where there was a suitable tree, and at once sent for a machan.

It was 5 p.m., so daylight (January) was short. By 6 p.m. I was in my machan all ready, but in case the panther failed to find my drag of the carcase, and also to encourage him to come early, I tied up a young goat 6 yards from the dead calf. Further, to make sure that the panther could not get away with the latter unseen in the dark, I tethered it to a tree. The chances were that after the disturbance the panther would not return for an hour or so, when it would be dark, so I fixed my electric torch on to my rifle when I got into the machan.

The goat did not start to bleat until about 7 p.m., when it was quite dark. I sat listening quietly, the jungle had gone to rest, and except for the goat's calling only the sound of the tree beetle disturbed the silence.

About 7.15 p.m. there was a sudden rush from under my tree and a choking bleat from the goat.

Owing to the black darkness I could see nothing, but I levelled my rifle and switched on the electric torch. The panther was there with the goat in his mouth, but the light seemed to dazzle him and he remained dead still, wondering what it was. Before he had time to think twice I rolled him over with a bullet between the eyes. From the time the panther seized the goat to the time I fired would be about five seconds.

The goat was now on its legs, bleating louder than

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ever, and in about ten minutes the shikaris and about twenty villagers were with me, thankful at the destruction of a pest which had haunted their herds for about two years.

Although very much alive, the goat had its gullet pierced, and though I did all I could with antiseptics to effect a cure, it died about ten days later, much to my regret. This is the only goat I have lost in this way. As a rule wads dipped in antiseptic and plugged into the holes after the latter have been well washed out with carbolic will cure a goat. The wounds should be dressed daily.

By the use of the goat as an extra bait, I brought the panther to my tree and got him ; so for purposes of this kind I recommend you always to have two goats with your herd of bodas.

The first sound I heard was the rush from under my tree ; the panther had stalked up so quietly that I was quite unaware of his presence until then. This is another illustration of the necessity of keeping still and maintaining a dead silence while in your machan.

IF WOUNDED OR MAULED

If you ever happen to get scratched, mauled or wounded, you have to be your own doctor, and at once. Rub in permanganate of potash or a weak solution of perchloride of mercury (1 in 20) without delay. When I say rub in, I mean an inch deep, if necessary, no mere coating on top ; rub it in.

It will make you " sit up," but the results are serious

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if you don't make a full job of it. If a bite or deep wound, get your bearer to sink the antiseptic with a wad to the very root of the wound and plug it with cotton wool, so that it cannot heal over.

I have seen an officer die after a week from a mere scratch which was not attended to properly. Blood poisoning is apt to set in rapidly, so once you have done first aid dressings, make your way with all speed to the nearest hospital and civilization for proper treatment, and *don't* play with the trouble.

Just a word about one of your men getting damaged.

If you ever do experience the bad luck and misfortune to have one of your men mauled, or even worse, be sure to do the right thing at once and without any delay.

Send off a full account of the accident by special runner to the D.C. of the district, with copies to the D.S.P. and D.F.O. (By registered post from the nearest post office may be quickest.)

Do all you can yourself with first aid and antiseptics, and if the man is able to be sent by cart, send him off, accompanied by one or two of his friends, to the nearest hospital, sending also a polite letter with him. If necessary go yourself too, so that you can see to things being done promptly.

If the man is unable to be moved, get a cart (ringi) away at once to the nearest hospital, with a letter asking for assistance.

Remember these villagers are poor, and not able to understand the benefits of medical attendance ; it is up to you to do all you possibly can, so see you do it. Let the villagers know that your whole efforts are concentrated

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on getting the man fit and well again ; they have done their best for you and helped in your shikar, you should do your best for them.

I had the misfortune to lose a man on my first shikar trip to the jungles ; I paid the widow a sum of money down, and on the strength of that she married again after a few months, and I trust will live happily for many years.

ELECTRIC LIGHT TORCHES OR LIGHTS FOR NIGHT SHOOTING

Although you may have a perfect full moon and be able to make out distinctly the stripes on a tiger or the rings on a panther, it is almost impossible to align your sights with any certainty in this light ; that is my experience.

Electric lights are invaluable, and you should have one in your outfit. It will often make an uncertain shot a certainty. Moreover, wounding an animal at night is dangerous, and leaves dirty work for the morning.

At all times avoid merely wounding ; for your own sake and also for that of the animal.

There are various kinds of lights employed, but in my opinion the ideal light has yet to be invented, or at least I have not seen it. The essential principles are :—

(*a*) You must be able to light up the target wherever it is.

(*b*) You must be able to see your sights and align them on the object.

(*c*) There must be no noise or click when you switch on the light.

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(*d*) The apparatus must be simple. The switch should be near your finger, so that you can switch on, align your sights, and fire without any change or movement of the hands. Your trigger finger should be on the trigger at the same time as your other finger is manipulating the switch (left hand preferable).

(*e*) Your apparatus should be of dulled metal and have a hood over the lens to avoid any reflection from a setting sun or a moon, and the hood should be easily removable at once when required.

So far as I know, there are three forms of light used :—

(*a*) A light or torch on the rifle, the beam of light pointing to wherever the rifle points.

(*b*) A light suspended over the kill and manipulated by a switch on the machan.

(*c*) A lamp fixed to your tree or machan, with the beam aligned on the kill. The switch manipulated on the machan.

In my opinion (*a*) is much better than (*b*) and (*c*). A tiger or panther may come along and sit down 10 or 15 yards from his kill, and for some reason or other not go near it. I have had this happen more than once.

You can see him or hear him quite distinctly, but if the light is not on your rifle you are "snookered." If on your rifle you can take your aim and light him up.

The light should be at the side of your rifle and behind the foresight, so that the latter gets the edge of the ray and is lit up.

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(*b*) is simply an electric bulb in a reflector, suspended from the branch of a tree over the kill, about 15 to 20 feet up. It is attached by an insulated wire to the battery on your machan.

When you see or hear the tiger on the kill, you switch on, but the light is only effective when the tiger is actually at the kill and within the radius lit up. If there is a wind you must have guy strings to steady the bulb.

(*c*) is much the same as (*b*), only the beam of light is trained on the kill from your tree or machan. With this also you can only switch on when the animal is at the kill.

I have never tried the latter, but General Wardrop has used a Lucas Daylight Signalling Lamp with deadly effect, and I have now ordered one for myself.

A tiger when he returns to his kill will generally drag it off to another place before feeding, if you have not tethered it. So be ready, and don't be caught napping.

If it is dark, the first thing you may hear will be the tiger starting to drag. You must be on him with your light at once and put in your shot before he gets away with the kill or disappears behind a bush or tree trunk.

As a rule he will stand for a few seconds dazed and puzzled at the light, quite long enough for you to get your shot in if you are ready.

On the other hand, he may bolt; if he does, switch off at once and remain dead still and quietly wait for his return, which may be some hours later.

If you have no electric light and are sitting up at night, use a white tape down the centre of your barrels (or barrel).

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Put the foresight through one end of the tape, this will throw the foresight into relief, then bring the tape back to just short of the backsight and fix it there with a rubber band. Of course, this is useless if it is a pitch dark night, but in moonlight, if you can see your target, it greatly assists in aligning your sights.

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CHAPTER X

THE SLOTH BEAR

THIS is the bear of Central India, and, make no mistake about it, he comes under the heading of "dangerous game."

He differs considerably from the black bear of the hills; his claws are white and he has a great heavy snout of a dirty grey colour. His lips are heavy and flabby, more like those of a camel, but he has the whitish horseshoe on his chest the same as his cousin has. He has very small eyes and poor sight, and also a poor sense of smell.

The sloth bear is a poor climber and a man on a tree is fairly safe.

I have been struck by the similarity between a bear's skull and that of a tiger. If you put the two together you will see the difference is very small. This seems strange, as one is a vegetarian and the other carnivorous.

My experience is that the villagers fear a sloth bear more than they do any other animal, and after you have seen some of the maimed faces and shoulders in the various villages you will fully realise the reason of their fear; he can make a terrible mess of a man's framework.

You may come across a bear at any time of the day in the jungles, but the most usual time is in the early morning, just at daylight, or in the evening, when they are feeding under the plum bushes.

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They make a pretty good noise when moving about or feeding, and the chances are you will hear or see one before it sees you.

They have a quaint rolling gait, and when round a plum bush feeding, or scraping open a termite nest, they are terribly busy and a most amusing sight to watch.

A bear worrying at a termite nest is most amusing. When sitting up for a panther one night I heard a bear making very heavy weather of a termite nest in the jungle about 50 yards away.

Presently she came out and tackled another nest close to me and in full view. When she got really down to work there was red dust and earth flying everywhere. She appeared to find little in this one, as she soon moved off.

Although great, clumsy, heavy animals, they can move at a great pace when they like and barge through anything.

If one gets suspicious of your presence or of some danger you will see him stick his nose out as if sniffing the air all around, and in a most characteristic manner he will lift up a forepaw (generally the left) and cover his chest with it.

I have been told they sometimes eat carrion, but I have never seen them do so ; they are really vegetarians, and their principal foods are roots, fruits and the larvæ from the termite nest.

If a bear sees you at some distance off and gets due warning of your presence there is little danger ; as a rule it will bolt (unless it happens to be a female with cubs).

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The real danger arises if you come suddenly upon him and surprise him ; the chances are he will charge at once ; not that he wants your carcase for food, but simply, I believe, from fright and nervousness.

I have been charged twice, and it is really disagreeable. Most of you are almost certain in your jungle wanderings to come across bear, and if charged, whatever you do, don't run for it ; you have not a hope.

Stick your feet in firmly and stand up to him, putting all your faith and hope in your rifle. If you have time to get behind a tree trunk, good and well, but face him and don't fire until he is almost on you and you can make dead certain of both barrels.

A bear's claws are long, but the ends are generally blunted ; he has enormous jaws and teeth, and his point of attack is generally the head and shoulders, plus ripping you open.

However, if you see him in the distance, or before he sees you, he is easily shot ; his eyesight is so poor that you can get quite close before firing. When hit by a bullet he will generally give tongue, a cry like a child, and if you wound him, look out for trouble. Slip behind a tree, reload and face him.

He may not have spotted where the shot came from, probably not, but if he barges down in your direction let him get just past you before you fire again.

If your shikari bolts, as they sometimes do, the bear will likely take up the chase and you will be quite safe ! This once happened to me, but the shikari literally flew into the middle of a tree when the bear was almost on him.

As with a tiger, no matter how dead a bear may appear

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after your first shot, you must give him your second barrel.

Following up a wounded bear is much the same as dealing with a wounded tiger ; localize him first, then approach by methodical progression.

You need not try to beat him out, he would go for the beaters ; besides, beaters would not do it, and you have no right to ask them to. It is your fault that he is wounded, so clear the situation up yourself.

As I have said before, young cubs ride on the mother's back. If you come across an old she-bear with cubs on top, let her go and don't fire as long as she does not worry you.

I have only once seen a bear with cubs on her back. I watched her with the greatest interest from about 30 yards ; it is marvellous how the little beggars hold on.

She was evidently on the move, but stopped to pick up berries below a bush, then barged off through the jungle as if she was trying to catch a train.

Be careful about cubs, they are apt to get buried in the mother's fur and make her look extra big. If there's no trouble brewing, take a good look before you fire.

Examine the termite nests in your jungle ; if there is a bear in the vicinity you will find some of them have been scraped out and you will be able to judge how recently the soil has been turned over.

The pug marks of a bear are much like the mark of a human foot, and are easily recognizable in mud, clay or sand.

His coat is long and coarse, and after skinning requires a lot of turpentine. He has practically no tail, only a

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stump about 4 inches long, and an average length between pegs should be about 6 feet. I have shot one which was 6 feet 8 inches ; a really big bear. The lips being large and flabby require careful skinning.

I have never seen more than two cubs at heel with the mother, nor have I ever seen a single one at heel. Two, I fancy, is the usual number, but at times there must be singletons.

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CHAPTER XI

OBJECTIVE

IF a tiger or a panther has killed, as a rule make this your one objective.

Don't allow a bear, a fine sambar or cheetal horn to tempt you. There may be exceptions to this, but it generally pays to leave them alone.

When going or coming from your "kills" you may come across one of these, which is tempting, but unless you are a long way off from where the kill is lying, hold your fire and be content with the prospects in view.

One shot may just move the tiger and you will wonder why he is not in the beat.

Once, when going out about 3 p.m. to sit up over a panther kill, I came across two full-grown bear at a pool of water 200 yards from my machan tree. They were only 60 yards away from me, so I sat down to watch the entertainment.

They seemed to paw one another and carry on a conversation, like two old ladies telling one another the latest bit of village scandal! They would then drink, after which more scandal. This went on for about ten minutes, when I advanced towards them and got within 30 yards.

Suddenly they observed me, but at first were not quite sure what I was. Out went the noses and up came the left paws, covering their chests; I stood still and so did

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they, but in a few seconds they realized it was that horrid creature man, and with three or four heavy grunts both departed helter-skelter into the jungle. I then proceeded to my machan and shot the panther fifteen minutes after the bears had gone.

I could have shot both these bears, but I had another job in hand and preferred to wait for that. Had I fired I probably would never have seen the panther.

SHOOTING NEAR TO CAMP

My advice is don't do this if you are after tiger. You want to keep the jungle as quiet as possible and free from unusual noises. Shooting sambar or cheetal in the vicinity of your kills may just disturb and upset all your plans for the bigger fry.

One shot now and again with a shot-gun round the village fields to get a pea-fowl for your pot may be necessary, but *certainly not* if you know there is a tiger or panther in the vicinity.

A .22 bore rifle is a most useful weapon for shooting pea-fowl. It makes practically no noise and you can stalk and shoot pea-fowl in the mornings and evenings without disturbing anything. Some of these .22 bores are very accurate up to 100 yards, so see you get a good one.

MONKEYS

Although not game, a book on the jungles could hardly be complete without a note on these wonderful creatures.

The principal and, I think, the only monkey I have seen

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in the jungles of Central India is the langur ; a really fine animal. For many an hour in camp, as well as in a machan, langur have given me endless amusement ; in fact, I feel really disappointed if they are not in the vicinity when I am sitting up in a machan.

A troop of langur are almost certain to visit your camp and inspect it ; inquisitive to a degree, they will suddenly arrive in the surrounding trees, and you can spend the best part of a day watching them. Of course, they are not game and no sahib shoots them.

Their acrobatic feats and strength make " mere man " look ridiculous. From branch to branch and tree to tree they can travel for miles without ever coming to the ground. When you see one drop from a top branch to a low one, a drop of perhaps 50 feet, you feel inclined to say, " Oh ! there is a monkey falling off a tree ! " Don't you believe it, 50 feet is only an ordinary step to a langur, and you will never see him miss his hold or grip.

His power of judging the strength of a branch is wonderful, although I have seen him make a mistake here. I once saw a langur drop about 40 feet on to the branch of a neighbouring tree, and the branch he landed on broke ; however, he caught hold of another before he was in trouble.

The young cling to their mothers' " front," and to see the mothers leaping with their young attached leaves you wondering how the little beggars, a day or so old, manage to cling on.

In the evening-time you will see them all come to ground and form into family groups, the mothers feeding the young, the old fathers very sedate and serious looking,

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while the intermediate generation are lively and indulge in games of their own.

I said "All come to ground," but this is not correct; no troop of monkeys comes to ground without leaving a sentinel posted on a tree close by. Danger is always present and there must always be a guard, so the monkey is a past master in the "outpost system." He has too many enemies lurking in the jungles to allow him to come to ground unprotected, and from my observations it appears *always* to be one of the older male generation who is told off for this fatigue. It would be interesting to see a monkey's parade state and the number of nights in bed!

They are about the most destructive animals living; watch them in the jungles pulling off whole branches, nibbling one or two new shoots, then breaking another branch for the same small purpose. They will destroy a tree in no time, not eating one-hundredth part of what they break off.

As a rule they will not come right into your camp, they are just too shy for this, and only once have I had trouble.

I arrived late one night at a forest bungalow, had dinner and went to bed. In the morning my bearer set breakfast as usual in the adjoining room. The windows were all closed with gauze wire and the door was the only entrance.

On arrival at the door as I went in for breakfast, the first thing I saw was two half-grown monkeys on the table, both hard at the jam jar, which was upset; their hands, arms and faces were all jam!

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When they saw me there was a terrific commotion. I was standing in the doorway, and they saw their only line of retreat cut off, so they started to dash here and there over the table and round the room, upsetting everything, jam marks everywhere they placed a hand or foot. The only way to save further damage was to clear the exit, and I got a smack at one with a fly-flap as he dashed out. But these two monkeys, I found out afterwards, always lived round the bungalow and, although wild, had just a touch of civilization in them, so I can hardly place them on the same footing as those in the raw jungle state.

In many places in India you will find the monkey is sacred, but there are tribes in South Chanda (the Marrie) who hunt and kill them for food. The mode of hunting is to get the monkeys on to some isolated tree. The men have a pack of village dogs with them, and having surrounded the tree, two or three men climb it and force the monkeys to jump to the ground, where the dogs kill them.

These tribes are very primitive, but I was struck by their physique compared with that of the other tribes living alongside and only a mile or two away ; they were great fine, strong, athletic men, whereas the other tribes are truly poor specimens of humanity.

The difference is so marked that they are quite distinct races. Had they been widely separated you would never have given the matter a thought, but living cheek by jowl in the same jungle, under the same conditions and climate, one wonders the reason for this marked difference.

I wonder if the daily ration of monkey and the absorp-

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tion of monkey gland has anything to do with it. Place a big hefty Masud alongside a miniature Bengalee babu; this about sizes up the difference in physique.

The deep "Hoo" of the langur resounding through the jungles is a sound you will hear every day. What it means it is difficult to say; it seems to be the "lingua franca" of the jungle monkey. They will make this sound sometimes when you approach or disturb them. Fire a shot, and if they are in the vicinity this is the sound which will echo all round from the distant jungles; always this "Hoo."

At other times you come on them and they don't make a sound, they just move quietly away for a short distance and sit and gaze at you. At a guess I would say that it meant "no danger, but just be careful," and was drawing-room language.

When a panther or a tiger comes along, or even a big jungle cat, there is no "hoo" or politeness in the language used; if ever anything sounded like cursing and swearing, you have it on the approach of one of the feline race.

There is no doubt that the langur is a vicious brute if he likes, and a big one would "do in" a good-sized dog very quickly. I have often heard of cases of this kind, and actually know of one, where an officer lost his Aberdeen terrier, killed by a langur within about 30 yards of him.

They have a most perfect set of teeth, the eye-teeth being more in the shape of fangs. This is their business end, and they can give a terrific bite; so, even with tame ones, admire them from a distance and say "puss, puss," without the additional pat or stroke of the back.

A point which has puzzled me is why the plague or

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rat-flea has never infected the monkey. In my jungle wanderings I have come on a village which had been completely deserted by man ; all the inhabitants, owing to plague, had moved into camp about 2 miles away, and were living beside water in the middle of the jungle. This terrible curse (plague) had come to their village and destroyed many of the families, and to avoid further disaster the inhabitants had left their homes and moved to a safe distance. (Owing to the good climate this is comparatively an easy matter in India ; just think what it would mean in Britain !)

When I came on the village the langur were in complete possession ; they were inside and on top of all the houses ; the village was theirs, and in the absence of master they appeared to be making full use of it.

To the ordinary British child fleas and monkeys are bracketed, but I have never heard of plague amongst the monkeys of India. I trust they will retain immunity, as it would be a terrible disaster to India if the monkey became infected ; the spread of this disease has been great enough without including the monkey.

If langur are in the near vicinity when you are sitting up for a tiger or panther, they are of inestimable value in giving warning of the approach of your quarry ; they will do the outpost duty for you, and on every occasion give you timely warning.

No sleeping sentries ; you can absolutely rely on their devotion to duty. Often I have longed for a trained pet monkey to come out and help me in my night or evening silent watch.

When muscles ache and eyelids begin to close and

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the tiger chooses to return in the early morning, if one only had a langur, to whom there is no such thing as discomfort on a tree, what shikar it would be! He would give the quiet, gentle, warning tap; you, having had your sleep, could wake up and shoot the tiger!

You will notice how beautifully groomed a langur always is, with his black face, sparkling eyes, white teeth and the fringe of white hair round his black face standing out as if it were waxed. Give him a frock coat and a "top hat" and the nigger minstrel would not be in it for style.

To me the "bunder log" always add greatly to the pleasure of the jungles.

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CHAPTER XII

HORNS

IN Central India and South India you will find the following :—

BISON.—More plentiful in Kanara, South India.

BUFFALO.—Only in a few forests are you allowed to shoot. Rinderpest has played havoc with this fine animal and Government very rightly have closed most of the shootings.

SAMBAR.—Best horns are in the Central Provinces. In South India the horns are poor. Shoot nothing under 36 inches.

CHEETAL.—Good heads in the Central Provinces. Shoot nothing under 32 inches.

NILGHAI.—A big animal with a poor horn. Average 12 to 13 inches. Get one for a specimen and don't shoot another.

BARA SINGH or SWAMP DEER.—Only in certain forests. I don't think there are many south of South Mandla.

BLACK BUCK.—Shoot nothing under 21 inches.

CHINKARA.—Shoot nothing under 12 inches.

BARKING DEER.—(Muntjak).

FOUR-HORNED ANTELOPE.

MOUSE DEER.

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BISON

Go every time to Kanara in South India, they are more plentiful there. In the Central Provinces many of the shooting blocks hold none, and they are decidedly scarce compared to Kanara. Rinderpest has also played havoc with them in the Central Provinces, and it is only in a few jungles you are allowed a head.

A great fine animal, black in colour and with four white socks.

The male is often hard to distinguish from the female, but the coat of the latter has a brownish tinge and the horns are not so thick at the base.

In thick jungle with varying light and shade these differences are hard to distinguish, so be careful and don't pull a trigger on what *you think* is the bull.

If you shoot a cow you have no excuse and the fine of Rs.50 is totally inadequate.

I have seen them in herds of about six to fifteen, and at certain seasons of the year the bulls will be found alone. I have been told they are dangerous, but my experience is the opposite. However, I warn you in case I am wrong.

Their habitat is on the slopes of hills and thick jungle. After the sun has risen they leave the open grassy glades and make for the dense forest, so you should be early on your ground.

They have magnificent scent, so you must work up wind. They feed on grass and the young leaves of trees, especially on the young bamboo shoots.

In any forest where there are buffalo you will see all

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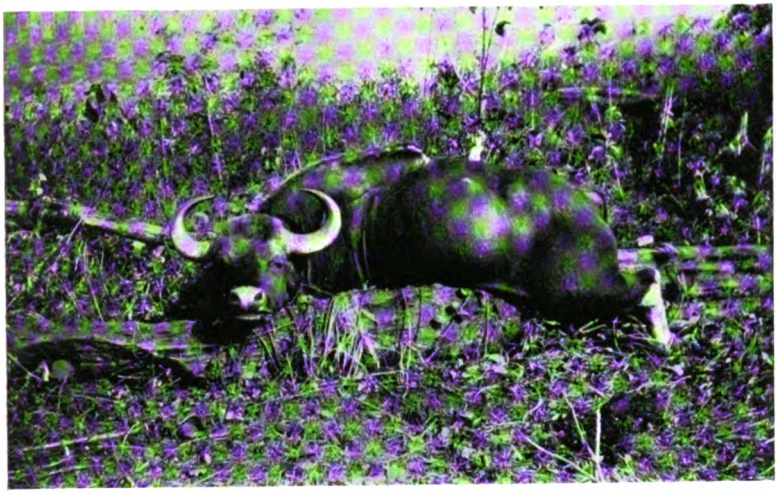
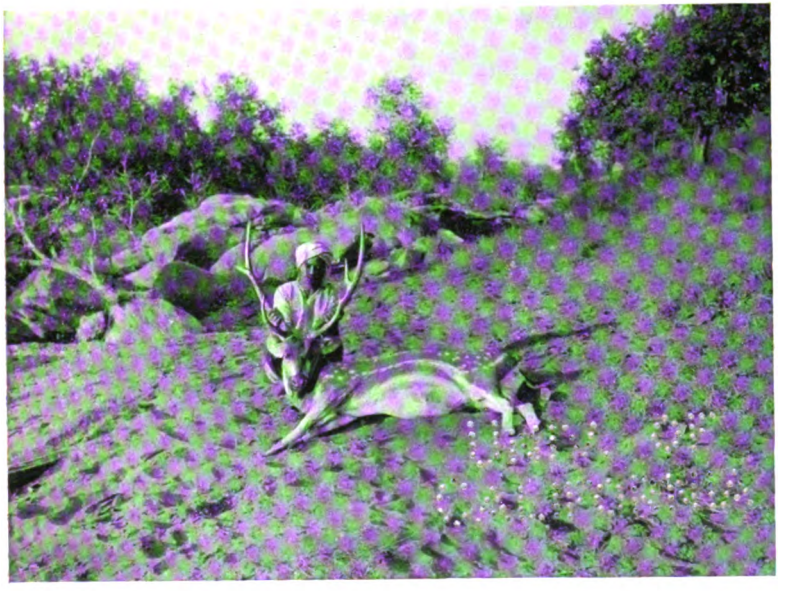


A full grown Bison.



A 35 inch Cheetal.

PLATE X.

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the lower bamboo shoots have been cleared of their leaves. As I said before, they are big massive animals, standing about 18 hands ; and in moving through the jungle they make a considerable noise, not only with their feet, but in tearing at and breaking branches.

A tiger will think twice before he will tackle a bison. The following experience of a brother officer is interesting :

While out after bison one day in Kanara he was attracted by a loud growling sound, which could be nothing else but that of a tiger. He quietly approached the spot, where he found a full-grown tiger lying down and facing a full-grown bison, which was quietly grazing.

The bison did not seem to be much worried, but went on grazing, occasionally looking up.

The tiger was funking it. Needless to say, the tiger was shot.

If you have a good shikari and tracker with you, bison shooting is a wonderfully fine and interesting sport. In the early morning they will spot down fresh tracks of a bull, and off you go hard on these tracks. It is exciting work ; you come to fresh, steaming dung, or branches just newly pulled down, all evidence of his having been there not long before.

You push on up wind or otherwise ; you must follow the tracks, and by 10 a.m. if no signs of him are seen you may take it he has lain down for the day, and that your meeting is going to be slightly abrupt.

If the wind is right you will likely come right up to him, but if wrong you will probably hear him barging off, and the follow up continues. You go on perhaps till

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4 p.m., and then lose him till next day, when you follow up again.

Whatever you do don't fire through a lot of branches or scrub at the mass ; patiently wait for a clear shot, one that will be a knock out ; you will probably get it in time, so hang on, although it may mean a day or two. Don't forget the very high ridge which runs back from the withers. This is apt to make you fire high when taking the heart shot.

BUFFALO

I know very little about this great animal. My only experience is a sad one ; I wounded and lost a fine specimen.

I believe they are dangerous, but you may never see one, as rinderpest has wiped out so many in the Central Provinces that the shooting of them is closed in most of the jungles.

Practically speaking, they are now a rare trophy. I have seen a huge village buffalo just after it had been attacked by a tiger ; it was hamstrung in one leg and terribly lacerated about the hindquarters.

But as a rule I don't think a tiger will take on a big buffalo, whether tame or wild.

SAMBAR

A great fine stag, standing about 13 or 14 hands high, with a wonderful sense of hearing, smell and sight. Nature has gifted him with great bell ears, and in thick

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jungle stalking is almost impossible, as he hears you long before you see him.

Shooting any horn in thick jungle is risky ; with the varying light and shade it is difficult to make certain of a good horn.

Although his eyesight is good it is subsidiary to his sense of smell ; that is to say, he will believe his nose before he will believe his eyes.

When I was sitting one day in a nullah, a sambar entered it, about 200 yards away. He spotted me at once and stood looking and looking.

I was motionless, and he could not believe his eyes, so he started to walk up towards me, staring at me all the time. After advancing about 100 yards he got my wind ; there was no further hesitation—he was off for the jungle as hard as his legs could take him. This is by no means an isolated case. I have seen it happen two or three times ; also with cheetal. Their sense of smell appears to predominate.

When disturbed or alarmed they will give a deep, warning bark, and you will hear their call in the jungles nearly every night.

The horn has the two branching tines at top and the brow antler. Forty-two inches is the best horn I have shot, but anything over 36 is quite shootable. You will find horns vary very much in thickness ; go for the thick horn.

The skin you should keep ; it makes into fine leather, suitable for boots and shoes.

One of the sambar's chief habits is to wallow in soft, wet mud. In most nullahs, also at certain wet spots in

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the jungle, you will find these wallows ; some of them are big and in use almost every night. I have sat up over a wallow with a full moon shining, simply to watch and observe ; it was all intensely interesting. During the night five stag and a certain number of pig came down, and all had their mud bath.

As I mentioned before, the sambar is one of the tiger's principal meals, but I have never been lucky enough to find a natural kill, although I have seen a sambar badly lacerated, evidently by the claws of a tiger.

When going round my kills one morning I was attracted by the sound of what seemed like the heavy clicking of sticks; my shikari at once whispered "sambar fighting."

It was in a patch of open bush, and I stalked up to the sound, where I found two stags heavily engaged in combat. I got within 20 yards of them and watched the performance for about five minutes. They charged one another and the horns clashed ; then there was a certain amount of shoving and manœuvring, after which both retired about a couple of yards. They stood facing one another, then after a pause another terrific charge. I could see no blood or damage to either ; it seemed to be a case of " whose neck would break first."

Finally one winded me, and both made off into thick jungle. I suppose they were fighting over a lady; rather a common occurrence in this world of ours !

Another point about sambar which seems strange. You will often find sambar charging out, almost mad with fright, in a tiger beat. This means that during the heat of the day the tiger and sambar have lain down to

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A Nilghai.

A 24⅜ inch Blackbuck.

A 42 inch Sambar.

PLATE XI.

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rest in close proximity to each other. Under such circumstances the wind must be wrong, and the sambar quite unconscious of the danger close at hand.

In your shooting permit you will be restricted to one, or at the most two heads.

In all jungles where sambar abound you will find what is called a salt lick. This is a place where salt comes out of the ground, and the sambar frequent it and lick the earth to obtain the salt. You will see the portions of the earth licked smooth. You must not shoot here. It is really a sanctuary, and would be a deadly trap for the sambar; the same also applies to a mud wallow.

CHEETAL

This is the spotted deer of India, really a beautiful creature.

It is about half the size of a sambar. It stands about 8 to 9 hands high, and the horns, like those of the sambar, have the two branch tines at top and the brow antler. You will generally find them in herds of about six to a dozen.

My biggest horn is 36 inches, but I have seen one which must have been at least 38 inches. Unfortunately it was close to a kill, so I let him go.

In the sunlight the coat is a beautiful brown, covered with white spots, which mingle with the light and shade of the jungle.

It is extraordinary how blind one is if one has not got trained jungle eyes. A cheetal standing still, 25 yards away, in full view and staring in my direction, once com-

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pletely defeated me, although the shikari kept pointing vigorously ; it must have taken me half a minute before I focussed it.

The bark of a cheetal stag to me sounds like "ow" in cow, but pitched in a high key and emitted suddenly. You will hear it round your camp almost every night. They also make this sound on alarm, and another very characteristic habit is to stamp the ground hard with a forefoot while staring in the direction of danger.

Not nearly so timid as sambar, they live in more open jungle, and if you are camped near a village tank you will hear and see them nearly every night coming down to water.

The skin makes a fine rug, and the feet can be used for paper-cutter handles.

The toll taken of these beautiful creatures in the year by tiger and panther (not to mention red dog) must be very large.

NILGHAI OR BLUE BULL

The Blue Bull is very distinct from the doe, so you will have no difficulty in spotting him.

They abound in the jungle, but most shikaris don't bother about them, as they are no trophy.

For a long time the similarity of the doe and fawn to the sambar doe and fawn worried me, but you can easily tell them by their ears ; the ears of a sambar being more "belled."

The herd is generally from six to a dozen in size, but I have often seen the bull alone.

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BLACK BUCK

This is the antelope of the plains, and it abounds in some districts. It feeds on the crops, and the damage and loss caused to the native must be very large.

He is a beautiful buck, with spiral horns ; very dark brown back and sides (almost black in the older ones), with white belly and a white patch round the eye; there is no mistaking him.

I believe for speed he is almost second to none, and would leave a racehorse far behind. I have seen herds numbering from four to over twenty.

I can only boast of a horn 24¾ inches in length, but in some districts much longer ones are obtained, and I have seen 26 and 27-inch horns on some Mess walls.

Great care is required when shooting black buck, and I want to warn you as strongly as I can about the danger.

The black buck abound in the fields, and natives may be busy weeding or cutting their crops in close proximity. When weeding, the natives have a very awkward way of squatting down to their work, and thus so far as you are able to see the only living thing before you is the buck.

I once fired at a buck and missed it, and to my horror two women suddenly stood up, almost in a direct line 300 yards beyond it ; my bullet must have gone very near to them. Honestly, black buck shooting frightens me, and since then I have never fired at one.

Hit a native and you will never forgive yourself. Before shooting always go to the headman of the village ; he will know where the villagers are working and provide you with a man who will assist you in taking precautions.

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Again let me emphasize this : whatever you do take every precaution and care. If you can, try to get a stop for your bullet in the form of rising ground, and so prevent it from going off into "the blue."

Stalking is fairly easy, but I have never employed a camel or a cart as a means of approach. I know this is done, and the buck being accustomed to these does not worry about them, and is easily approached and brought within range. Stick to your individual stalking, it is much finer sport.

When fired at, almost without exception, the buck, if not hit, will bound off and come round to your right or left rear in a half circle. It depends on the wind which flank he will choose. As a rule he will work up wind. When a subaltern I did a lot of this shooting, and invariably this was my experience.

In India one is rather struck by the small horns one sees on some walls ; I don't like to put down in writing what I think of this ; my views are decidedly strong. Shoot nothing under 22 inches, and try to get a head with the horns well splayed and not close together, a much more handsome trophy.

If the district you are in does not hold heads of 22 inches, put your rifle away until you can get to a place that does.

When you get a buck, bleed it at once, bring the whole carcase back to the Mess, and send a hind leg to the Commanding Officer's wife ! The meat is excellent.

The skin makes quite a good mat ; and if you want to mount the whole head, see you cut the skin from the *root* of the neck and not round the ears ; you want the *whole* neck for mounting. (See photo.)

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BARKING DEER

CHINKARA

This buck also abounds in fields, so the same danger exists as with black buck.

A pretty little fawn-coloured buck with small horns, 12 inches long being quite good, but they run to over 13 inches.

Be careful you do not shoot a doe ; they also are horned, but the horns are very much thinner, although they grow to nearly the same length.

BARA SINGH OR SWAMP DEER

This is a fine stag, but I regret that up to date I have never been in a jungle that held them, so I have no experience.

As his name denotes, he has (as a rule) twelve tines, and the head is a fine trophy.

BARKING DEER OR MUNTJAK

A very small deer with short horns of 4 to 5 inches, standing on a pedicle. He is very much a jungle deer, and his quaint and loud bark you will hear in nearly every jungle, especially in the evening.

I have only shot one specimen ; quite enough.

When sitting up for a panther one evening a muntjak passed under my tree, fleeing for its life with two red dog hard after it only 10 yards behind. I flung a stone at the dogs, but failed to turn them. I often wonder if they caught it.

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I have never seen more than two together, but as a rule in the winter months, until April, it will be a singleton you will see.

FOUR-HORNED ANTELOPE

This is another tiny buck with four small horns ; the two posterior ones are larger than the anterior ones. I have generally seen these buck singly, and they have an extraordinary kind of jerky walk ; no mistaking them.

On the edge of the jungles round village tanks is a place at which you will often see them, especially in the evening.

SKINNING A HEAD

When taking off the head of a buck, a deer or any horned animal, if you want to mount the complete head you must cut the skin round the root of the neck, so that you have the neck as well as the head. Then cut the skin up the centre of the back of the neck to the horns, making a V at the root of the latter (see diagram). The whole skin will then be easily removed.

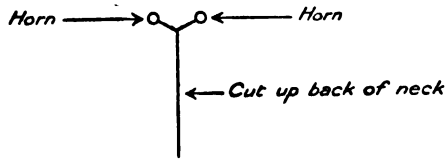

FIG. 18.

Cut out the ears and nose cartilages in the same manner as you do in the case of a tiger ; also macerate the

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skull and peg out the skin in a similar way, using turpentine.

In the case of all buck horns, after a week or so you will find the horns become loose and are easily removed from the skull. Take them off and clean out the inside by rinsing with boiling water.

After this, rinse them out with turpentine. There is a nasty bug in India which eats away the horn at its base after it has been mounted ; but if rinsed out with turpentine you will prevent this.

All buck heads in a Mess should be taken off the walls once a year and the horns rinsed out with turpentine.

RED DOG

You cannot mistake one if you see him. A handsome dog with a russet-brown coat and dark bushy tail, black at the tip. He is about the size of a jackal. Shoot him at sight.

I think most shikaris loathe and detest these animals ; they are some of the worst of the game destroyers ; they hunt in pairs, or more often in packs.

If a big pack of these dog come into your block they will kill your bodas when tied up, and will spoil most of your shikar while they are there ; so if you come across more than two together, let them have it with no thought of disturbing your kills. They smell badly and are full of fleas.

The damage they do to the game in a year must be very great. They are a real curse to the jungles of India, and there is a Government reward of Rs.5 on a skin.

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SITTING UP OVER A WALLOW FOR OBSERVATION

Sit up, not to shoot, but to observe, and if you are keen on natural history, with any luck you can spend a wonderful night of sight-seeing.

Select a good big and well-frequented wallow, and put a machan in a tree 5 or 6 yards from it. The machan wants to be high up, about 20 feet at least, so as to avoid the game getting your wind ; and see you have a good view up and down the nullah (if there is one) as well as of the wallow.

If there is also a pool of water near, it will probably add to what you are likely to see.

Get into your machan about one and a half hours before sunset. Choose a night with a full moon, make yourself extra comfortable with blankets, pillow, food and drink, and something to frighten the life out of mosquitoes.

The latter are an infernal nuisance, but I always wear a mosquito hood, gloves and mosquito boots of thin, soft leather ; this about defeats them.

Have a camera with you on the chance that something may come along by daylight ; also a rifle in case a tiger or panther should come down the nullah. The chances are very small, but if you leave the rifle in camp a tiger is sure to come. Have a note-book and pencil and jot down everything you hear and see, giving the times.

On no account should you fire at any game other than tiger, panther or bear. Besides being unsporting, you are sitting over an absolute trap, and you are forbidden by law to sit up for horns over a wallow, salt lick or water.

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As an example I will give you an account of one of the best nights I ever had at this game.

It was February, which is about the most pleasant time of the year for a jungle night. The wallow below me was a big one, about 10 yards by 5, and was situated at the edge of a big nullah, which had water pools at frequent intervals all along it. The jungle came down to the edge of the nullah on both banks and was fairly dense.

At 4.45 a couple of martens came down from the opposite bank about 60 yards away and drank; they played about in the sand for five minutes, then returned to the jungle; beautiful dark brown coats and tails.

At 4.50 I heard a movement in the jungle beside me, and out came a very young sambar, I suppose not much more than eight months old. It was all alone, but moving with extreme care and caution, each step was deliberate and not repeated until the whole nullah had been scanned and safety assured.

On the edge of the nullah there was a "salt lick," and after half a dozen licks at this it proceeded to the pool and drank. This finished, it proceeded across the nullah, and after licking salt again disappeared into the jungle on the far side.

About 5.20 I saw, about 200 yards up the nullah, a very small panther coming along towards me and walking very close to the bank on my side. It could not have measured more than 5 feet, and at first looked extraordinarily small.

I got my rifle ready, but when about 100 yards away it turned into the jungle and I never saw it again. I had a good look at it through my glasses, it was very light

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in colour and beautifully spotted, and I think the smallest panther (excepting cubs) I have ever seen.

At 5.35 again I heard noises in the jungle and the crushing of branches. For ten minutes I saw nothing, until the white points of a sambar's antlers appeared ; he was busy feeding and tearing at branches. Followed by four does and two fawns he came down into the nullah and all drank ; a very pretty sight. After about five minutes they returned in file to the jungle, the stag following last.

Nothing more happened until about 8 p.m., when it was dark. The moon had not risen, and I could hear something very busy in the wallow, but could make nothing out. I was determined to see what it was, so switched on my electric torch—a huge boar !

The moon was well up when my next visitor arrived at 10 o'clock. I heard him in the jungle for sometime beforehand and was almost certain it was a sambar. Down he came into the nullah and stood on the white sand ; a magnificent stag with grand horns.

He drank and then came into the wallow. There is no doubt that a sambar enjoys his mud bath ; he really wallowed into it and made a big noise in doing so. After about ten minutes he came out, shook himself and crossed the nullah to the other side.

At 12 o'clock I lay down and slept, but was wakened at 5 a.m. by more pig in the wallow, three this time.

At 6.30 my shikaris arrived and I went back to camp after a really enjoyable night.

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CHAPTER XIII

BIRDS

THE following birds worth shooting will be found in the jungles of the Central Provinces and South India :—

PEA-FOWL.—These you will find by the hundreds, and they make fine food for your table. The best way to get them is by beating, using stops much the same as you do for pheasant at home.

You will see them feeding in the early morning in the village fields, or hear them calling in a patch of jungle. With about eight beaters and four stops you can have them beaten over you. He is "some" bird, and comes over like a great aeroplane ; owing to his size you are apt to misjudge his great pace, and forget that about three-quarters of his length (in the case of the cock) is feather. Swing well in front and don't blow his tail off.

When going to your position you must do so out of sight and no noise ; they are extraordinarily wily birds, and if they get the least suspicious they run for the jungles.

When driven by the beaters they will probably run for some distance before flying, so in case any run up to your position you should be behind cover. Use No. 1 shot. Their eyesight is exceptional, and if they spot you standing ahead they will all break to a flank.

One for your own table, one for your servants and one

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for your shikaris is about the most you should shoot at a time. If you are alone one bird will do you for about four days. You can only shoot up to the end of February in the Central Provinces, as the closed season starts with the 1st of March, and in that weather a bird will keep for four days quite easily.

When picking up a wounded peacock take care ; he has terrific spurs and his feet are his business end, so get hold of them first and not his neck. I learned this lesson when I picked up my first wounded peacock by the neck and got a spur through the palm of my hand.

Peahen feathers are useless. From the cock, cut off all the feathers known as the "moons" and "swords." Fishing-tackle makers use these. The "moons" are the brilliant round tips to the tail feathers, with ball of peacock blue in the centre. The "swords" are the knife-like, iridescent feathers on the sides of the tail. The russet-brown feathers on the wing make excellent quills for writing with.

In a few jungles you may find pea-fowl are sacred and preserved, be careful not to shoot any there.

If you are wakened in the middle of the night by pea-fowl in all directions calling, it is almost a sure sign of the presence of a tiger or a panther. It is a warning call ; peacock on one tree start and all the others in various parts of the jungle take up the call, and it will go on for some time and may be repeated several times during the night. They awaken the whole jungle.

The Grey Jungle Fowl.—This is a grand bird, and he takes some getting. He is the cutest and wiliest bird I have ever shikared, and has defeated my efforts more

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times than I care to mention ; in fact, at times he has made me feel an absolute fool. I believe that as well as seeing and hearing, they can smell !

In the early morning, just as it is getting light and before descending from his tree, or in the evening, just before dark, when he has gone up to his perch, you will hear him calling.

They are wonderfully punctual in their roosting hours, and will call for about five minutes, then pull down the shutters for the night, or, in the morning, come to ground. I have never heard them calling on the ground ; I don't think they do.

There are two ways of getting them ; stalking them on the tree when calling, or by beating.

The former is great sport, and the odds are very much with the bird. Your best plan is to go into the jungles exactly as the sun sets, and sit down and wait for the first call. When he calls make towards the sound ; you will get fairly close, perhaps 20 yards from the tree ; he hears you all right and there is no further calling.

You mark down the tree and proceed cautiously till you are right under it. Now is the time you are snookered; the sky has melted from a turquoise blue into the gloaming and all the leaves are a pitch black above you. Strain your eyes until they are nearly falling out, but devil the bird can you see. You know he is there, perhaps 10 to 20 feet above you, but not a sound or move does he make.

Then after about a minute you will hear a flutter and he has gone, leaving the tree in between you and him. All I can say is restrain your language and go home to dinner.

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When stalking in the evening you need not expect success more than about once in every five times. The morning is better ; go out and sit down in the dark, then when he calls make for the tree. Now you have the light in your favour, as it is increasing. Sometimes you will be able to see him in his tree from a distance.

He is amusing to watch when he flies on to his perch in the evening, and you will sometimes see him walking back and forward and turning round on his branch with head well in the air, and looking as if he had bought the jungles. He is a real proud bird, he has every reason to be so, and I take my hat off to him. I often wonder why they are not bred largely at home.

The call of the " grey " is very distinctive, and you cannot mistake it ; something like " Kakuk-kakaw."

If beating for them by day you have to do ordinary chance beats of bits of jungle ; you must be behind cover and have a few stops out. You may get these birds flying past you, and it is snapshooting through the trees, or you may hear their " pit pat " over the dead leaves as they come running up.

With wonderfully cute eyesight, if he sees the bit of a leg or boot he is off like the wind. He is a tremendous runner, and if he is wounded and has still two legs to stand on you may never see him again ; he can get through the jungle where you cannot.

He is a wonderfully handsome bird, and the feathers on the neck, his ruff, are beautifully enamelled, as are also some of the feathers on the wings. These are the feathers used by makers of salmon flies, and they are to

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be found on nearly every salmon fly that is made. There is a certain amount of value in a skin, so keep them.

The "grey" is splendid eating and a fine plump bird. Use No. 2 shot.

I have seen them in North Chanda and in South Chanda, but they are all over the Peninsula south of this and abound in Kanara. In the Hoshangabad district I have only found the "red" one.

Red Jungle Fowl.—I have never seen the "grey" and the "red" in the same jungles; the former exists from the Central Provinces south, while the latter from the Central Provinces north and east.

The ruff of the "red" is of a golden colour, and to me he resembles a very fine specimen of the home bantam. He is smaller than the "grey," but equally good eating.

A word of warning. If wandering through the jungles with a shot-gun after jungle cock in the evening or early morning, always have a couple of rounds of ball (lethal bullets) in your pocket, as there is just a chance you may meet a bear, as I did once. If you come on a bear suddenly, which is quite possible, you should have something more than "shot" cartridges. You are safe with lethal bullets, they are hard hitting, and at close range give a knock-out blow.

Green Pigeon.—A fine bird and splendid eating. His jungle name is the "harial," and he has a beautiful, greeny-yellow neck.

They feed on the fruits of the jungle trees, especially the pipal tree, and you will see them in large flights.

Red Spur Fowl.—A small fowl, dark brown in colour

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and with red legs. There are two very prominent spurs on each of the latter. Good eating.

Over and above these, partridge and quail (various kinds) are in nearly all the jungles, and in the winter months there are duck and teal on most of the village tanks.

Be careful of village tanks, most are full of weeds, and on no account allow a man to swim in after a dead duck.

Muggar are also a danger; most village tanks hold them.

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CHAPTER XIV

JUNGLE NAMES

MUCH will depend on the district you are in. Some districts use one name, while another use quite a different one.

For a tiger the common name is sher or bāgh.
For a panther : taindwa, beebut, baghera or cheetra.
For a bear : reechh or bhaloo.
For a footprint : khoj or pug.
A young buffalo : boda.
For a " kill " : gharra.
For a peacock : mhor.
For jungle fowl : komree or jungli murghi.
Bison : ghaur.
Buffalo : jungli bhainse.
Blue bull : nilghai.
Black buck : kala harin.
Barking deer : muntjak.
Sambar, Cheetal, Bara singh } the same.
Pig : soor.

There is an excellent little book by W. S. Burke called *The Indian Field Shikar Book.* You should have this ; it will give you all the names.

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TAXIDERMISTS

This is rather a problem. In India there are a few good ones ; but I have had a fine bear skin changed and a tiger skin ruined by a small taxidermist.

I have seen a lot of heads and skins well mounted by Mr Van Ingen in Mysore. He is good, but avoid the small taxidermists : the chemicals some use spoil the skin, and in the mounting of a tiger or panther head the last thing it looks like is a tiger or a panther in real life. See the work of the firm before you employ them, and this you should do before you go to the jungles.

There are plenty of good firms at home. What I do is as follows :—

Having got the skin *thoroughly* dry in the jungles, and after putting turpentine on the coat, I fold it up and sew it up in gunny ; then finally, when I get to railhead, I dispatch it to Bombay. My agents there, without opening it, put it in a tin-lined case and ship it by the first boat to a taxidermist at home.

I have never had a skin go wrong when sent home like this, although only treated beforehand by myself in the jungles.

The one drawback to having the skin done at home is that you will have to pay duty on it if you bring it out again ; this is awkward as well as robbery, so if you have a place to hang them in at home, keep them there.

If you want the skin out in India, then have it done in India, but see the work of the firm before you employ them.

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Always photograph a skin. This will be a check against any mistakes and satisfy you that the skin is yours.

I think the worst curing and mounting I have ever seen in my life was from Kashmir. Red bear, black bear and heads, something too awful for words, apart from the skins being ruined. Officers are just apt to rush in and have skins cured at the nearest place, without seeing the work of the firm beforehand. If you do as I have detailed, there is no great haste, they will keep till you get to a good taxidermist.

PRESERVING SKINS

At home or in India there is one certain preservative from all bugs, that is turpentine.

Every six months *spray* a little turpentine over the fur and rub it in. This freshens up the colour ; skins I shot eighteen years ago are in fine condition to-day.

I have been asked if I found that turpentine took the colour out of the fur, but my experience is that it does not.

In this country I have seen a good many discoloured skins, but this is due to the lime used by some taxidermists in curing.

During the Great War and after, I was nearly seven years away from India, and my skins were packed up in India ; when I returned and opened them up they were in perfect condition.

This also applies to any mounted deer or buck head. In the case of heads, such as the black buck, where you can remove the horn off the base, rinse out the inside of

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the horn with turpentine. As I mentioned before, there is a bug which, starting at the base, will eat horns clean away.

RIFLES AND AMMUNITION

This is a subject all officers should thoroughly appreciate, and they should realize the importance of nothing but the best. Its importance is often neglected, and young shikaris go off to the jungles after dangerous game with inferior weapons and "dud" ammunition.

It is simply asking for trouble and disaster, as well as bitter disappointment. By "the best" I do not mean the most expensive; far from it. You can get a good, sound, reliable weapon for half the price of the expensive ones, one which is absolutely sound and accurate and will last you all your days.

You may save £10 or £15 by buying a cheaper weapon, but just for a minute consider what it means. You are going on a holiday for two months, costing, say, Rs.1000; your whole holiday and your Rs.1000 are dependent on your weapons.

The effectiveness of your rifle depends on the quality of the ammunition; and the number of trophies you get depends absolutely on the reliability of both.

I have met several youngsters who have given little thought to this all-important subject, whereas it ought to have received their most serious consideration.

You must have good weapons, backed up by complete confidence in them.

Personally, for dangerous game I favour the high-

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velocity double-barrelled rifle, and of these I possess a .475 and a .375.

There are many kinds of fine rifles, and shikaris will differ in opinion as to kinds and bore, but as long as they are accurate and reliable and will give a knock-out blow you have nothing to fear.

For tiger, panther or bear I advise nothing smaller than a .450 bore, and for a sambar or cheetal I find my .375 excellent. For smaller deer a bore *near* the .303 is good.

Don't buy any weapon of .450 or .303 bore. These are the Army bores, and you are not allowed to import them.

If you have to borrow a rifle, be sure you look this gift horse straight in the mouth and try it. If there is any doubt or inaccuracy about it, return it and say "No, thanks."

Before going near the jungles, no matter how old a friend your rifle is, have three or four shots with it just to get into it again and test your ammunition.

With regard to ammunition, deal with a good firm, and if you have time warn them beforehand that on such and such a date you will want so many rounds, and ask them to get a fresh lot out from home for you. Ammunition does not keep well in India, so always ask for the date of its importation, and don't get "landed" with old "dud" stock.

I have been "landed" twice by firms of good reputation, but fortunately I only lost two skins, neither of which was my own! My confidence in ammunition bought in India is so shaken that I take particular care when getting it. You do the same.

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Think for a minute what it really means ; at any time you may have to follow up a tiger, panther or bear ; or you may meet any of these during your wanderings in the jungle. A charge and you have a miss-fire ! Another jungle tragedy.

Or take the other picture : a tiger comes bounding down to your machan ; you have a miss-fire, which naturally upsets you, and he is gone before you can try your second barrel. Your confidence about your ammunition is then shaken, and your holiday is wasted. You cannot take even a legitimate risk of any kind, and you are too far away " in the blue " to get a fresh stock.

After a shoot, if you have any ammunition over, destroy it and buy fresh for your next trip.

You want solid-nosed bullets for bison or buffalo ; soft-nosed for all other game.

Game Register or Record Book.—This is a book you should take a real pride in, and the particulars of every skin, horn or bird you shoot should be carefully entered up in it.

I don't like the ordinary " ready-made " type of book you buy in shops ; they are usually too cramped in style. My idea of a game record book is that not only should it contain all particulars, but should also contain photographs of the game.

My own book (made to order) has all the particulars on one side, and on the opposite page, facing the particulars, are the photographs. This greatly adds to the interest of the book.

See that it is made of good strong paper, suitable to mount photographs on ; strongly bound and with filling-

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out guards to allow for the extra thickness caused by the addition of the photos.

On the page for the particulars you will want the following columns : No., date, game, size, place, total bag and a good column for remarks.

HEALTH

This is of first importance in the jungles ; neglect it and you are absolutely done in. You will probably be miles from any help and might have considerable difficulty in getting back to civilization.

You must have a good cook with you, and don't, whatever you do, attempt to " pig it." Do yourself well in the store line ; you will find chickens, eggs and vegetables at most of the villages.

If your bearer is an inferior cook, make the Mess cook put him through a month's training before you go to the jungles ; he will learn quickly and should then do you all right.

Don't touch liquor of any kind until the sun goes down. A couple of whisky pegs at night will do you good, but abolish all short drinks. Lime-juice and Eno's Fruit Salts are fine thirst quenchers through the day.

Don't take soda-water with you ; it is expensive to cart about and the bottles are endless trouble.

Boil *all* your drinking water. It should boil for twenty minutes, and by the use of clean chatties you will always have a cool drink.

You will get bitten by various jungle bugs, sure ; especially about the legs. These bites are apt to inflame,

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and this will lead to pains right up your leg. Treat all these bites, however small, seriously ; to begin with they are nothing, and will never worry you if you attend to them. Keep them open until the poison is out, and don't let them heal over, enclosing the poison.

I find that a solution of perchloride of mercury, 1 in 20, is much the best disinfectant. Get two or three tabloids out of the hospital ; if you rub it in and bathe the bite, it will defeat any bug. It is a deadly poison, so keep it in a special bottle out of harm's way.

If one of these bites gets hard, open it up at once and rub in the disinfectant ; don't delay. If you follow out these instructions they will never worry you.

Have a small medicine chest with you containing the following :—

Aspirin, 2 dozen 5-grain tabloids.
Quinine, 200 of 5-grain tabloids.
Laxatives.
Salts.
Lysol.
Perchloride of mercury.
Permanganate of potash.
Cotton wool.
Half a dozen bandages.

In cantonments you have a hospital, and it is the wish of Government that you remain fit, so a few polite words to the doctor and he will be sure to oblige.

Remember also you have the health of your servants and shikaris to look after. Give them each 10 grains of quinine twice a week, and make them swallow it in front of you. They are apt to go behind a bush and spit it out.

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Villagers with fever will often come for quinine ; always give it and do what you can for them.

Inspect your kitchen every day, and allow no nonsense about the keeping of it clean and free from flies.

Be sure you have a good mosquito net, and, as I said before, don't camp on old camping grounds.

After perspiring, don't sit in wet things, change at once ; and don't wear shorts after the sun goes down.

The sun is responsible for a lot in the jungles ; always wear a good topee—the Cawnpore Tent Club kind—and don't go about with only a shirt on your back ; it is too thin.

An old khaki coat with the sleeves completely removed is an ideal garment ; your arms are absolutely free, it is cool and your back is protected. Another great advantage, you have your pockets, which you have not got in a shirt.

In addition to this I have a small spine pad, which I think is necessary.

KIT

Whatever kit you wear, let it be of some neutral colour ; no white shirts, handkerchiefs, etc., and your boots should have rope or crepe rubber soles. I prefer the latter, they are more silent.

The jungles are the ideal places for wearing out old kit ; and when you are leaving, the shikaris look on it as a right that they should get all the coats, shorts, breeches and trousers which are not fit for you to wear in civilization. Give them away. See your bearer doesn't purloin them ; he gets plenty from you in cantonments.

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The following is a suggested list of kit :—

2 shikar coats of a neutral colour.
2 pairs shorts „ „
2 „ breeches „ „
2 „ slacks „ „
4 „ cotton (under) shorts.
4 „ stockings of a neutral colour.
4 „ socks „ „
4 shirts „ „
1 spine pad „ „
1 pair putties „ „
1 „ gaiters (canvas) of a neutral colour (essential where there is spear grass).
2 „ boots.
1 „ strong slippers.
1 „ mosquito boots—soft glove-leather Wellingtons of neutral colour.

If in the cold weather, November to March, add :—

2 vests.
2 pairs warm drawers.
1 warm waistcoat.
A poshteen.
A pair of Gilgit boots.

The two latter are invaluable, and add great comfort to the evenings.

Add to these your bedding and a large, soft cushion—the latter is required for sitting on when travelling by cart. The roads are decidedly rough, and there are no springs to the cart ; the cushion partially eliminates the bump !

You must have a suit-case with you, which you leave at your base depot (cantonments). It should contain

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your civilized kit for dinner and calling. Lock it and leave it behind with some kind gentleman who will store it for you until you return. The stationmaster, the postmaster or the dâk bungalow khansama will generally oblige you.

CAMP KIT

The following is a list of my own for the jungles :—

2 80-lb. tents—one for servants.
Pole hook for hanging clothes.
Bed, X pattern.
Dhurrie.
2 chairs, Roorkee small pattern.
1 table, X pattern.
1 bath, canvas.
1 basin.
2 towels.
2 buckets.
2 kerosine oil tins, to heat bath water in.
A hot water bottle, in case of fever or a chill.
2 hurricane lamps.
2 candlesticks (the carriage lamp type, with globes and shades ; one globe fits exactly into a Huntly and Palmer's biscuit tin and travels in safety).
2 thick glass tumblers.
Enamelled crockery.
Knives, forks and spoons.
Corkscrew.
Tin opener.

I use a Yak-dan, padlocked, to carry these in, which is very convenient.

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Electric torch or lamp.
2 milk jugs *with lids*.
A good camera with 4 dozen films.
4 skinning knives.
40 rounds ammunition per rifle.
200 shot-gun cartridges (100 No. 2, 100 No. 5).
Cartridge bag.
Fishing rod and tackle.
A good pocket knife.
1 hammer.
1 screwdriver.
1 pair pincers.
1 small strong saw.
200 3½-inch wire nails for pegging down skins.
Whistle.
Horn.
A ball of strong string.
Rope for machan, 40 yards.
Rope for tying bodas, 75 yards.
Tape measure (metal).
Writing material.
Stamps.
Map of country.
Map of block.
Cooking pots, with a good box to hold them in.
Mosquito curtain larder (see sketch opposite), a most essential item. Should be size to fit into yakdan.
Rifles.
Torch for night firing.
Hair clippers. Cost about Rs.5. You should teach your bearer to clip your hair.

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Rope ladder, 20 feet long.

The latter is a most useful article. With it you can get into any tree, and it is light and portable. They make them in jails of Hangman's rope, with wooden rungs and two iron hooks at one end. If these hooks don't fit the branch you just bring them round and hook them on to their respective ropes below.

If you are "sitting-up" you can pull the ladder up beside you and be independent about coming down.

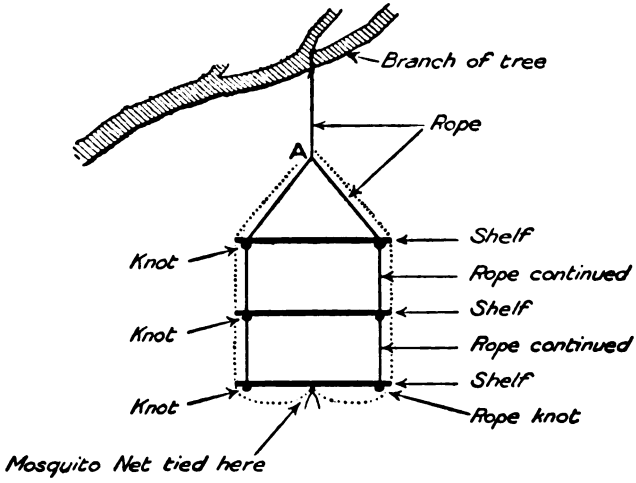

FIG. 19.

COLLAPSIBLE LARDER.

3 shelves, 1 foot square, with 4 thin ropes running through the 4 corners of each and converging at *A*. Rope knotted below each hole. Dotted line equals mosquito net. Whole safe collapses flat.

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STORES

Buy these as near as you can to the railway station you get out at, so as to save carriage.

Some of the small cantonment shops in the Central Provinces put on big prices, so before you buy from them get their prices and compare them.

See your stores are packed in good strong boxes, as you will be closing and opening them at every camp, and you don't want boxes which are falling to pieces. See also that the boxes are not too big, they should be easy to man-handle.

If you are ordering stores from small shops, see they are fresh. I nearly always order my stores from Pyrke, in Bombay, who rails them ahead, and they are at my station when I arrive.

I recommend the following stores for one man for two months. Increase or decrease according to the length of stay or number of the party :—

12 bottles of lime-juice.
6 „ whisky.
1 „ brandy.
2 „ Eno's Fruit Salts.
12 tins (small size) Ideal milk.
4 bottles (small size) Bovril.
18 packets Lazenby's assorted soups.
Flour, 32 lbs. in 8-lb. bags.
Baking powder, 2 tins.
Jams, 6 tins.
Golden syrup, 4 tins.
Marmalade, 4 tins.

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Raisins, 1½ lbs.
Tongues (lunch), 6 tins.
Cheese, 4 tins (small).
Butter, 10 ½-lb. tins.
Cornflour, 1 lb.
Sardines, 12 tins.
Cooking salt, 4 packets.
Pepper, 1 bottle (small).
Mustard, ½ lb.
Barley, 2 lbs.
Lemon essence, 3 bottles.
Worcester sauce, 2 „
Tomato „ 2 „
Tea, 2 lbs.
Coffee, 1 lb.
Sago, 1 lb.
Rice, 14 lbs.
Lump sugar, 4 lbs.
Cooking sugar, 10 lbs.
Biscuits, 8 tins.
Yeast, 1 tin.
Vinegar, 1 bottle.
Potatoes, 30 lbs.
Onions, 16 lbs.
Dried apricots, 3 lbs.
Tinned fruits, 6 tins.
Dried prunes, 3 lbs.
Dhall, 3 lbs.
Curry, 2 ½-lb. tins.
Turpentine, 2 gallons (2 tins). When opening tin, only punch two very small holes which a match

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can fit into. You can then easily plug up the holes and cart the tins about with you.

Sunlight soap, 1 box.
Monkey soap, 2 pieces.
Matches, 6 dozen boxes.
Toilet soap, 3 cakes.
Candles, 5 dozen (to fit the lamps).
Kerosine oil, 4 gallons (1 tin *with screw stopper*). If any difficulty about this, use a petrol tin with screw stopper.
Washing soda, 2 lbs.
Knife powder, 1 tin.
Cheroots. } According to requirements.
Cigarettes. }
Tobacco. }
Writing paper and envelopes.
Alum (ground), 4 lbs.
Gun oil.

It is not wise to take large tins of anything, the contents of an opened tin are apt to go bad before you can use them all ; take small half-sized tins of Ideal milk, for example.

Don't use tinned stores when you can get fresh meat and vegetables.

If you buy from a local shop, arrange with the man that he will take back all unused stores (whole tins or packets) when you return.

SMALL MONEY

In the jungles it is all small money, and you will seldom be able to change even a Rs.1 note. The villagers don't

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like notes, so when paying them pay in hard cash, which they understand.

Before going to the jungles provide yourself with the following from any Treasury :—

Rs.200 worth of 2-anna coins.
200 „ 1 „
100 „ 4 „
100 „ Rs.1 coins.

You probably won't want so much, but be on the safe side ; much will depend on the luck you have and the number of beats.

If you have a tiger kill when you have run short of money you cannot beat, but will have to be content with sitting up.

Take no paper money into the jungle with you, except perhaps as a reserve ; your orderly may be able to cash Rs.20 worth at a post office 20 to 40 miles away.

Cotton money bags to hold the different denominations in can be bought from any bank.

You must have a box or suit-case with a lock to carry your money in. The jungle folk are not thieves, and I have never been troubled with a theft of any kind, but it is wise to have it under lock and key.

BUTTERFLIES

During your stay in the jungles you will have many spare hours, and a collection of butterflies makes a very interesting addition to your bag.

You want a net, and a box to pin the specimens into, and camphor. Get the regimental mistri to make you a good flat box about 1 foot square and 2 inches high,

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and provide yourself with small thin pins. Get a book on Indian butterflies and study it. The Bombay Natural History Society's Magazine has had some good articles on butterflies.

SNAKES

Blot out every one you see. Up to the middle of April you won't see many, but they are, I think, the worst and vilest creatures living.

A word of warning. See that your servants sleep on beds, which you can hire from a village, and *never* feel about with your hands in the dark round the boxes and equipment lying in your tent; the dark corners may harbour a resting snake or scorpion.

At night always use a torch wherever you go or for whatever you do. A snake won't attack you, but if you tramp on him or touch him he will strike, and you know the result; practically speaking you haven't a hope.

However, there is nothing to worry about or fear if you take ordinary precautions; the chances are you will see very few and they will be on the run.

If you kill one of the bigger or medium snakes, such as a cobra or a krait, try not to damage the head. If you skin and mount the skull it makes an interesting miniature trophy.

Get Wall's book on Poisonous Terrestrial Snakes (Rs.3), which will help you to recognize them.

I believe vipers are deaf, so if you approach one at night without a light you are apt to tread on it.

TREATMENT.—I have met two men in my life who have recovered from the bite of a venomous snake :—

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Major George Lamb, I.M.S., who was at the Parel Institute in Bombay, where the anti-venom is made, was bitten on the hand by a cobra. Fortunately he was on the spot where the anti-venom was handy, and by injecting this at once, and with careful attention by the doctors, his life was saved.

The other was General Wardrop, who was bitten while on a shooting trip in the jungles. The bite was on the toe, and fortunately Mrs Wardrop was with him. By the use of a ligature, using a razor *at once* and cutting deep in the form of a cross, and then inserting strong permanganate of potash, the venom was practically destroyed. He went to bed at once after the operation, and with a big glass of brandy he managed to keep going and survived, although he went through all the ghastly spasms caused by this terrible poison.

General Wardrop's experience is an outstanding example of what I believe to be the only chance of cure when in the jungles and far from any help or assistance :—

(*a*) The immediate application of a tourniquet or ligature.

(*b*) Instant opening up of the wound.

(*c*) Cutting deep.

(*d*) Immediate application of strong permanganate of potash deep into the wound.

(*e*) A heavy dose of strong alcohol after (*not before*) *a*, *b*, *c* and *d* have been done. Alcohol stimulates the blood, so you must not administer this, or move the person, until all the venom possible has been squeezed out.

(*f*) Into bed ; hot bottles and complete rest.

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For a scorpion bite, cut at once and inject permanganate of potash. Scrubbs' ammonia applied to the wound will relieve the pain greatly. Although not deadly, like a snake bite, it causes great pain and swelling, and early treatment is necessary.

TREES

Don't go to the jungles without a book on the trees of India. There is a wonderful variety and some come into gorgeous flower.

In your spare hours it is wonderfully interesting to study them and get to know their names. I consider this should be part of your shikar trip.

To some people a tree is a tree and nothing more. A poor idea of life :—

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> But it was nothing more."

The following are three good books to read on Indian trees :—

(*a*) *Indian Trees*, by Brandis. Rs.35.

(*b*) *Descriptive List of Trees and Shrubs of Central Provinces*, by Haines. Rs.3.

(*c*) *Familiar Flowering Trees in India*, by Ida Colthurst. Rs.6.

The latter is a nice little book with good illustrations.

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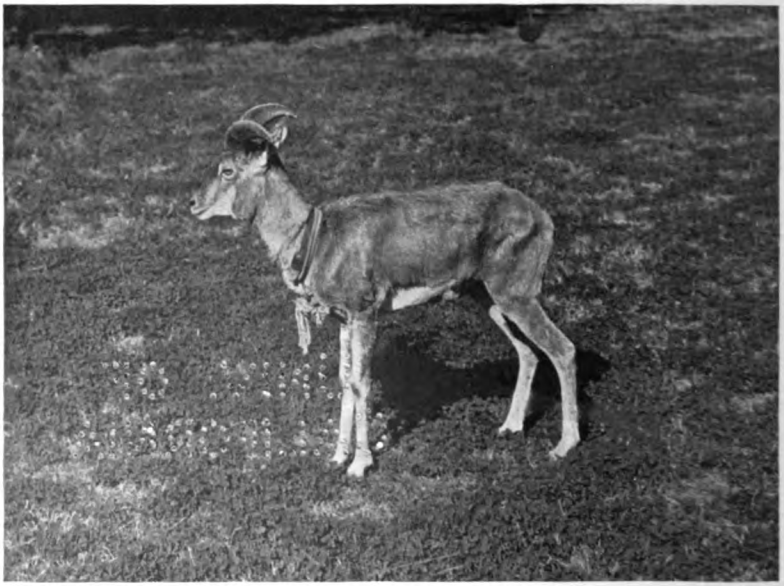
An 11 foot "Croc" (Muggar Much) on the banks of the Sutle River.



A two year old Oorial.

PLATE XII.

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CHAPTER XV

CROCODILE ("MUGGAR") ("CROC")

THERE is a distinct fascination about "muggar" or "croc" shooting; at times quite an easy game, but at others decidedly difficult. With exceptional eyesight and hearing, and generally within a few inches of cover (deep water), he is a gentleman you require to stalk, really stalk.

He will take as much lead as you like to put into him, and then disappear if you do not hit him in a vital part—brain, neck or heart. The stalk may be under cover, or it may be on your stomach over open mud flats.

After stalking him for about 100 yards and feeling confident he can neither see nor hear you, there is a gentle waggle of the tail and he has gone into deep water; all your hopes dashed to the ground, and the annoying part about it is that he has gone off with no noise, fuss or hurry; just a wag of the tail (some tail) and he has simply slipped out of sight.

Most of the great rivers of India hold "muggar," and you will see dozens of them basking in the sun on the mud banks or islands.

The one whose skin makes the best leather is the fish-eating "muggar," commonly called the "muggar much." He has a long thin snout, which is lined up both edges,

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top and bottom, with very efficient and sharp teeth. His snout is his business end, and if he's alive do not come within range of the circle he can describe round his head.

With extraordinarily powerful jaws, his snap is as quick as lightning and his grip terrific. Behind the grip he has weight (I am speaking of a full-grown one), and anything getting caught by his teeth will stand a poor chance against being pulled under.

He appears to swing himself round by the movement and weight of his tail, and although he looks a sleepy, cumbersome brute he can turn and move with extraordinary rapidity.

The skin of the sides, neck and underneath is tough, but any bullet will pierce it easily. The strip of hide down the centre of the back, about 9 inches broad, is very hard and covered with hard nobbles ; a good bullet will pierce it, but you are apt to get a ricochet, doing little damage. The forehead and skull are like iron.

It is difficult to say what rifle to use. I use a .375 H.V., with soft-nosed bullet, one which gives a hard blow ; but a friend of mine in the Canal Services, who has shot several hundred " muggar," always uses a much smaller bore, about .270.

One thing is certain, you must have a very accurate weapon, as your range will be from 100 to 300 yards, and sometimes, if the " muggar " is lying on the opposite slope of a bank, your target is very small. If you miss, you do not get a second chance ; he is into the water before you have time.

SHOTS TO TAKE.—The neck, just in front of the forearm ;

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or where the neck joins the head, right at the point of the jaw. As with tiger, no matter how dead he may appear to be, give him three or four bullets. If not knocked out completely, and if there is a wriggle in him, you will lose him.

If very hard hit with your first, and he splashes into the water, reload and lie quite still ; the chances are that in a few minutes you will see three spots break the surface of the water, his protruding eyes and the knob on the point of his snout ; then, after making sure all is clear, he will quietly crawl on to the bank. Wait till he gets right out before you take your next shot. I have had a " croc " come out three times after receiving three bullets, then I finished him off with the fourth and fifth.

My experience is not very great, but I believe from what I have seen that a " croc " which slips into the water some time after being hit will not return to the bank for a long time ; but if hit and he splashes in at once (knocked into the water, as it were) the chances are that he will be out on the bank again within a quarter of an hour. The reason being, I believe, that the latter is so sudden he has not had time to observe and appreciate the danger ; whereas in the former case he has lain on the bank, heard or seen you, and has had time to appreciate the situation to the full.

I have been told that the reason for his coming out to the bank after being wounded is because the fish and the tortoises nibble and feed off him at the wound ; this irritates him and he seeks dry land.

Skinning.—The only portions of the skin for tanning are the soft skin of the belly and the sides up to the hard

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strip down the back ; the throat, right up to and including the point of the angle under the tongue ; the inside of the legs.

If in doubt, be on the safe side and cut close in to the hard strip along the back ; the tannery will cut it down to the proper size. Cut across the back of the neck (not round the neck, but from point of jaw to point of jaw), then cut right down each side of the hard strip on the back to a point about the root of the tail (about 2 feet below the hind legs). Here cut clean round, as if cutting the tail off.

Cut up from the point of the jaws to the point of the angle under the tongue, then down the centre of the hard skin on the legs. Now separate the skin from the body and legs and it should come off like this—

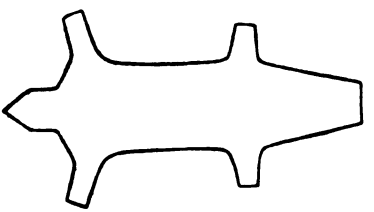

FIG. 20.

After the skin is off cut away as much of the flesh as possible ; a certain amount will have come away with the skin. Then wash all in clean water. Spread it out and rub in plenty of common salt over the whole of the inside of the skin.

No pegging out, and on no account apply wood ashes

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or alum. A 14-feet "croc" takes about 6 lbs. of common salt, which you can buy from any buniah for ½ anna a pound.

Keep the skin damp and roll it up. Sew up in a gunny or canvas bag and dispatch to a tannery with instructions.

Before going on a shoot you should get in touch with one of the tanneries, and they will give you a pamphlet showing what they can make out of a skin and the size of skin required for the various articles.

The North-West Tannery, Cawnpore, have a useful pamphlet, and tan and make up skins.

Big "croc," 8 to 14 feet, do for suit-cases (two for a case), dispatch-cases, etc., and the smaller ones, 4 to 6 feet, for shoes, cigar-cases and all small articles.

If the head is a good one, you can have it mounted and made into a lamp bracket (nose down). In this case cut completely round and sever the head from the body behind the first two hard nobbles on the back. Cut away as much flesh as you can, smother the trunk with salt, and salt the mouth all round the tongue and down the throat. Roll the snout up in straw to protect the teeth, pack and send off in a bag.

The big blunt-nosed "muggar," which inhabits the Ganges, I know nothing about, except that his skin does not make such good leather as that of the fish-eating crocodile.

For all "muggar" shooting you must have a boat. Without the latter there is no use firing at a "muggar" on a bank in the middle of a big river, or on the opposite side, as you could never retrieve it, and "muggar" have an awkward way of never, or seldom, being on your bank of the river.

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A good, keen shikari is a great asset, and if he knows his job it will mean extra skins to you.

You must have a good pair of field-glasses with you, as your "muggar" is spotted a long way off and your boat is hidden at the side before you commence your stalk, perhaps 1000 to 1500 yards away.

When lifting a "muggar" into a boat, do so with care. Although his skin is tough, if the scales catch on a nail or sharp bit of wood they are apt to tear or break at the joints, so do not pull it aboard as if it were a lump of rubber.

THE PICTURE PAINTED.—A glorious still day in January finds me on the Sutlej River. I am the guest of an officer in the Canal Services, one of those hosts who runs "a wonderfully complete show," everything perfect.

A boat on the river and a stout shikari, Ghulam by name.

At night Ghulam went ahead to the river, and when we arrived in the morning everything was in order and ready. "Well, Ghulam, any 'muggar much' on the river to-day?" "Yes, sahib, there they are, two good ones on the opposite bank, about 1000 yards down the river, and another on this bank a little farther on."

I looked, but could see nothing, my eyes quite untrained to this form of shikar. However, using my field-glasses I could see them as plain as a pikestaff, basking on the mud banks of the sleepy river.

The stalk was allotted to me, so I studied the ground carefully with my glasses, and for the life of me I did not see how I could get near the brutes over these mud flats.

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However, Ghulam was full of hope, more than I was, and off we went inland to try to get round and as near as possible before " the crawl."

Ghulam decided that the one on our bank was the biggest, so we made that our objective. On reaching the mud flats, 500 yards from the " muggar," we got down to it, and at first did the quadruped stalk. After going for about 50 yards Ghulam turned and whispered to me to go for the " muggar " on the opposite bank, as he was bigger, so we changed course, about 90 degrees left. Distance was about 300 yards to this other one, and dead flat mud between us ; so down we sank to a kind of snake crawl, getting as flat as nature would allow us.

After about 20 yards of this game I was covered with mud and feeling decidedly uncomfortable. The " croc " evidently began to feel uncomfortable too, as I suddenly saw him give a gentle wag of the tail and slip ; slip is the only word, he seemed just to slip, without any effort, into the water and was gone. His neighbour did the same and left us our original quarry as our only alternative ; 90 degrees right, and the crawl continued. Ahead of us were a few sticks of dried grass about as big as your two hands, which had been washed down by the river and were now high and dry. I placed these between myself and the " croc " and crawled on. It seemed as if I would never reach that grass, and I felt all the time that the sight of my crawl was causing a certain amount of merriment to my friends a thousand yards away, and that they were " making a book " on the race !

In fact, they were, and it was even money on the " croc."

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Dirty and filthy I finally reached to within 200 yards, very out of breath. Ghulam was alongside of me and agreed by a nod that we could not get any closer without the "croc" seeing us. It was lying against the bank at the very edge of the water, and when I picked up my rifle and aligned my sights I found the target was simply a narrow, dark streak, only the top half of his body being visible, the head and tail being "hull down," as it were, and out of sight. However, there it was, take it or leave it, and after having done a 200 yards crawl I was determined to frighten the beast at least.

I pressed the trigger and fired. The "croc" went into a flat spin and started to wriggle badly. Ghulam called out, "Lug giya," "feer maro, sahib" (Hit; shoot again, sahib), and with that he bolted off as hard as his legs could carry him after the "croc," but keeping clear to the left to allow me to fire again. Another bullet, and I heard it go home with a "fut" sound.

The "croc" again started to wriggle, but Ghulam was on to it, and catching hold of the tail prevented it slipping into the water.

By this time I was plunging through water and mud to try and get up to it and reached it just in time. "Maro, sahib! Maro, sahib!" (Shoot, sahib! Shoot, sahib!) shouted Ghulam. A very quick and nasty snap from the "croc" missed me by about 6 inches before I gave him a shot in the head, which settled everything.

A bullet through the shoulder and one in the neck, yet if it had not been for Ghulam I would never have got that "croc"; he would have slipped, just slipped, and never been seen again.

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Measured by the tape he was 11 feet 2 inches. Quite a nice "muggar."

Into the boat, "croc" and all, and off we started again down the river. We had not gone far when Ghulam spotted another "croc" lying on a mud island about 100 yards from the bank. The bank was covered with tamarisk bushes, so the stalk was fairly simple. This stalk was allotted to the Major, a very keen shikari, who had shot a number of "croc" before. The boat was pulled into the side about 1000 yards away, and off he started.

With a view to seeing the attempt from a closer range I followed him through the tamarisk bushes until I was about 150 yards away, and from the edge I got a fine view of the "croc," apparently asleep. After waiting and watching for ten minutes, crack went the Major's rifle, and I heard the bullet go home. The "croc" wriggled and kept opening and shutting his mouth; to all appearances he could not move his body.

I waited and listened for the second shot, but none came, and I thought "bad luck, the rifle-bolt has jammed."

After about four minutes I suddenly saw the "croc" bringing a forefoot forward, and dipping his head into the water he slipped and was out of sight! I pushed on till I came up to the Major, and asked what had gone wrong. Nothing, only he thought he had killed the "croc," and when he saw it starting to move, a branch got in the way and he could not get his second shot off in time. The old story, no matter how dead he may seem, you must give a second, and I may add, also a third bullet.

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This was an absolutely certain "croc," and the Major had at least four minutes to put in his second at a range of 100 yards. However, it had gone, slipped, and was never seen again.

The next five minutes the Major spent in cursing the "croc" and calling himself an ass, a "flaming rabbit" and various other expressions, of which he holds a complete store.

However, it was a lesson learned; our host had preached to us all the night before the doctrine of the second and third bullet, but it took a practical lesson to drive the doctrine home. On another occasion I will never delay in giving the second bullet, and somehow or other I don't think the Major will, either!

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CHAPTER XVI

FRONTIER HILL HEADS

IT has never been my luck to live or shikar east of Kajuri Kach, where the Gumal and Zhob Rivers meet, but from Kajuri Kach west to the Koh-i-Malak Siah, where Persia, Baluchistan and Afghanistan meet, the mountains abound in game.

From Kajuri Kach to Quetta you get the following:—

1. KABULI MARKHOR. (A shootable head 26 inches and over.)
2. SULIAMAN MARKHOR. (A shootable head 26 inches and over.)
3. OORIAL OR GUD. (A shootable head 24 inches and over.)
4. PERSIAN GAZELLE. (A shootable head 13 to 14 inches.)

In the above I include the range of mountains taking in the Takht-i-Suliaman, the Dahna Sar, Drug and the mountain belt lying west of the Indus as far south as Fort Munroe.

From Nushki, west of Quetta, to the Koh-i-Malak Siah you get :—

1. The Persian or Sind ibex, and
2. The Persian gazelle.

For the former 34 inches is a shootable head, but now with the increase of modern firearms on the Baluch-Persian

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border the ibex is much more difficult to get. He extends through Mekran to the Koh-i-Tuftan (a fine active volcano) and all through the mountains of South Persia.

The finest markhor heads I have seen were in the Kuchmina Nullah, 11 miles north of Moghul Kot, on the Zhob River (63 miles north of Fort Sandeman). Herds there numbered from fifteen to about thirty, each containing three or four old buck as grey as a donkey.

The finest oorial heads I ever saw were at Drug, on the Baluchistan-Punjab border south-east of Fort Sandeman.

On Chiltan, near Quetta, there is a distinct variety of markhor, in that the horns are more spiral than those of the Kabuli markhor, found on the other hills.

For the Persian ibex, the range of hills which lies south of the Nushki-Seistan route are good; comparatively few white men go there, and you are sure of your two heads.

Padag, which is a post between Nushki and Dalbandin, is a good point to start from; it is about 5 miles from the hills and you can get a local shikari in the vicinity. You will also want two coolies to carry your bedding and food, as your nights must be spent on the top of the mountains.

I have also seen fine heads on the Koh-i-Malak Siah, that fine mountain where the three empires meet.

When going after markhor or gud in the Gumal, Zhob or Shirani districts, an armed escort nowadays is essential;

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but from Quetta westwards it is peaceful country, and you can move alone with your shikari.

For all the heads mentioned above, except gazelle, it means "bundobust" and hard work, and you should do it while you are young.

Heavy climbing and often living at an altitude of from 8000 to 10,000 feet, you are off into "the blue" and cannot send back for things you have forgotten without endless trouble and waste of time.

You want a fine pair of binoculars with you, and the *early* morning is your best time for stalking. At that time you will generally find the herds are below you; they have been down to water at some spring, and as the sun gets up, they gradually climb to the higher ground for their morning graze. So you should be awake early, and as the light increases search every spur and nullah with your glasses.

No fires in the early morning, only cold food, tinned, or prepared the night before.

Instinct and the three senses, seeing, hearing and smelling, are very highly developed in all these mountain goat and sheep; you must work up wind and eliminate all noise.

It is not like stalking over heather at home; as a rule you won't have a blade of grass near you, and it is all stones and boulders. Clap one stone on top of another and you will stampede a herd which is a thousand yards away; so one mistake with your feet (or your shikari's feet) and you may ruin an all-day stalk. Many a time after four, five or six hours stalking has my own neglect, or that of my shikari, ruined all my chances.

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The force of gravity at times is a hateful thing ; some stones or boulders seem just to require one look from you and off they go down the hillside.

Always wear rope or rubber-soled boots. I prefer the latter, and they are as silent as anything you can have. If you lift your feet properly at each step with these, you have done your utmost towards silence.

In the early morning you will likely see a herd on a spur across a great valley, perhaps a mile away. This may mean anything from a two-hour to a six-hour stalk ; the difficulties are enormous, but it is just another case of patience, an eye for ground, appreciation of the likely moves of the herd, control of all the muscles in your framework and hanging on by your teeth when necessary. Hurry, and you are done. Progress is slow, and your patience will be tried to the utmost, but hang on to it and never slacken off.

If you see the herd getting suspicious and all looking in your direction, although you may be 1000 yards away, get down under cover for half an hour or more, just keeping one eye above the rock, until they become quiet and lose all suspicion. They are all eyes and ears, and usually it is a doe which will give your show away.

You cannot work along a hill, even if you are 2000 yards away, if that hillside is in full view of the game ; you must work round out of sight and arrange for your approach and their climbing to converge.

October and November is the rutting season and the best time for sport ; in other months of the year you will find the buck alone and easier to approach, perhaps, but being single they are harder to find.

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Disappointments you'll have ; plenty of them. After stalking most of the day you will see the herd stampede to another hill or valley, which would take you six hours more to reach, so before you start I warn you it is easier to get ten tiger than it is to get one markhor, and requires physical exercise and endurance which you will never be called on to undergo in the jungles of Central India. Therefore you will have good reason to be proud of every markhor or oorial you shoot ; you won't get dozens.

A difficult question is your bedding and food ; you cannot have your coolies following you in a stalk, and you may finish up miles from where you slept.

Much must depend on the ground, and I cannot advise you. You must use common sense and try to get hold of your food and bedding by some means.

I have been separated from these necessaries for a night, but I was saved, as my poshteen and tiffin were strapped on to my shikari's back, and I just slept the night under a rock.

Don't risk pneumonia ; no game or head is worth it, and in November it will be freezing cold.

A Poshteen leather waistcoat, Gilgit boots and gloves should be in your kit, also a " flea bag," and with these you can defy most of the cold.

I have never shot in Cashmere or beyond, although to me the finest head in the world is the Astor Markhor. Add to that the Ovis Poli and the Ovis Ammon ; what wonderful trophies !

I have never managed to get there, and so can tell you nothing, but if you can do the trip into Astor, do it. It is

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a four months' shoot at least, and you will find there what, I believe, are the finest horned trophies in the world.

To the end of my days I shall regret I never did this trip, but circumstances over which I had no control have denied it to me. Take my advice and do it, if you can, while you are young.

THE PERSIAN GAZELLE.—This is a very pretty little buck, very like the chinkara. He is found in the plains near to the foot-hills all along the Baluchistan frontier, and all over Persia and in Afghanistan.

He is very shy and difficult to stalk owing to the open country, but when frightened or wounded he will readily take to the foot-hills and climb as quickly and with the same precision as an oorial or markhor.

Horns run to about 14½ inches, but you want to be careful, as the female has horns too.

One of the black spots in my shikar was the shooting of a doe. It was the first time I had ever seen them, and I picked out what I thought was the buck. There was no buck in the herd of five, and what fell to my rifle was a doe with horns 13 inches long.

If you are careful this mistake should never be made, as the horns of the doe are much thinner than those of the buck, and even at 300 yards you can distinguish the difference quite easily. So don't you make the mistake I did ; always use field-glasses when stalking them, and this should ensure you against a mistake.

Round the foot-hills of the Khwaj-am-ran, near Chaman, on the Afghan border, and also in the vicinity of Murgha, in Zhob, there are a good number, and if you stalk for a

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whole day and get one, you are lucky. I once spent three days at Chaman after them, and saw at least half a dozen good heads, but came back with nothing.

I have seen a lot round Kerman and Shiraz, in South Persia, but how far west they go I cannot say ; I expect, almost to the Black Sea.

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CHAPTER XVII

SHOT-GUNS

THE ordinary shot or scatter-guns hardly come into the subject of this book, but a few words with regard to them may be useful.

I have seen many fine shots in the Army, but I have also seen a most surprising number of really bad ones.

The explanation in the case of most bad shots is that they don't care, nor will they take the trouble to understand and learn.

In my opinion the following three mistakes are the cause of the most of the bad shooting :—

(*a*) The gun does not fit the man firing it.

(*b*) The firer " pokes " at the bird, *i.e.* he tries to aim and does not swing to it.

(*c*) Bad stance.

As regards (*a*) there is no use in expecting to be able to shoot if the gun does not fit you. For example, with a man who has a long neck the distance from the eye to the shoulder is much greater than in the case of a thick-set man with a short neck. Therefore the drop in the stalk must be greater for the long-necked man.

Again, which is your master eye ? With some it is the right, with others the left ; or there may be no " master eye," both being equal.

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This and the breadth of your shoulder decides the cast required in the stalk.

Length of the stalk depends on the length of a man's arms.

All the leading gunmakers at home have their testing ranges, and you should go to one of them and get properly fitted. For the cost of 100 cartridges and about fifty clay pigeons, the firm's expert, with a special testing gun, will find out the exact shape of gun which will fit you and supply you with the correct weapon.

(*b*) In all scatter-gun shooting there is no real aim ; you swing to your bird, swing, swing, swing, every time, either up or across.

If the gun fits you, you are automatically, or instinctively, at the proper aim ; your master eye unconsciously puts you right.

Take a bird crossing your front, you *swing* from behind him until you are the required distance in front of him, and then pull the trigger ; if you have judged the distance in front correctly, if he is in range, and the gun fits you, you should get him.

There is no stop or hesitation ; you fire while swinging. You anticipate the bird's line of flight and he flies into your pattern of shot.

If you try to aim (poke) at a bird the chances are you will be late for him every time ; he has passed and is away, with the shot flying yards behind.

Aiming means delay and hesitation ; there must be none of that. By swinging you eliminate it all. Practise always to swing and you will find it is really quite easy, as well as effective.

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As regards (*c*) the stance is very important. When a bird gets up, automatically with the raising of your gun place your feet so that you are completely balanced with your left leg leading (for a right-handed man).

In snipe shooting through a jheel, where quick work is required, I always advance with my left leg leading, and don't allow my right to get in front. In this way one is practically always "in position."

If caught with your right leg leading, you are not balanced, and the delay in getting your left forward (most jheels are very heavy walking) not only causes a moment's unsteadiness, but gives another 10 to 15 yards in favour of the snipe.

As in most games, you must be balanced firm on your feet and in position for the shot. With practice, swing and stance become second nature, and you do both without thinking.

But you must practise; in your garden or in your room try swinging on to definite objects and quickly getting into position.

Don't buy one of those cheap guns you see being sold in India for Rs.100 or so, they are a real source of danger to yourself and your friends; moreover, they will constantly give you trouble.

Pay £25 to £30 and get a good article by a good maker; you will then have complete confidence in your weapon and you will shoot.

Most firms at home or in India will sell you a gun on the instalment system and allow you to pay for it, say, in six months. Cut down your smokes and drinks and you certainly won't require longer.

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A FATHER'S ADVICE

Don't go in for small-bore guns, such as a .20 bore. You are only handicapping yourself ; besides, if ever you run out of cartridges, as one often does, the chances are you won't be able to borrow. Stick to the .12-bore gun, which is used by everybody.

In India ejectors are invaluable and save any amount of trouble and time ; they are well worth the few extra pounds they cost, and I recommend you to have an ejector gun.

Take a pride in your gun ; don't lend it to others and always clean it *yourself*. Don't be slack about this ; if well looked after it will last you all your days.

In conclusion I give below a poem I learned when I was a youngster. I don't know who wrote it, but all shikaris should be grateful to him. Adopt the principles therein and make them a religion ; not only in scatter-gun shooting, but for the handling of all firearms and the shooting of all game.

A FATHER'S ADVICE

If a sportsman true you'd be,
Listen carefully to me :
Never, never let your gun
Pointed be at any one ;
That it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.

When a hedge or fence you cross,
Though of time it cause a loss,
From your gun your cartridge take
For the greater safety sake.

If 'twixt you and neighbouring gun
Bird may fly or game may run,
Let this maxim e'er be thine—
" Follow not across the line."

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Stops and beaters oft unseen
Lurk behind some leafy screen;
Calm and steady always be,
Never shoot where you can't see.

Keep your place and silent be;
Game can hear and game can see.
Don't be greedy, better spared
Is a pheasant than one shared.

You may kill or you may miss;
But at all times think of this,
"All the pheasants ever bred
Won't repay for one man dead."

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CHAPTER XVIII

NOTES ON DUCK, GEESE, PARTRIDGE, QUAIL, SNIPE, SAND-GROUSE, ETC.

OFFICERS in India have a wonderful opportunity for bird shooting over the whole peninsula.

Most of my experience, however, has been in Sind, which must be one of the finest game bird parts of the world. From three to ten days amongst the birds there will give you a wonderful experience and holiday. A Regimental Xmas Camp in Sind is a holiday to be encouraged every year.

Away with your tents, camp on the ground and you have a choice of duck, snipe or partridge at any time of the day, and your bag should be sufficient to keep the Regimental Mess and most of the ladies in Cantonments well supplied.

Duck, geese, snipe and sand-grouse migrate and commence to come into Sind about October, but December and January are the best months for shooting.

Don't go down knowing nothing about these birds, study them and read all you can about them. You fire and down comes a duck. Yes, it is a duck, but what kind?

In duck shooting I have kept a steady record of all the species I have shot in various parts of the world, and it is wonderfully interesting.

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The books of Hume and Marshall are the classic works on these birds, so far as India is concerned, and they will put you right if in doubt about any of them ; as also will the *Indian Field Shikar Book*.

When you come in of an evening, classify all your duck and note down the numbers of each kind. One year you may find a preponderance of, say, Red-crested Pochard, another year it will be Gadwall.

Some duck remain and breed in India, such as the Whistling Teal (not found in Sind) ; but most of the duck have their nesting ground in Siberia, away in the far north, and migrate there for the hot weather and come back south for the winter.

In some countries you will find duck which seldom or never appear in other parts, and as a matter of interest I give the following notes on duck, etc., I have shot in three widely separated countries :—

In Sind, over many years.—Mallard, Spotbill, Pintail, Gadwall, Red-crested Pochard, Common Pochard, White-eyed Pochard, Stiff-tailed Duck, Common Teal, Marble Teal, Garganey or Blue-winged Teal, Wigeon, Tufted Scaup Duck, Shoveler, Grey Lag-goose, Bar-headed Goose, Ruddy Sheldrake.

In Seistan-Persia, one year.—Mallard, Pintail, Gadwall, Red-crested Pochard, Golden-eyed Pochard, Stiff-tailed Duck, Common Teal, Marble Teal, Garganey Teal, Wigeon, Shoveler, Ruddy Sheldrake, Grey Lag-goose.

In North China, three years.—Mallard, Pintail, Gadwall, Bronze-capped Teal, Spectacled Teal, Common Teal, Velvet-scoter, Golden-eyed Pochard, Shoveler, Grey Lag-goose, Bean Goose.

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During the three years stay of the Seistan Mission in East Persia only two "Golden-eye" were shot. I saw a flight of six and got two of them. In North China I found the "Golden-eye" was one of the commonest duck, but I have never seen him in Sind.

In Seistan the Stiff-tailed Duck was common; in Sind he is comparatively rare.

The Bronze-capped Teal, Spectacled Teal and the Velvet-scoter I have never seen, except in North China; three very handsome birds.

The Helmond River, which rises in the Hindu Khush Mountains, flows through Afghanistan and empties itself into the great Hamuns or lakes in Eastern Persia. This river is a regular route for the duck to follow, and during the migration south from Siberia it diverts millions of birds from India to Persia.

Coming down from Siberia they strike the Helmond, and accepting this route proceed west along it to the great lakes at its western end.

I have sat beside this river during the time of migration from Siberia and have counted the flights as they passed. From 7 a.m. till 9 a.m. one morning 240 flights passed over, each flight ranging from about 25 to 300 birds; I should think the average would be about 150 birds per flight.

I did this out of interest; it was a wonderful sight, and the air was filled with an incessant swishing noise as the flights, travelling at anything from 100 to 150 miles an hour, passed overhead.

Most were high up, and before it was fully light many other flights must have passed over unseen by me. Flight-

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ing started in the half-light of dawn and ceased about 9 o'clock.

Besides duck, the Whooper Swan and Mute Swan, Pelican and the Grey Lag-goose, were got in Seistan; the latter are there in thousands.

Both in Persia and in Sind, Coot abound in the winter, and until quite recently a big trade in these was carried on in Sind. I am glad to say the Government has now stopped this, as it was cruel to a degree.

The birds were slowly manœuvred by day towards a long crescent-shaped net about 12 feet high above the water and about half a mile long. When it was dark, boats got all round, and with tom-toms and flares drove the coot towards the net. Thousands were bagged in this way.

After bagging, every bird had its legs and wings broken by hand, and in this condition you would see boat loads of live birds going off to market in the morning. One of the cruellest sights I have ever seen.

There is one interesting point about coot. Have you ever seen them on the move, migrating? I have asked this question often, but never found any one who had seen them.

That they migrate is certain: in winter Sind is full of them, but in summer only a few remain; probably wounded or disabled ones. They must move in the dead of night, alighting before it is dawn.

Natives in every country have their own special devices for trapping water-fowl. In Sind it is the net and the bow and arrow. Men armed with bows and blunt arrows proceed into the water at places where it is about 4½ feet

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deep and take up a line, their heads just showing above water.

Boats then go round and drive the coot and duck (mostly coot) over the bowmen, whose marksmanship is extraordinarily good.

The arrow being blunt the coot gets a terrific blow from the point, which knocks it out; then the boats come and pick up the victims.

In Persia there is quite a different method. There the Hamuns are surrounded with reeds about 6 to 16 feet high, and the water is as a rule from 3 to 6 feet deep, with a mud bottom.

The Persian sticks a long reed into the mud, and where it shows above the surface he bends it so that the remaining 10 feet of the reed floats along the top of the water; at the end of this he fastens another reed, with which he deals in an exactly similar manner, and so on until he has a fixed floating line of reed about 400 to 500 yards long.

He then makes another similar line at an angle, so that both form a V. At the point of the V there is a bunch of reeds hiding a machan, and a Persian lies in this with a blunderbuss.

The place chosen is a good feeding ground, and men on reed rafts (called "tootins") by day gently edge the duck over to the mouth of the big V.

When an obstacle like the fixed reed stops a duck, he doesn't try to get over or under it, but he works along it, so when the duck in the evening begin to get crammed into the point of the V, the blunderbuss is fired into the brown.

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In all three countries Snipe abound, and you get wonderful shooting ; but Sind is without a doubt the finest snipe ground I have ever struck, and when I say I have had 163 birds to my own gun in a morning's shoot, it will give an idea of the quantity you can find there. Of course some seasons are better than others, but it is always good.

I have never seen snipe moving during the migration period in Sind or Persia the same as we used to see them in North China.

There it was quite common to see a wisp of about 250 snipe arriving, and with repeated terrific dives the whole wisp would come down to earth from very high up. When the wisp dives they make a very loud, peculiar noise which attracts your attention at once. Nearly all were the Common Fan-tailed Snipe, with a sprinkling of Jack Snipe ; also a few Pintail Snipe in North China.

Of the Solitary Snipe, I think I have only shot four specimens ; three in North China and one near Quetta.

The Painted Snipe you get in Central India flies like an owl and is not worth shooting.

Black Partridge abound in the Punjab, Sind and East Persia (Seistan), and are fine shooting.

The Grey Partridge is obtained in large numbers in the Punjab and Sind, especially amongst the cotton fields.

In North China the only partridge I shot there was the chukor, the same bird as is found on the frontier of India. The Chinese Pheasant I found in the hills at Chingwangtao and east of that place.

There are a great variety of Partridge in India. Hume

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and Marshall mention nineteen, and they are a study in themselves.

In East Africa I found the Partridge there almost identical with the common one found in England ; also a large beautiful Franklin, commonly, but erroneously, called a pheasant.

THE GREY OR COMMON QUAIL abounds in the Punjab, Sind, Seistan and North China. In the latter place the Chinese hawk them. The hawk is tied to the Chinaman's wrist with a string about 100 yards long. This gives a nasty jar to the hawk if he fails to catch the Quail in the 100 yards.

In Sind and the Punjab, Grey Quail, Black Partridge and the Grey Partridge are all found together in the crops, and they make a fine mixed bag.

Quail migrate ; they arrive in Sind and the Punjab about the 1st September from the north and return there about the end of April. The favourite way in India of getting Quail together is to use Call Birds (Bolara).

Natives keep these latter in cages and put them in the fields at night. They call during the night and early morning, and attract passing birds, who come into the fields where the Bolara are and so give you a good shoot in the morning.

Sand-grouse are plentiful in Sind and all along the route east of Nushki to Seistan, also all over Bikanir. They migrate to the north in the hot weather, but I don't think they go so far as duck do. Big bags of them are made in Sind and Bikanir, but there is nothing like the number of birds one sees in Mesopotamia.

In Sind I have shot the Imperial or Black-bellied

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Sand-grouse, the Spotted Sand-grouse and the Common Sand-grouse. In Baluchistan I have shot the Pintailed Sand-grouse as well as the above. In Mesopotamia the Black-bellied Sand-grouse, the Painted Sand-grouse and the Pintailed Sand-grouse.

In Baluchistan and in Seistan the commonest are the Black-bellied Sand-grouse, the Common Sand-grouse and the Pintailed Sand-grouse.

Round Chaman I have found some Black-bellied Sand-grouse living there all the year round.

There is one bird to be obtained in Baluchistan and Northern Sind, the Hubara or lesser Bustard ; a fine bird, but he takes some getting. He frequents the open and stony plains and the stony beds of dry nullahs in Baluchistan and Sind ; he is difficult to approach, and your best way is to have him driven.

Use the soldiers on your 36 regimental mules as beaters ; it is fine exercise for the mules and training for the men, and they love it, besides being effective beating for you.

This bird was frequently hawked in the old days, and it is a pity this sport has almost died out in the Indian Army. The difficulty in getting him adds greatly to the sport, and I look on him as a real prize.

You want No. 1 or No. 2 shot for him.

I also saw him in Seistan, but I never shot one there.

Woodcock I have never found in any great numbers, but I have shot them in China, Baluchistan, Seistan and round Shiraz and Kerman in South Persia. He is a fine bird, but there are very few of them.

As far as I could make out, all were of the same species

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and identical to the one we get at home. There may be others, but I don't know them.

CANTONMENT ETIQUETTE

On arrival in a Cantonment, don't go up to officers who have been resident there for some time and ask them where the best shooting grounds are, it is not cricket.

Probably most of them have spent hours and days searching the country for 30 miles, north, south, east and west, finding out the "good spots." Why should they tell you? They have taken infinite trouble to find out where the birds are and have established their own shooting ground, a grand secret, and the only way to preserve it is by keeping their mouths shut. It is all in the game, and a great game it is.

If any one starts to "buck" about a certain locality, keep quiet and go and inspect it; when you get there you will be a wiser man, you will probably find that "shawks" and crows are the only feathers in the whole locality, and to put it politely, you have been "sold a pup."

No; ferret out the good localities for yourself and keep your secret; it is half the sport, and if two or three of you join together you can have all the shooting you want.

If two parties do arrive on the same ground, don't make a fuss about it, divide the area in two, there is always plenty of room, and see they get their fair share. If it is a small snipe Jheel, the first on the ground has the priority.

When leaving a station it is polite and nice etiquette

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to pass on your shikar information to the regiment relieving you.

By searching the country for good shooting spots you automatically learn the country, get to know the villagers and headmen, which is all part of your job as a soldier. A kindly and friendly word with the headman or village mob will establish your name there and your luck in shooting.

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APPENDIX I

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SHAITAN BHALU

Born December 1924 in the South Chanda Jungles of Central India

DEDICATED TO THE BAIRNS OF SCOTLAND

I AM now eight months old and growing into such a handsome woolly bear. Eight months is not a very long life, I am told, but my eight months of existence have been so crowded with unusual events that I have decided to write them down before I forget any of the wonderful incidents of my early youth.

It is now August, and I am sitting under a bush in a lovely garden ; Choti, my sister, is beside me, and a great handsome sahib who we call Lumba is watching over us. Lumba is our protector, we are his children now, and he feeds us, brushes us and is, oh ! so kind. Lumba has told me that this place is called Edinburgh, and that this lovely garden is the home for many jungle animals from all parts of the world.

But I must start at the beginning and describe my life from day to day. Choti and I are twins ; we were born in the cold weather in the great jungles of Central India. I can just remember "feeling" the first few days of life ; I could only feel as my eyes did not open

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for about ten days, but when they did open my real life began.

Father was a great big bear and very, very strong ; Mother also was strong, but not so big as Father. Both had very big grey noses and huge teeth, and both had a shirt front the same as Choti and I have. Our home at first was under a huge bushy tree, the branches and leaves of which reached down to the ground all round. Mother and Father had collected a lot of dry leaves which made a comfortable bed for us all.

Through the branches I could see a beautiful sandy nullah with water in it, and now and again funny-looking animals came down to the nullah and drank at the water. I used to ask Mother who they were, but Mother just said, " Keep quiet ; if you make a noise they will eat you up."

Mother and Father used to run about and at times go away for an hour or two, but Choti and I were not able to stand on our legs, which seemed strange. We just lay on our bed of leaves and every day tried hard to stand up.

In the middle of the day it was nice and shady and cool, but at night very cold. When the sun went down Mother and Father used to leave us, but Mother always returned fairly soon, when there was a desperate scramble for food. During the night, with her thick coat, she kept us snug and warm ; then just as daylight was coming she would go off again for about an hour, and Father, having been out all night, would come back about the same time.

One day our tree began to shake very badly and I saw

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strange-looking animals jumping about. I got frightened, but Mother told me that so long as she or Father were near there was no danger ; it was only the " bunder log " (monkeys). By night we could hear curious noises, some loud, some soft and low ; everything was very strange, and I longed to be able to get away from home to see the jungles and the outside world.

Both Choti and I made desperate efforts to stand up ; and another exercise which seemed easier was to try to climb on top of Mother while she was sleeping. Father did not like being played with ; he used to get angry, give a grunt and move away a short distance. Mother was quite different ; she had long black hair which, although it got into our eyes, was nice and warm, and she allowed us do what we liked.

Daily we grew in strength, and I will never forget the first time I managed to climb right up on top of Mother. I was first up ; Choti did not manage it until the next day.

Although able to climb then, we could not walk ; we could only just stand up on all fours, and after swinging backwards and forwards two or three times we always tumbled over. Choti tried to lift a leg and put one paw forward, but it all seemed hopeless ; down she fell at once, with a squeal. However, by constant practice after about three weeks we were able to walk just a little and climb quite easily on to Mother.

One morning Mother told us to climb up, and when we were on top she got up and walked out of our home into the outer world. It was great fun, but we had to cling on very tightly, as when Mother walked she rolled terribly.

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She went down to the nullah and drank some water at a pool. Very close to us there was another animal with great funny-looking sticks on its head; it was not coloured black, the way we were, but a nice brown colour. It was much bigger than Mother, and had great long, straight thin legs. Mother told us this was the sambar, the animal which made the loud tonk noise at night and which I had heard so often. The sambar just stood and watched us ; I think it envied me riding on Mother's back.

After drinking at the pool of water Mother took us back, and on the way she picked up and ate some funny-looking, round, yellowish berries which she found under a tree. On arriving home Mother, without any warning, lay down with a bump, and Choti and I both fell off ; it was a little inconsiderate after our first journey on her back away from home.

For about a week we did these short journeys with Mother every morning down to the water and then home. By the time we got back Father had generally returned and had gone to sleep for the day, so we saw little of him.

Early one morning Father and Mother were talking a lot ; I could not understand all they were saying, but it was something about a new home. Just when Choti and I were in the middle of breakfast, Mother ordered us to climb up on top, and off we started ; all four of us, with Father leading. Little did I know that I was saying good-bye to the place of my birth, and that I would never again see the lovely tree which for four weeks had hidden us from all intruders, and in the daytime had sheltered us from the hot rays of the sun.

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When travelling on Mother's back low branches of trees worried Choti and me a great deal. Mother *would* go under them, and several times we were very nearly knocked off her back. At other times, when going fairly quickly, she would suddenly stop to pick up one of those yellow berries. This was a constant source of annoyance to us, and once I was just saved from falling off by holding on to Mother's ear by my teeth ; I had been bumped forward on to her neck by the sudden stop and just managed to scramble back, as I had a good grip on her ear. Mother did not seem to mind, and it appeared to me that she had done this kind of thing before.

However, on we went, when suddenly I got an awful fright. Father gave a terribly loud grunt, and darted off into the forest after a brown animal with a bushy tail which had a black tip to it. I could see six of these animals, all identically the same, and they ran much faster than Father did.

I asked Mother what was the matter, and she told me that these were the " lal kutta " (red dog), which all animals in the jungle hated.

Father did not go far, but returned and resumed the lead again. I could see he had not a hope of catching one of them. They were much too fast.

Finally we came to another nullah, and Father and Mother both drank at a pool.

Then we climbed the other side and I saw Father stand up, and putting both his forepaws on a bushy tree he shook it, and down came a lot more of those yellowish berries. Both he and Mother started to eat hard, but

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Choti and I were not offered any, although we longed for one.

Mother said something about pains in stomach, but I do not know to this day what that means.

Close to this spot, under a nice shady tree, Mother put us both down in our new home ; then she at once left us, and I could see her with Father scraping hard at a tall red bit of earth. It looked as if they were trying to kill it, and the red earth was flying all through the air.

After a short time I could only see half of Father, he was digging down into the earth, and when he and Mother returned to us they were a sight ; their noses and all their claws and hair were coloured red with dirt, but they were licking their lips as if they had been eating something. We then all lay down and Choti and I finished our breakfast. After a long journey like this we were very tired, so we slept soundly all day until dinner time.

There were fewer leaves here and the ground was hard, not nearly so comfortable as our first home. When we had finished dinner and were, as I thought, about to settle in for the night, Mother said we were moving again, and ordered us to get up on top, and with Father in front we started away once more.

We had not gone very far when we heard Father evidently fighting something in front ; it was screaming, and Father was making an awful noise too.

Choti and I hung on tightly to Mother, as we were desperately frightened. The screaming and noise did not last very long, just about quarter of a minute, and then all was quiet.

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The sun was just setting and the jungle noises had started ; in the thick jungle it was difficult to see, as the shadows had given way to evening light, and all the tree trunks and leaves looked black.

Mother went quietly forward, and we came to where we could see clearly ; an open space ran through the jungles in a long line, and in the centre of it there was no grass, just brown earth. Mother said this was a "rusta" (road), made by the sahib log and along which they travelled.

Father was running backwards and forwards, evidently very angry and occasionally grunting ; he seemed very excited.

On the road I saw a long brown thing lying with white about it, and Mother went up and sniffed it. There was a horrid smell, and I asked Mother what the thing was ; she said it was a man. I had never seen one before, but I could see he had been terribly wounded and mauled by Father and he did not move. Mother said he was dead.

Lying beside him there was a stick with a grey kind of bag attached to it, and at the top there was a small round thing which, when Mother pawed it, made a funny kind of tinkle.

Mother was very angry, and asked Father why he had killed a man who was doing no harm. This was the kind of act, Mother said, which made the great sahib log angry and caused all the trouble in the jungles. The sahib log would come and destroy all bears because of this.

But Father said he had done it before, and would do it

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again, as he did not like men ; they did not harm him, but he did not like meeting them.

Mother said she had often seen and heard the man with the tinkle bell running along the roads, but he had never done any harm to any one, why should he be killed. Father hung his head and made no reply, but he seemed very angry and excited.

Choti and I were both still frightened and hung on close to Mother, although we could hardly understand the meaning of it all. I had never seen anything killed before, and I did not like the sight of the dead man on the road.

While Mother and Father were arguing, we suddenly heard a big noise and could see what Mother called a "gari" (cart) coming along the road; it was being pulled by two animals, and there were several men on top of it.

Mother called out, "Run!" and Father dashed off into the jungle on the other side, but as Mother was angry with Father we went into the jungle in the opposite direction.

After we had gone a little way in, where no one could see us, Mother stopped to listen, and when the "gari" arrived at the dead man it stopped and all the men made a tremendous noise. I am sure they were very angry ; Mother said they were, and that on account of Father having killed this man great trouble would come over this part of the jungle and that we must get away from it at once, and she started to run.

Where Father had gone to I knew not, and I have never seen him since. When he dashed off into the

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jungle that night little did I think that we should never see him again.

Choti and I did not miss him much ; he was our great big protector, but he was never so kind to us as Mother was, and he seemed to take very little interest in us.

After we had travelled for about a quarter of an hour it was getting dark, and as Choti and I were very tired, Mother put us both down under a bush. She said she was hungry and thirsty and would go away for a short time, and that we were to sleep till she returned and remain very quiet. Choti and I tucked into one another, and in spite of all the jungle noises were soon sound asleep.

In an hour or so Mother returned, and after she had fed us we all went to sleep for the night.

We were now a month old, but still unable to walk very well, and Mother told us that unless in a very safe place we must now always go out with her, as she was afraid lest harm should come to us if we were left alone ; so when morning came, after having breakfast, we climbed up and were off with Mother again.

We came to a sandy nullah, and there I saw a big bear scraping in the sand. I called out to Mother, " There is Father," but Mother said, " No, that is Uncle." He looked very like Father, but Mother paid no attention and just carried on.

Every now and again Mother put us down. Then she would stand up and shake a tree with her forepaws in the same way as Father had done, and down would come a lot of berries, which she ate. Choti and I picked up one and tasted it, but Mother got angry and told us not to do it.

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Then again she started to dig in a mound of red earth. I could not understand what she was doing, but after making a hole she put her nose into it and sucked violently.

I found a small hole and put my nose in and sucked too, but I got my mouth full of dirt and Choti laughed. This was the first row Choti and I ever had ; I bit her because she laughed.

For several days the procedure was the same ; we generally went out with Mother, and it was splendid seeing all the big jungles and all the various animals and birds. We began to learn quite a lot.

Choti and I got very keen on climbing ; our claws were quite sharp, and we used to try all the tree trunks, but we had some terrible falls which hurt.

We also found small white things which Mother called "dimuk" (white ants). They tasted very nice, and when Mother was not looking we used to eat quite a lot.

Then one day I thought Choti had gone mad, she was dancing about, shaking her head and pawing her mouth ; two or three "dimuk" had bitten her on the lip. I laughed and she bit me ; this was our second row.

One morning we saw a most beautiful animal ; it was a golden colour and had black spots all over it. The sun was shining on it, and I thought it the most beautiful thing I had ever seen in the jungles. I asked Mother to go up and speak to it, but in a very low voice she said, "No, that is a 'taindwa' (panther), a bad animal that kills for food every day, and if we went near it would kill us."

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We asked Mother if we could have a coat like that of the "taindwa." But mother again said, "No, there is a very strict law in the jungles that if Father and Mother have a black coat their children must wear the same." I wonder who made the jungle laws; I do not think he was nice, as this black coat of mine is not nearly so pretty as others I have seen.

A thing that puzzles me also, is why our forelegs are so bent and our paws all turned in. I do not think it looks nice, and now Lumba, here in Edinburgh, makes nasty, rude remarks about them.

On another morning we met two great big beautiful animals. They were quite close to us and I wanted to stroke them, but Mother ran away. They were of a golden colour, too, but instead of spots like the "taindwa" they had black stripes and great fine heads, with a lot of white, gold and black about the face and neck. They were very pretty, and I feel sure they would not have hurt me.

Mother told us this was the "sher" (tiger), the king of all the jungles, the biggest and strongest of all animals; whose word was law; that he killed and ate up men and all animals that lived in the jungle. When we heard this we were glad Mother had run away; but I wish my coat was not black.

At last we came to a place where there were a lot of black rocks. In between two of the very large ones there was a kind of big hole. Mother told us she had been born in this hole, and that we would now live in it for some time.

Mother looked on this as her real home; she knew all

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the jungles round about, and it was a safe place for us to live in. The hole went down about 4 yards and then turned to the right, and a little further on there was a large space which was fairly dark. Here we were completely hidden from all the jungles, and it was delightfully cool.

Mother called this hidden space "The Mahal" (palace), and she said many bears had been born there. It belonged to the bears of the jungle and no other animal was allowed to enter it. So here we felt we were quite safe. Choti and I were not feeling very well, so we were glad to get into the cool shade and sleep.

That morning we had been travelling on Mother's back as usual. She was going along very fast and suddenly went under a low branch, which struck Choti and me, and we were both knocked off Mother's back on to the ground. No bones broken ; we were just very sore and bruised.

The second morning in "the mahal," when Mother was away for food, we heard a lot of noise outside, and Choti and I peeped out. The bunder log had come down and they were on all the trees and even sitting on the rocks around us. There must have been about thirty of them, and all were talking.

Mother had told us this was the bears' mahal, and that no other animals were allowed to come near it, so Choti and I both gave as loud a grunt as we could. This seemed to make the bunder log talk louder, and many more came down on to the rocks.

Young bunder log were being carried about by their Mothers, but not in the way Mother carries us. We ride

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on our Mother's back, but they ride on their Mother's stomach.

The bunder log have very long arms and legs and they make tremendous jumps ; even the babies could jump much further than Choti and I could.

About six of them came to the very entrance of our " mahal " and peeped in, in the most impertinent way.

Choti got frightened and began to cry, as there was one big bunder with a black face and a white fringe all round it, who kept talking and showing a beautiful row of clean white teeth.

I told Choti we were quite safe, as no bunder log were allowed into a bear's mahal ; but suddenly I got frightened too, and I just cried with Choti ; we both made an awful noise. After crying for about a minute there was a terrible commotion outside, and all the bunder log jumped into trees and climbed high up.

Then Mother appeared at the door and asked what all the noise was about. We told her the bunder log had been down and looking in at the door, and we had got frightened.

She then went outside, and sitting on a rock she looked up at the bunder log and gave three or four very loud growls, which echoed through the whole jungles.

Choti and I peeped out and we could see the bunder log jumping from tree to tree and going away. It was good of them, as they were obeying the laws of the jungle which Mother had told us about, and were going away from the bears' mahal ; or perhaps they got frightened when Mother growled.

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That night, being sore and tired, Choti and I did a tremendous sleep ; in fact, we did not wake up for breakfast. When I did wake, Mother had gone and she did not return until the sun was well up.

It must have been about the middle of the day, with the sun right overhead ; we were all sound asleep, and Choti and I were tucked in close to Mother, when suddenly we were awakened by a terrible loud noise outside, a noise I had never heard before ; in fact, it was a lot of noises, some deep, some shrill, and the whole jungles were ringing with it.

Mother sat up as if startled ; she evidently did not like the noise, and sat listening and listening. Finally, she moved up to the door of our mahal and examined all the jungles. Then she returned and whispered to us, " Be good and keep quiet," and with that she bolted out of the mahal, and we could hear her rushing through the jungle.

Choti and I hugged one another as the sound increased in volume ; it came nearer and nearer, till it was right at the very door of our home, as well as all through the jungles. Then it passed on and seemed to be going away, so Choti and I crawled up to the door and peeped out. We could see nothing, but the noise was going away through the jungle as if in a wave of continuous sound.

All of a sudden there was a very loud noise, quite distinct from the other sounds we had heard ; it sounded like " bang."

Choti and I ran back into the mahal and started to cry, why I do not know, but I suppose we felt frightened and lonely.

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We had been crying for about a quarter of an hour when we again heard noises, which came closer and closer. This made us cry all the more, and suddenly we realized that the noise was at the door and that something was coming down into the mahal.

I looked out, and do you know what I saw? A man lying on the ground, and he was crawling down to where we were.

The man was brown, and he had white about him. The only man I had seen before was the one Father had killed, and this one was exactly like him.

I felt sure this was the dead man come to life, and now the sins of Father were to be visited on his children. But there was more than one man, we could hear them talking, many of them.

I did not know what to do, but I ran back to Choti and we tucked ourselves away into the darkest corner of our home, where we thought we would not be seen. We both began to cry loudly; then there was a scraping sound, and the whole of our mahal was lit up as clear as day.

The next thing that happened, I was caught by the back of the neck and one man after another passed me up the hole to the door, and there I saw about fifty men.

Then Choti arrived up in the same way and we were caught by another man, who seemed quite different to the others; he had a great big round thing on top of his head and his skin was not dark like the others.

He held us in his arms gently and started to stroke our backs.

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Instead of the white about him that the other men had, he had yellowish clothes and seemed to be very big and strong, almost as big as the sher I saw that day with Mother.

He put his hand to my mouth and I found a delightful thing to suck ; Choti also started sucking. We both stopped crying, and I felt quite happy and not the least afraid when my back was being stroked.

In the clothes this big man wore there were two big holes. He put me into one and Choti into the other ; they were very comfortable to sit in and I could just see out.

I could not see Choti, she was on the other side, but we gave a little yell to one another every now and again just to let each other know that we were there.

Like this we were carried through the jungle for about an hour, when we came to a big open space ; and under a big tree there were three or four big white things, which were evidently the mahals where the men lived.

Here there was a tremendous fuss made, and Choti and I were put down on the ground and stroked and patted.

A white kind of fluid was brought to us ; my nose was put into it and it tasted rather nice.

I looked round and Choti had her face all white and was licking her lips ; then I saw her commence to drink, in the same way as Mother used to drink water. I went over to see how it was done. It all looked very easy and I tried it, but either I got too much or too little, and it made me cough and sneeze. My head was again shoved

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into the white water, which annoyed me, but after two or three efforts I had a very big drink.

Tired out, we were both put to bed in a kind of cage with a lot of straw in it and the top was shut down. Here we sucked our puds till we fell fast asleep.

It was broad daylight when we awoke, and Choti and I had a long talk.

Mother had often told us about the great white sahib, and Choti and I agreed that the nice kind man who had brought us here must be the one Mother had so often described.

Choti said, "Let us call him Father," but I told her bears could not have two Fathers; the only other relation they could have was an Uncle.

The other sahib with him was very kind and nice, but was dressed differently. He had clothes all round which came down nearly to his feet. Choti said this must be what Mother called an Aunt, the sister of the Uncle. So just between ourselves we decided to call them Uncle and Aunt and not tell anybody.

Everything was very strange; we could not realize where we were or the reason for it all. Where was Mother? We had not seen her since she said, "Be good and keep quiet," and then ran out of the mahal.

What had happened, and what was that "bang" noise we heard that morning? Where was Father?

When Father killed the man, Mother had feared trouble would come to the jungles and the great sahib would be angry. But Uncle and Aunt did not seem angry, they were ever so kind and good to Choti and me.

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We wondered if Mother was looking for us back at the mahal.

While we were talking the top of the cage opened and Uncle and Aunt were there. They took us out and again we had a grand drink of the white water, which Lumba now tells us is called milk. After the milk Aunt gave us a bit of what Lumba calls banana ; it was so good and we could have eaten much more than Aunt gave to us ; Mother never gave us food like this.

After each meal we sucked our puds as Mother taught us to do, and then had a sleep. Aunt and Uncle played with us a lot and we were so happy ; they fed us five or six times a day and we were never hungry. We had a lovely home to sleep in and Uncle slept close beside us at night.

No bunder log ever came near to frighten us ; we just romped and played all day as much as we liked. I just wish Mother had been there to romp and play with Uncle and Aunt too ; life was so different and so happy.

The white mahal of the sahib, which Uncle called a " tumboo " (tent), was a great joy ; very easy to climb and we could get higher up than we had ever been before.

I think we had been two or three days with Uncle and Aunt when one morning Uncle arrived in camp with two very small taindwa, and Choti and I got very excited ; we had only seen a taindwa (panther) once or twice when out with Mother, and they were great big ones.

Mother used to say taindwa were cruel and bad animals,

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but these two small ones could not be bad or cruel ; they were smaller than we were and not so strong.

That evening the taindwa were put into a cage beside us and we spoke to them through the bars. They said they were three weeks old, but they did not know their own names ; all they could tell us was that they were taindwa, next to the sher the strongest and best animal in the jungles.

This made Choti and me laugh, and we told them the bear held second place in the jungles ; if it had not been for the bars of the cage there would have been a fight, as neither of the taindwa would admit this, so we decided to ask Uncle in the morning.

We talked late into the night, and the biggest taindwa told us how their Mother used to leave them every time she went out for food ; they could just walk a little, but they never travelled on her back.

When their Mother moved them she used to pick them up in her mouth and carry them, so they were surprised when we told them that our Mother used to go all about the jungles with both of us riding on her back ; they did not think it was true and there was nearly another row.

They had not seen their Mother for two days ; she had gone out for food and never returned, and they were desperately hungry and thirsty when the great sahib had found them and brought them here.

The sahib had given them food at once and had been very kind, but owing to having no food for two days they were thin and weak.

We told them that the sahib would give them food

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six times a day, and that they would never be hungry again ; this made them feel much happier.

We thought it strange that the taindwa had no names ; they were sister and brother, but their Mother had always called them " bucha log " (children) and nothing else. We told them that the laws of the jungle required that all " bucha log " must have a name of their own, and Choti and I decided to call the brother " Spots " and the sister " Billie " ; Spots because he had spots, and Billie (cat) because she was like a cat.

Spots and Billie were missing their Mother the same as we were doing, and the surroundings were strange to them also, but we told them that the sahibs were kind, and it was great fun all day playing with them. After this we all went off to sleep.

In the morning we were all out playing, and Uncle and Aunt fed us one at a time. I did not like being fed one at a time, as Choti made an awful noise when drinking her milk and it made me feel thirsty and want mine ; with her nose all white she used to look up and give a shriek, saying it was so good, this made me furious.

Uncle said that Spots and Billie had better manners at meal times than we had. He said something about us making a noise like a Hun ; what that means I do not know. He said also that the milk *sounded* good.

After feeding we were all put in a row, and Aunt got in front and pointed at us with a black thing which made a click. Our eyes were in the sun and we did not like it. Uncle called it photographing, but whatever it was I think it was dirty work ; I hate looking into the sun.

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Every day and night the routine was much the same. We were happy, and gradually we began to forget about Mother and not miss her, Uncle and Aunt had taken her place.

I often think back and picture our early days ; the mahal and the tree under which I was born. I think I liked the latter best, as we could see out and into the big sandy nullah where the other animals used to pass ; then our rides with Mother ; and Father killing the man with the tinkle bell. I was very, very young then, but can still picture them all.

Nowadays I am not sure that I like Father ; in fact, I am rather glad he went away.

Here we saw a man with a tinkle bell. Nearly every day he came to the sahib and brought what is called the dâk (post). He was just the same as the one father killed.

There was something that was worrying me in these days ; I told Choti alone and no one else. I got jealous of Spots' coat ; it was very, very pretty, while except for our shirt fronts, ours were all one colour, just black.

Spots spoke about this one day, and we did not like it ; however, to make the best of a bad job, we told him our hair was far longer than his and that he had no shirt front. I could see Spots envied our shirt fronts.

After a week or two we were quite strong on our legs, and we used to go for long walks with Uncle and Aunt. Sometimes when we were in the jungle they used to hide ; we did not like this and always used to cry. Uncle and Aunt then came running out to us, and we used to

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" wouf " and run to them. We did not like being alone in the jungles, it didn't seem safe.

One day when out with Uncle a great big chiel swooped down and tried to pick up Choti, but Uncle was just in time with his stick to save her.

We moved camp several times and we did not like it. Our cages were put on top of a cart pulled by two bullocks, the same kind of cart that I saw on the night Father killed the man. When moving, it bumped very badly, and one day it tumbled over, so we were always glad when we reached the new camp.

Spots and Billie grew big and strong, and we four used to have great games, but Choti and I could not run as fast as the other two, and they jumped well.

Spots had a nasty way of suddenly jumping on to my back when I was not looking, and gripping me by the back of the neck with his teeth ; then he got away before I could get a smack at him.

I told him that some day, when I was a big bear, he would get hurt if he did this.

Spots and Billie play differently to Choti and me ; they crouch and stalk on their tummies, then spring. Choti and I have tried to do the same, but we cannot walk on our tummies, and always fall over when we do a spring.

When I see Spots stalking me I simply wait, and when he springs I stand up on my hind legs and we both fall all in a heap, but he does not get away then until I get one good smack in.

After we were six weeks old I could see that Choti was starting to roll when she walked, the same as Mother

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used to do ; I told her so, and she simply replied that I rolled too.

I believe she was right, as I am rolling rather badly nowadays. I did not say a word about our feet, we both had them badly turned in, and Spots and Billie had not noticed it or said a word, so I kept very quiet on that subject.

Climbing became a great game with all four of us ; at one of our camps there was a great fallen tree and we used to spend hours climbing all over this. I also began to find that one of the nicest things to climb was Uncle's leg. I could get my claws well in and hang on against all comers ; also Aunt's skirt. Aunt and Uncle did not seem to like it much, which was rather annoying.

However, we all used to try it, and sometimes would get up as far as their shoulders, when we were violently torn off.

I think it was at our third camp I got into terrible disgrace. Uncle was sleeping in a long chair with his legs up, so I climbed the chair very quietly and jumped on to his shoulder.

Uncle got up very angry and tried to take me off, but I hung on ; it was great fun. Then Aunt came and spoiled it all ; she simply pulled me off, and Uncle's shirt came away with my claws.

I was put to bed for the rest of the day, which was not nice. When I again tried to climb a leg, Aunt and Uncle used to run away and I could not catch them.

Of all our camp life the one thing I did not like was when Aunt used to wash us ; sometimes we did get fleas,

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that is certain, but I would rather have fleas than be washed. Who invented washing ?

Aunt used to take us down to a pool of water, sink us right into it, then rub us all over with some horrid-smelling stuff ; sink us again, then dry us with a towel. Brutal I called it.

And so our camp life went on ; all four of us grew big and strong, and Choti and I had rice added to our milk. Milk and rice, then a banana ; some food !

Spots and Billie had a different menu ; it was not so nice as ours, they never got bananas or rice, only milk and meat.

I do not think meat is a polite dish ; it means killing something. Talk about Choti and me making a noise over our food ; we never snatched in the way Spots and Billie did. When they smelt meat only Uncle or Aunt could hold them in.

The principal meat they had was chicken, and we used to hear the most awful shrieks coming from the kitchen every morning when the cook was cutting off a chicken's head. Uncle kept a lot of chickens, and they used to run about outside the cook-house.

Choti and I used absolutely to ignore them, but Spots and Billie, if they got a chance, used to try and stalk them.

One day Spots got one ; he held on to it by the neck and shook it, and the chicken yelled for all it was worth. Uncle and Aunt, the cook and all the men came running out, but it was too late, the chicken was dead. This was the second thing I had seen killed, and it made me think of the time Father killed the man.

One day Uncle brought something into camp and

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hung it up in a tree ; it was flat and big, one side was a nasty grey, but the other was a golden colour and it had black stripes all down it with four legs and a head sticking out.

Choti said it was a sher, but I told her not to be silly, as a sher was not flat. We discussed it for a long time, and then came to the conclusion that a sher had given Uncle its coat.

However, the same thing happened again, and there were two sher coats hanging up ; but the crux came when Uncle hung a taindwa's coat up too.

I said to Choti, if Uncle could have a taindwa's coat, why could not we ? and I went straight off to Spots.

I asked him if he would swop his coat for mine, but he said he wouldn't. Then I asked him to lend it to me for a day or two. He said he would not trust me ; he knew I would not give it back.

Choti was listening quite close. I think she was going to ask Billie for hers if I had any luck ; but no, I never managed to borrow the coat.

All the same, Spots was quite right, he would never have got it back ! And Lumba now tells me a leopard cannot change his spots ; it is one of the great laws of the jungles. I did not know it then.

However, I am a much wiser bear now, and both Choti and I are determined to stick to what Mother gave us.

After about two months with Uncle and Aunt, and when we were big and strong, we did a very long trek one day till we came to a great big road, much bigger than any road I had seen before.

Next morning a funny kind of gari came and we all

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travelled on it ; it made a funny kind of noise, but we travelled very fast.

Mother used to say the sambar were very fast, but I am sure this was much faster. We tore along, and the jungle trees flew past us until we came to where there was no jungle at all, but just open space, and after about four or five hours we stopped at what Uncle called a bungalow.

I had never seen one before, but there were dozens of them and many sahibs and men ; quite a different world to what we had lived in.

I did not care for it much at first ; I missed the trees and the jungles and all the lovely foliage, the jungle noises and surroundings. I felt Uncle and Aunt were trying to make us what Lumba now calls " fish out of water."

Here we lived for two days, but I wish I could forget all that happened from then until the time we arrived in Edinburgh ! We were taken down and put in a railway gari, and then we lost Uncle and Aunt ; we have never seen them since. I often wonder why they sent us away and why they would not keep us, we were so happy.

Shamas Din, Uncle's big orderly, took us a long journey in the rail gari, and after two days we arrived at a place where we were taken to another kind of gari with a big black funnel and water everywhere.

Shamas Din left us here and we spent many days in this gari—water everywhere, no one who really cared for us, and we used to get tossed up and down a lot, which made us feel funny inside.

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None of us could understand what was happening, and Choti said it must all be because Father had killed the man.

We wanted Uncle and Aunt so badly ; the lovely tumboos, the good food, all the fun and frolic and the lovely jungles ; what a life ! How we longed to be back in it all.

After many days we came to some place full of bungalows. A big tall man came down and spoke to us, patted us and gave us food. He was very kind.

Then our cages were carried off the funnelled gari and Spots said he was sure we were going to be bucketed about again.

This did happen for about twenty-four hours, but the big tall man always kept beside us, and finally we arrived here in Edinburgh.

We had done many days of travelling and we all wondered how far away the jungles were ; Choti thought 100 miles, but I am sure it is much more. Spots said if we counted the spots on his coat, that was the number of miles we had come. Billie could not guess.

Here in Edinburgh we were given a nice house to live in and the tall man was very kind.

Spots said we must call him Uncle, but we already had one Uncle, and not only would it be impossible, but very wrong to have another, and against all the laws of the jungle.

We had a long talk about it, when suddenly Billie had a brain wave. She said he was very tall, so why not call him Lumba, which means long. We all agreed, and now for the last four months Lumba has never left us.

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He feeds us and takes us out every day for walks. The jungle here is nice, but very poor compared to the jungles where we were born.

One thing we are truly thankful for is that Lumba does not wash us the way Aunt did. We all love Lumba and he is always trying to teach us new things.

I tried to climb his leg one day, but I think Uncle must have warned him, as he would not have it and ran away the same as Aunt used to do.

Lumba has raised the question of our coats again here ; I think he is wanting in tact. The other day Spots asked him if his (Spots') coat was not nicer than ours, even with out shirt fronts.

Lumba said, " Ony auld yow could have a shirt front, but none could have the beautiful spots."

I am not sure that I like Lumba for this. He wears a nice blue coat with buttons, and if I find him asleep some day, the way I found Uncle, I will have it off his back ; there is no Aunt here to pull me off.

There are many other animals here and I have heard the sher and the taindwa calling, also the cheetal ; but I miss the sambar's tonk at night.

When Spots and Billie heard the taindwa calling, they knew it at once, and they think their Father and Mother are here too, but I am sure it is only an Uncle or an Aunt.

One day Lumba showed us another great big animal, as big as a sher, but with a plain tawny-coloured coat ; it makes a big noise in the evening and morning, a noise I never heard in the jungles. I do not like its look and I prefer our black coat to the one it has. Lumba calls it a

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lion or simba. I do not think we like it, and its noise frightens us.

Lumba wants to know why I am called Shaitan ; I cannot tell him. I do not think it is a nice name, as I am a very good bear, and I think Mother should have been more particular, as I never gave her any trouble. Lumba says Shaitan is the same as Satan ; goodness knows what that is—we don't have it in the jungles, I'm sure.

My name amuses Spots and Billie ; it has been the cause of several rows, and if you look at Spots' lip you will see the marks where I bit him. He keeps at a distance now when he has anything to say about Shaitan.

Every fine day we play about on the grass with Lumba, and a lot of people like Aunt and Uncle come and watch us.

The sahibs have " bucha log " the same as bears have, and we love to see them. Fancy the sahibs having buchas! I could not believe it until Lumba showed them to us, and they came close up and patted us.

One gave me its finger to suck, which was very kind, and now we all love them. They come nearly every day and watch us playing.

Lumba tells us that this will always be our home and that we will not be " bucketed about " again, as Spots says ; but what has pleased us more than anything, he tells us that Uncle and Aunt will come back to us here. If this is true, we don't care if it snows.

I wonder if Mother and Father will come too. They would hardly know us now that we have grown so big, and Lumba says he does not know where they are. I expect Mother is living in the mahal, but Father may be anywhere, and really I do not care, as he killed the man.

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Well, we are all very happy here and Lumba is so kind, and every one who comes to see us is so nice. Remember we are only eight months old and growing every day ; perhaps in another eight months I will be able to write more.

Lumba says this country is called Scotland, and now that we have found out that the great sahibs have " bucha log " too, we want to meet you all.

This autobiography is written for you, the " bucha log " of Scotland. You will come and see us ; you will, won't you ?

SHAITAN BHALU,
c/o LUMBA, EDINBURGH ZOO.

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ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS

SHAITAN AND CHOTI BHALU

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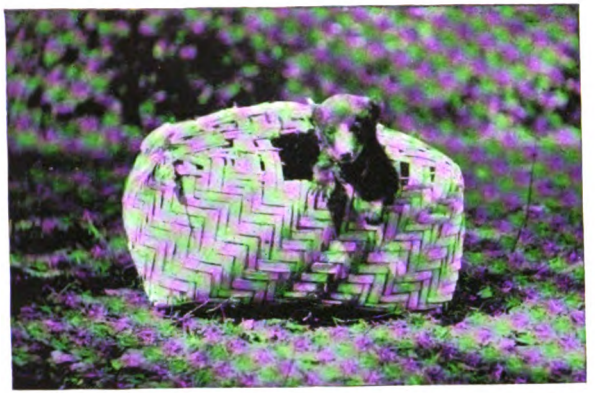
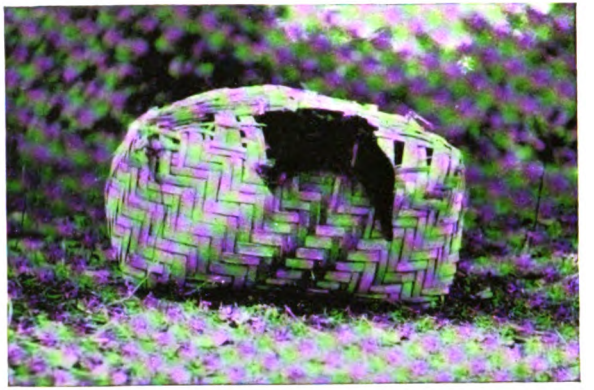
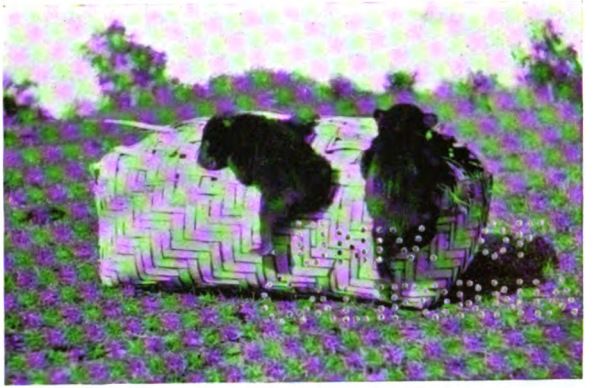


Good morning, have you come for an interview?
I am Shaitan Bhalu.



Just wait till I go and call my sister.

Here we are Shaitan and Choti.



You would like to see us on the roof?
Well, up we go.

PLATE XIII.

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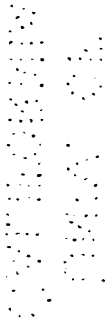

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Here you see Aunt feeding us with a banana.

I like my milk and rice out of a basin.

My ! it's good !!

Look at Choti hugging her bowl of milk.

PLATE XIV.

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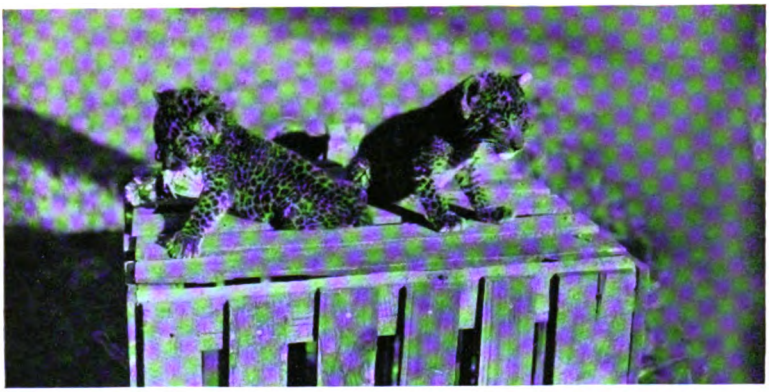

Here are our jungle cousins, Spots and Billie.

Look at us in Spots' and Billie's cage.

Shamas Din has a terrible grip.

PLATE XV.

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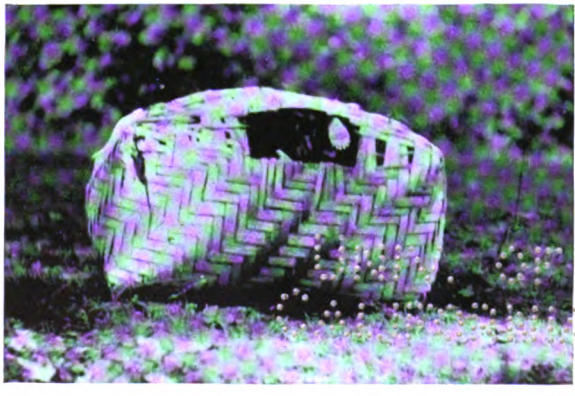
You want a photograph of the four of us? Well here we are.

Aunt says we must now go to bed.



So good-bye-ee!

PLATE XVI.

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APPENDIX II.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SOME SHIKAR AND BIRD BOOKS

The following is a list of some of the books which are of interest and which you should have in your library :—

*1.	Shikar Notes for Novices . . .	J. W. Best.
*2.	Indian Field Shikar Book . . .	W. S. Burke.
*3.	Wild Animals in Central India . .	A. A. Dunbar Brander.
4.	Forty Years among the Wild Animals of India	F. C. Hicks.
5.	Days and Nights with Indian Big Game .	Maj.-Gen. A. E. Wardrop.
6.	Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle .	A. I. R. Glasfurd.
7.	Sport in Many Lands	H. A. L.
8.	Hindu-Koh	Gen. Macintyre, V.C.
9.	The Old Forest Ranger, or Wild Sports of India	Maj. Walter Campbell.
10.	Wild Animals I Have Known . .	E. Thompson Seton.
11.	Encounters with Wild Beasts . . .	Gillmore.
12.	The Wild Sports of India . . .	Maj. H. Shakespear.
13.	Recollections of Bison and Tiger . .	Felix.
14.	The Badminton Library : Big Game Shooting, Vol. I. and Vol. II.	
15.	Sport and Travel in India and Central America	A. G. Bagot.
16.	Shikar Sketches, with Notes on Indian Field Sports	J. Moray Brown.

NOTE.—The books marked * you should get, every shikari should have them.

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17. The Land of Footprints . . . Stewart E. White.
18. The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon . . Sir Samuel W. Baker.
19. Eight Years in Ceylon . . . . Sir Samuel W. Baker.
20. Sporting and Military Adventures in Nepaul and the Himalayas . . . . Maj. Blayney Walshe.
21. Leaves from the Diaries of a Soldier and Sportsman . . . . . Gen. Sir Montagu Gerard.
22. The Highlands of Central India . . Capt. J. Forsyth.
23. Thirty Years of Shikar . . . . Sir E. Braddon.
24. How I Killed the Tiger . . . Lt.-Col. Frank Sheffield.
25. Sport in Bengal . . . . . E. B. Baker.
26. Modern Pigsticking . . . . Gen. A. E. Wardrop.
27. The Shikari: A Hunter's Guide . . C. H. B. Grant.
28. My Indian Journal . . . . Col. W. Campbell.
29. My Sporting Memories . . . Maj.-Gen. Nigel Woodyatt.
30. Incidents of Foreign Sport and Travel . Col. Pollok.
31. Pigsticking, or Hog Hunting . . . Sir Robert Baden Powell.
32. Sport and Adventure in the Indian Jungle . A. Meroyn Smith.
33. Jungle By-ways in India . . . E. P. Stebbing.
34. Two Years in the Jungles . . . W. T. Hornaday.
35. Powder, Spur and Spear . . . J. Moray Brown.
36. Tiger Shooting in the Doon and Ulwar . Lt.-Col. J. C. Fife-Cookson.
37. Wild Sports of the World . . . James Greenwood.
38. The Life of a Tiger . . . . Eardley-Wilmot.
39. Wild Beasts and their Ways . . . Sir Samuel W. Baker.
40. Seonee, or Camp Life on the Satpura Range R. A. Sterndale.
41. Stray Sport, Vol. I., Vol. II. . . . J. Moray Brown.
42. Sports in Jheel and Jungle . . . K. N. Chaudhuri.
43. Large Game Shooting in Tibet . . Kinloch.
44. Sport in Southern India . . . Douglas Hamilton.
45. Tiger Shooting in India . . . William Rice.
46. Indian Game . . . . . Rice.
47. Shooting in the Himalayas . . . Markham.

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48. Tent Life in Tiger Land and Sport on the Nepaul Frontier . . . . James Inglis.
49. Sporting Days in Southern India . . Lt.-Col. A. J. O. Pollock.
50. The Ibex of Shā-Ping and other Himalayan Studies . . . . . Lt. L. B. Rundall.
51. The Sportman's Book for India . . E. G. Aflalo.
52. A Game Ranger's Note-book . . . Percival.
53. In Haunts of Wild Game . . . E. Vaugham Kirby.
54. Sport on the Nilgiris . . . . Fletcher.
55. Wild Sport of Burmah and Assam . . Col. F. T. Pollok and W. S. Thom.
56. Reminiscence of Sport in India . . Burton.
57. Forest Life and Sport in India . . S. Eardley-Wilmot.
58. Wild Men and Wild Beasts . . . Lt.-Col. R. Gordon Cumming.
59. Rifle, Rod and Spear in the East . . Durand.
60. Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India . . . . G. P. Sanderson.
61. Shooting in Cooch Behar . . . The Maharajah of Cooch Behar.
62. Records of Big Game . . . . Rowland Ward.
63. Big Game Shooting in Lower Burmah . S. A. Christopher.
64. A Summer in High Asia . . . F. E. S. Adair.
65. The Game Animals of India . . . R. Lydekker.
66. Large and Small Game of Bengal . . Capt. J. H. Baldwin.
67. How I Shot my Bears . . . . Mrs. R. H. Tyacke.
68. With Rifle and Gun in the Dhar State . Maharajah Sir Udaji Rad Puar.
69. Sport in Ladakh . . . . . F. E. S. A.
70. With Pen and Rifle in Kishtwar . . Otto Rothfeld.
71. Letters to Young Shooters . . . Sir R. Payne Gallwey, Bart.
72. Sport and Life in the Further Himalaya . Maj. R. L. Kennion.
73. Shooting (Game and Gun-room Notes) . Blagdon.
74. Illustrated Treatise on "The Art of Shooting" . . . . . Chas. Lancaster.
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1.	Indian Ducks and their Allies . . .	Stuart Baker.
*2.	The Game Birds of India and Asia . .	F. Finn.
*3.	The Waterfowl of India and Asia . .	F. Finn.
4.	Taxidermy for India	Goutire.
5.	The Game Birds of India, Burmah and Ceylon. Three Volumes . . .	Hume and Marshall.
6.	Indian Bird Life	M. N. Holmer.
7.	Birds of an Indian Garden . . .	Bambrigge Fletcher and C. M. Inglis.
8.	A Bird Calendar for Northern India .	Douglas Dewar.
9.	Garden and Aviary Birds . . .	F. Finn.
10.	Magazine of the Bombay Natural History Society.	
11.	Snakes	C. C. Hopley.
12.	Poisonous Terrestrial Snakes . . .	Wall.

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